WEEK ENDING APRIL 13, 1929

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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Opera Night

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Twofold polishing* (not scouring) *in a delightful tooth paste that combines results everyone desires

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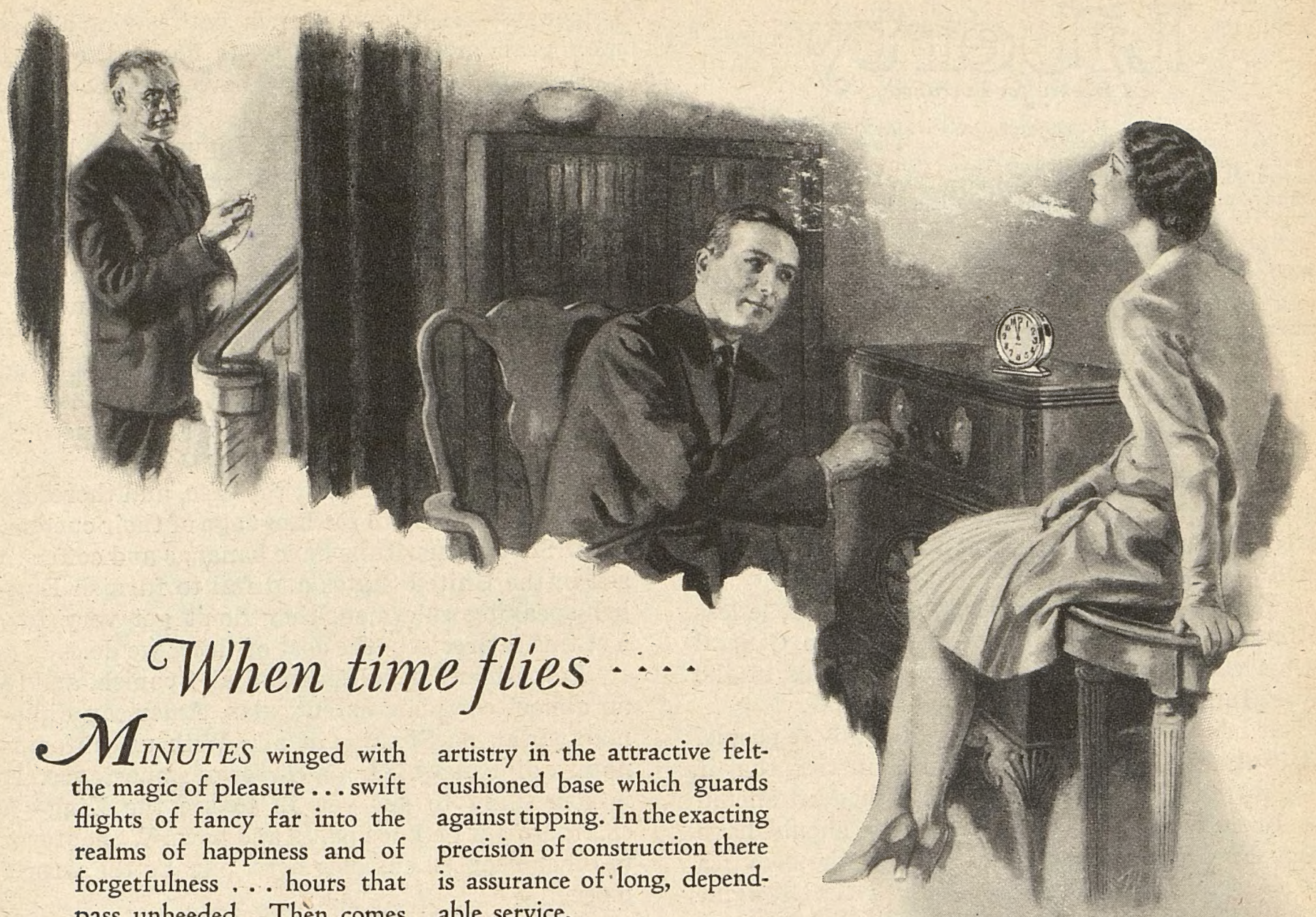

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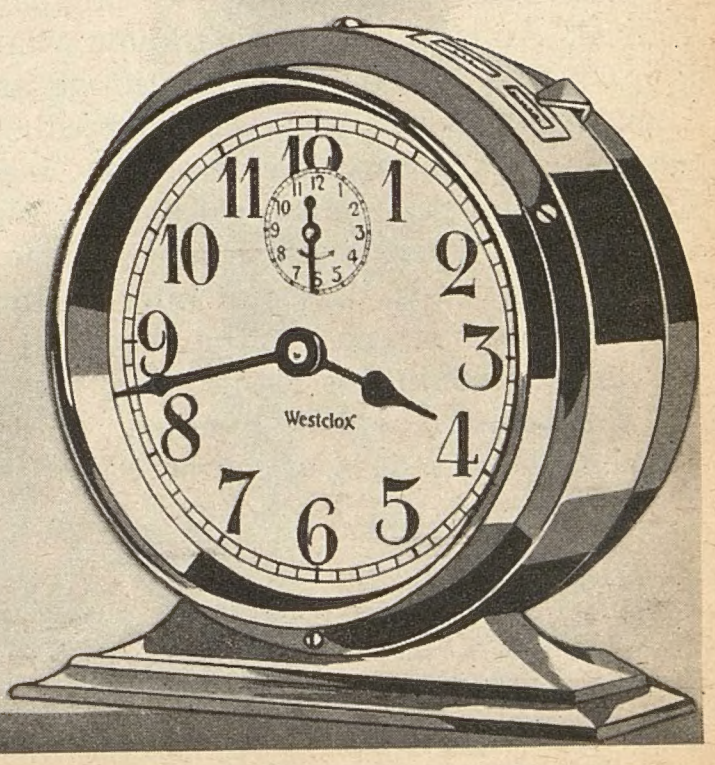

APRIL 13 1929

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 6 No. 14

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices:
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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —*Stephen Decatur.*

IF YOU WANT CULTURE LEARN SPANISH

There is a growing belief among well-informed people in this country—and we believe the idea is a sound one—that we ought to look more to the south for our culture.

We shall do well, we think, to pay a little less attention to Europe and much more to Central America, South America, and the islands of the West Indies. In a word, to learn Spanish.

It has long been a tradition of our best people, as it used to be of those in other countries, that if one wanted to learn a foreign language it should be French. No doubt in the past it should have been French. It made us understand the beauties of a fascinating country as seen by reflected light.

Before the war there was a tendency among some of the erudite and élite to choose German, possibly because German governesses were easier to get, easier to keep in one's employ, and easier satisfied. Moreover, German is the language of science; many of the books a physician, for example, must read to be up-to-date used to be available only in German.

The war, with its wave of patriotic frenzy and feeling, changed all that to a considerable extent. German ceased to be a language of favor and of fashion. The name of Bismarck on hotels gave way to the name of Washington, and sauerkraut became Liberty cabbage.

Since the war the study of languages has declined. Apparently we don't know what to choose.

On this side of the Atlantic we are lucky to have English, because it is undoubtedly the leading language of the world's commerce, industry, and marine affairs. One can get along after a fashion almost anywhere with English alone. So it is natural perhaps that our interest in languages should be something less than keen.

At no time in this country has there been much of a disposition to study Spanish. This we think is too bad, because it is, of course, one of the romance languages—a cousin to French, both having a common grandmother in Latin. It has a literature superior to the French, if we have been correctly informed.

And furthermore it is the language—and practically the only language—of the great continent which occupies the other half of this hemisphere.

We talk much of the natural destinies which link the two American continents. We have what they need in motor cars, machinery, and money. They have what we need in bananas and coffee, oil and nitrates, sugar, hides, and hard woods. And we can easily exchange commodities with them.

But we fail to do the one thing most needed, and that is talk with them.

We are the salesmen of the case, and therefore we should conform to the language of their custom.

If South Americans have bananas and coffee to sell in the United States and fail to furnish English-speaking salesmen, they don't get very far. Yet this is precisely the sort of thing we do.

Few American salesmen speak Spanish, and to an almost complete extent, alas, American diplomats speak no Spanish at all. With us, unfortunately, diplomacy is not a career of importance. It is something to get you in to see the King—a chance to put on knee pants and bow. We conform to other peoples' customs here, but it's the wrong place.

The most important posts for United States diplomats lie to the south of us. The most important is the one in Mexico now so ably managed by Mr. Morrow as to constitute an example to others of how the thing should be done. But for any diplomat to set out without the language of the country to which he is going is to handicap himself pretty completely at the outset.

We should remember that, although one's wife may not enjoy eating chile con carne as much as going to Ascot, still there is a far more important job to the south for her husband to hold.

During the period before his inauguration President Hoover showed a lively realization of the importance of these problems, and we believe he could effect a great reform in diplomatic circles, as President Roosevelt did in the army when he made officers ride thirty miles in a day or get out.

Mr. Hoover could accomplish something comparable by compelling diplomats to learn the language of the countries to which they are accredited. It is particularly important in South America, where the people are sensitive and proud, and inclined, sometimes with justice, to regard our nationals as rather arrogant, boorish, and uneducated.

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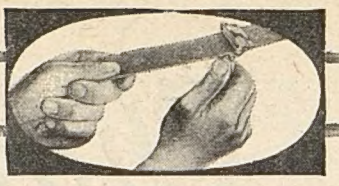

a bathroom tragedy

which proves that a million barbers can't be wrong

It never gets into the newspapers. Reformers don't make it an issue. But it probably causes more unhappiness than trumping the little wife's ace!

A philosopher once said, "If you want to see the raw side of a man's nature—have him shave with a dull blade."

He might have added, "If you want to see his bright side have him shave with the new Valet AutoStrop Razor."

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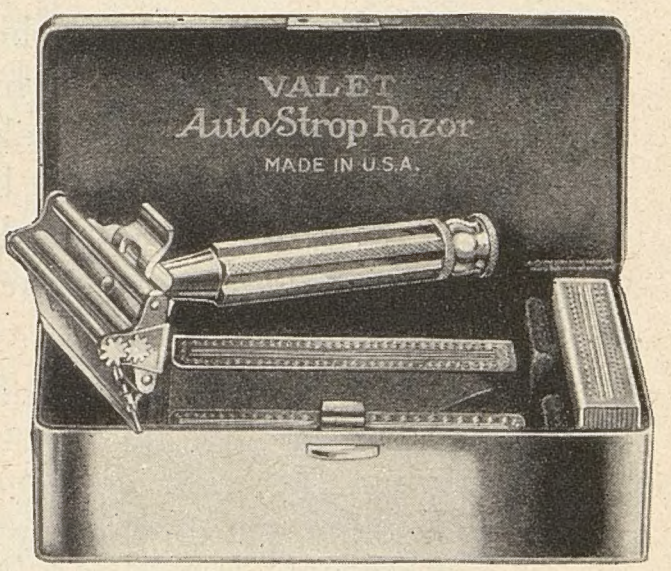
Try it . . . and preserve your sunny disposition.



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Saturday Night

A Story of Woman's Wiles

By
ROBERT HICHENS

Pictures by
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Arkrite found Miss Banks, wrapped up in furs, standing with a tall pretty girl who had her kind of expression, disdainful and detached, but coolly observant.

IT seemed to John Arkrite that the whole world was waiting, not perhaps breathless, but exceedingly attentive, to know whether his play, The Last Throw, would be a success or not. And by success he understood not merely a success in any limited literary sense, not merely with finicking critics or disdainful highbrows, but a solid success with the great public, the sort of success that brings in plenty of money. He knew, of course, that his feeling was absurd, that no great world issues hung upon the triumph or failure of his play, yet he could not get rid of it.

"Fact is," he said to himself, "that if a man lives long in the world behind the scenes he gets everything out of focus."

And he had been living almost perpetually in that world for just over six weeks during rehearsals at the Blue Theater. The other world—*the* world—had been almost entirely shut out. What was happening there didn't matter. What did matter, tremendously, was whether the final act of The Last Throw was powerful enough; whether the play sagged or didn't sag in the middle; whether the action was sufficiently swift, the dialogue sufficiently witty, the characterization sufficiently cynical to satisfy present-day requirements.

Then there was Esme Banks to think about. She presented a problem to Arkrite. He was, of course, marvelously lucky to have her in his play for she was a young actress who had an immense following.

But Arkrite didn't like Miss Banks; couldn't see exactly where her great attraction lay. Probably it was mainly physical. She was pretty, but in a peculiar way that he didn't care for, though in London it was a way greatly admired; the very smooth, very clear, very

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINE]

Careers and a Heroine

FEW mortals had seen an airplane and horses were still frightened by strangely snorting automobiles when a novel called The Garden of Allah stirred the English-speaking world to a new interest in the glamour of African desert lore. That was in 1905. ROBERT HICHENS, the author, had been writing since he was seventeen; now, at sixty-four, he wields as trenchant a pen as ever. He is an Englishman who started out to be a musician, writing only for the fun of it. Deliberately changing his mind, he took a course at the London School of Journalism, and forthwith became a successful author—which says something for schools of journalism. Concerning the new story of his which appears in this issue a member of LIBERTY'S staff who read the manuscript reported: "The heroine is so obviously Miss ....., now playing in ....., that to print the story in America would certainly be embarrassing for her." We didn't think so; as to whether the actress' identity is plain you will have to judge for yourself.

Robert Hichens

Mary Evelyn Martin

MARY EVELYN MARTIN'S reminiscences of the famous Waldorf are perhaps sufficiently autobiographical. It might be added, however, that after leaving the Waldorf news stand she became first an actress and then a reporter on the New York World. She writes us: "Your readers of Mr. Sutherland's stories might be interested in knowing that it was I who discovered that Roland B. Molineux had gone finally and violently insane, by the pleasant process of having him knock me down a flight of stairs when I went to interview him. If Mr. Sutherland has covered more murder cases than I, he has had plenty of them. But by all odds the best job I ever did in my life is now approaching seven, and tells me he can lick any kid on this block."

Elmer Davis

Frederick Palmer

ELMER DAVIS and FREDERICK PALMER are familiar names in LIBERTY. Mr. Davis is the former member of the New York Times staff who wrote White Pants Willie, a gay and popular LIBERTY serial of several years ago, and has contributed numerous other tales to these pages. . . . COL. PALMER has had an eventful career as a war correspondent, and is a veteran of every important war since 1895. In 1914 he was chosen to represent all the American press associations at the British front.

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unchanging, very disdainful type, that never wrinkles and never looks soft or appealing, but always superior. Whatever was happening, Miss Banks looked disdainful and superior, and carried her sickle-moon eyebrows slightly raised. Arkrite was sure that if the trump sounded and she was ushered before the Judgment Seat she would walk in languidly, with her eyebrows raised and her Cupid's bow of a mouth drawn down in an expression of faint disdain.

An extraordinary type! He couldn't understand it. But he was told that Miss Banks was ultra modern and he read in the newspapers pæans of praise of her beauty, her "insolent charm," and her "alluring talent."

He was certain she didn't like him. But then it was quite possible that she liked nobody but herself. That at any rate was what her fixed expression suggested.

She seemed to have no conversation, yet he had the impression that she was exceedingly wide awake. To him she looked vicious. But at rehearsal the company talked of her "angel face." Obviously, she thought very little of him. Instead of petting him as the author, Miss Banks practically ignored him. She had never consulted him about her part. From the beginning it was given out that Miss Banks would of course play the part in her own way, and must on no account be interfered with.

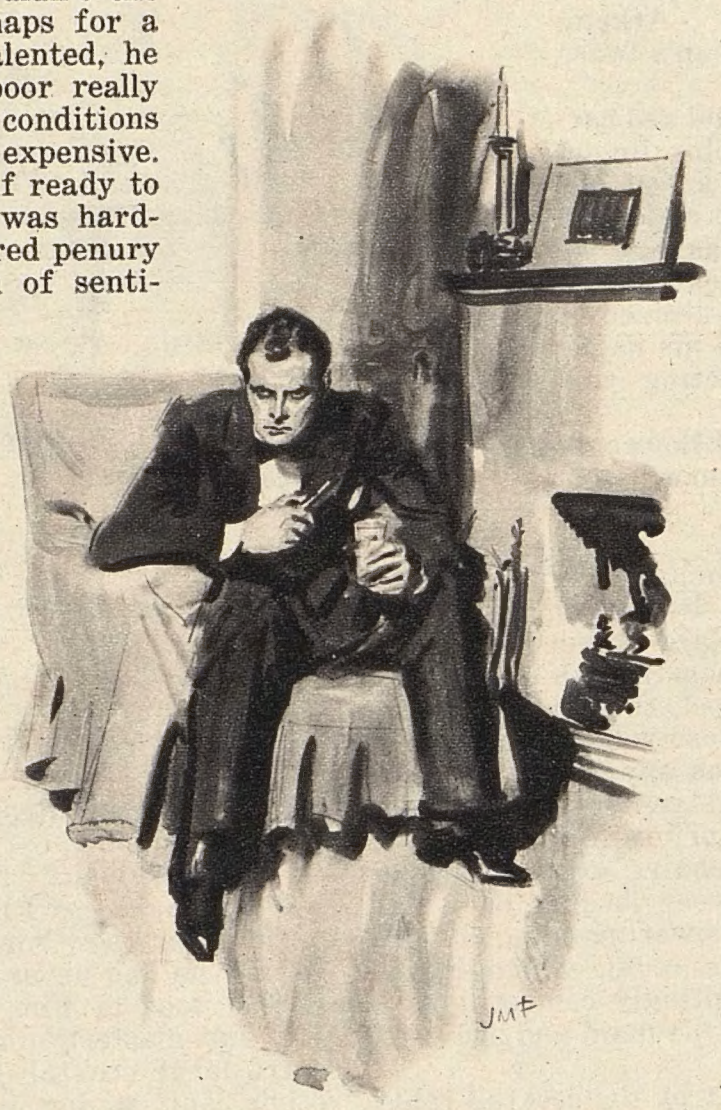
The management was on its knees to her. Of course there was her following!

Arkrite hoped to heaven they'd follow.

It was terribly important to him to bring off a real money success this time, because if he did he would be able to marry Madge, and if he didn't the marriage couldn't take place perhaps for a very long period. For, though talented, he was miserably poor—impossibly poor really—for London life in after-the-war conditions with everything so disgustingly expensive. And though Madge declared herself ready to face abject poverty with him he was hard-headed enough to know that a shared penury is apt to bring about destruction of sentiment. He had been witness of such destruction more than once in the cases of friends.

HOW utterly different Madge was from Miss Banks! Arkrite had had that driven in upon him at rehearsal. (For owing entirely to his influence Madge had been given a tiny part in his play.) Madge was all changefulness and fire. The little wrinkles round her lively dark eyes were expressive of her mobility. Sometimes when Arkrite looked at their movement he felt as if he were looking at thoughts in motion. One felt that Madge was full of sparks. She was eager, talked well. And she would do her small part very well, would put all her heart into it. For it was his play. Faithful, keen, enthusiastic was Madge.

Why was it that that expressionless, unchanging, monosyllabic, amazingly smooth type had such an effect on the public?



He got the stiff drink, a pipe, and sat down. "I'll not go! I'm damned if I'll go!" he said to himself.

"It's beyond me!" Arkrite said to himself as he thrust his long hands deep down in his pockets.

He went to the window and stared out into London. Arkrite lived in a tiny flat of two small rooms and a bathroom, close to where Shaftesbury Avenue leads into Oxford Street.

He had just come back from the last rehearsal but one of his play, which was being produced at the Blue Theater near the Piccadilly Circus end of the avenue. He had wanted Madge to come with him to have tea, or a cocktail, in his tiny green and red sitting room. She had been prevented prosaically by an obligatory visit to the dentist. During rehearsal a back tooth had been grumbling.

Arkrite was young, just thirty, tall, very lean, very freckled, with thick, generally rough red hair, a very white skin, a plain but faun-like face, slightly pointed ears, and brown eyes with red lights shining in them or behind them. There were sometimes red lights, too, in his hair. His body was so supple that it seemed made of elastic. There was in his appearance something slightly animal, but amiably animal, that woman found very attractive.

"Will it succeed?"

That was the question in his mind as he stared into the humid twilight roaring with traffic.

"Will it succeed, and what about Miss Banks?"

SHE had been, he thought, extraordinarily listless at rehearsal that day. Her indifference—considering that the management was paying her two hundred a week—had really been insolent. But she was insolent. Her whole personality suggested insolence. Really it was extraordinary to be so entirely ignored by one's leading lady!

What would Madge have made of the part? Surely something vital and interesting. She was so tremendously vivid! She would have poured vitality, fire into it. It must have come alive in her hands. But of course no management would have intrusted it to her. She hadn't a name. She hadn't a following. She hadn't made good. The question was how were you ever to make good unless you were given a big chance. Well, at any rate, Arkrite thought, he had his chance now. But would Miss Banks spoil it for him? She had been so dreadfully listless at rehearsal that day. Madge in the tiny part had been acting for all she was worth, and Miss Banks, in the lead, had just walked through like an insolent Madonna.

As he looked out into the damp evening from the window of his little flat on the fourth floor in Shaftesbury Avenue John Arkrite was on thorns—gnawed by anxiety. He wanted so terribly to marry little Madge and she wanted so terribly to marry him. And unless he had a success this time they couldn't marry with any chance of comfort. And discomfort, whatever the sentimentalists may say, does make the wings of love droop, until they are covered with the mire of the gutter—in this silk-stocking age.

In the narrow passage, papered blue, of the flat the telephone sounded.

Madge, perhaps, speaking from the dentist's!

Yes, it was Madge. She would be kept quite a time, but could meet him later. They settled through the telephone to dine together at a cheap Soho restaurant called Belloni's. Arkrite went back to the window. But almost directly the telephone sounded again. Madge must have forgotten something she had meant to say and rung up once more.

"Yes, Madge—is that you, dear?"

"I beg your pardon," said a voice with a strong foreign accent.

Arkrite felt himself redden.

"Who is it speaking?" continued the foreign voice.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SATURDAY NIGHT
Continued from page nine]

"John Arkrite."

"Monsieur Arkrite—*bien!* I speak for Mademoiselle Banks."

"Miss Banks!"

"Yes, sair."

"What is it, please?"

"Mademoiselle Banks wishes to see you, sair, about the play. You hear?"

"Yes, I hear!"

"Will you please come to her—number four ell, Sout Audley Street?"

"She wants me to come at once?"

"Yes, please—number four ell Sout Audley Street."

"I'll come."

"*Bien,* monsieur."

Arkrite left the telephone feeling oddly excited.

II

WHEN he got to "Sout" Audley Street he found that number four L was a building that had been converted into evidently very superior flats. There were only three of them. Number three was occupied by Miss Esmé Banks. A man in livery took Arkrite up in a very superior lift that seemed really to smell of money. (There was no lift where Arkrite lived in Shaftesbury Avenue.)

"If the play really succeeds Madge and I might live in a place like this!" Arkrite thought, as he looked at the liftman's brass buttons.

He stood on a very thick blue and red carpet and pushed an ivory bell knob. Immediately the shining mahogany door of the flat was opened by a very smart maid and Arkrite was confronted—that was how he felt it—was confronted by a marvelous smell of heliotrope, jasmine, and, as it seemed to him, all scented flowers. He gave his name.

"Mademoiselle Banks is expecting you, sair."

He stepped in among a maze of flowering plants and laid his soft hat on an ebony stool inlaid with ivory.

"This way, sair."

The maid led him across the square hall, carpeted with a one-colour carpet that looked to him like velvet tinted café au lait, into a large room in which a log fire was burning on an open hearth with brass dogs. Again there was a very thick carpet, this time primrose yellow. There were long, primrose-yellow curtains at the tall windows. The ceiling was apparently made of silver. In silver tubs blossomed yellow azaleas. An enormous divan, grass green with primrose cushions, and three huge, low, grass-green armchairs, a green lacquer cocktail table, and an easel of green lacquer on which stood a Japanese picture of a flowering almond tree, completed the furnishing of this room, which looked extraordinarily spacious yet temptingly comfortable.

"Please to sit down, sair," said the maid and she went away.

Arkrite sat down in an armchair by the cocktail table, which held various bottles, a shaker, a silver pail full of ice, and some plates of salted almonds, olives, etc. The armchair engulfed him. It seemed to him that his head with its rather rough red hair merely peeped out above it.

"How Madge would love this room!" he said to himself, as he stared at it. "If I get a success this time, and if she makes good presently, we might manage to—"

And then the shining red-brown door opened and Miss Banks strolled into the room with her sickle-moon eyebrows raised and her Cupid's-bow mouth turned down, looking, as always, disdainful, and astoundingly smooth and clear-eyed and snow-white and rose. She certainly had a most marvelous skin.

When she saw Arkrite her expression did not change in the least. She came to him, as he got up out of the

She looked steadily at him for a mon

enormous armchair, holding out a bare white arm languidly, and said:

"How are you? I'll just mix you a cocktail."

"Oh, thanks awfully," he said.

He never knew how to deal with Miss Banks, and so up to now he had never really dealt with her at all.

She stood by him in silence mixing the cocktail in a cool and masterly manner, presently poured it into two extra large cocktail glasses, gave him one, took up the other, and saying in the cool, lazy voice, which was apparently characteristic of her, "Here's luck to the play!" emptied her glass slowly but completely. Then she gave him a cigarette, took one herself, struck a match, held it to his cigarette and to hers, and sat down on the huge divan. In silence she banked herself up with cushions. Then she looked full at Arkrite and he noticed what very large yellow-gray eyes she had. And while he was noticing that she said:

"You didn't like my performance at rehearsal today."

Arkrite felt himself redden to the roots of his faun-like ears.

"But I assure you, Miss Banks—" he began in a hurry.

"I've no doubt your conception of the way to play that rôle and mine are quite different," she pursued with

she said: " Have another cocktail."

inflexible calmness. " Yours may be right—you are the author—and mine wrong, but mine is the one that will please the public. I have my own way of doing things. I never give in to the conceptions and ideas of other people, and I invariably have the public on my side."

" That's true. I consider I'm very lucky to have you in my play."

" Really you are," she said with such cool conviction that it seemed somehow to bar out conceit.

SHE looked steadily at him for a moment; then she said:

" Have another cocktail."

" The last was pretty strong, wasn't it? " he said.

" Very. A cocktail should be strong. You will have another."

It was a simple statement of fact apparently. At any rate, he proved it to be so in another moment, and she joined him. Then, once more on the divan, she said:

" I shall make this play a success."

Again, obviously a statement of fact. He seemed ruled out of the whole matter, did not come into it at all apparently.

" You needn't be nervous," she added, rather like one addressing a child. " They will like the way I shall do it. I am exactly right for my day. That is why I am such a success."

Against his will almost, perhaps even totally against his will, Arkrite felt tremendously impressed.

" Yesterday — no. Tomorrow — perhaps no again! One can't be sure. But today—yes. And it is all intentional."

" Intentional? " he asked, leaning forward in the engulfing grass-green armchair toward the immense divan.

" I choose it all. I make it so. There is nothing casual, nothing chancey about it."

He was amazed. Was she, then, going to let him in abruptly to a strange intimacy? It seemed incredible, and yet here she was making a sort of confession with the utmost languid coolness.

" Eagerness is no good. It doesn't take with the public of today. You should tell that to the little dark girl whom, so they tell me, you are engaged to."

ARKRITE felt himself redden again to the roots of his hair. This young woman astounded him.

" What is her name? I forget."

" I suppose you mean Miss Linfield? "

" I mean the little dark girl you are engaged to."

Why did he at that moment feel that it was rather cheap to be engaged to Madge?

" Yes," he said unevenly, " Madge Linfield."

" Is it? She is too eager, too anxious to get there. That is a mistake. If you show the public you want them you will never get them. Since the war even children are sophisticated. It is the old who are sentimentalists while the young are cynics. Everything is reversed. A Sarah Bernhardt wouldn't have a chance in these days."

She put her round white chin on her upturned palm and gazed at him without changing her curious fixed expression of an insolent Madonna.

" Yes. She *does* look vicious! " he thought.

" Perhaps not," he said. " But why did you kindly ask me to come here today? "

" I saw you were afraid at the rehearsal."

" Oh—afraid! "

" Yes, you were; afraid I might let you down."

Another cool statement of fact. He couldn't somehow dispute it.

" I thought I would tell you it was all right."

" Thank you very much."

After lighting another cigarette very slowly Miss Banks said:

" This is not an age that likes wrinkles."

" Wrinkles! " said Arkrite, completely at a loss.

" Except in Rembrandt pictures. If that little dark girl of yours goes on trying to be so tremendously expressive do you know what will happen? Before she is near forty she will have a face like a motor map. You ought to tell her so."

" I couldn't, really! "

" Why not? Don't you care for her enough? "

" Of course I—I care for her."

" People don't care very much nowadays as a rule. But since you do! She has lines round her eyes already. How old is she? "

" Twenty-four."

" By the time she is thirty those lines will spray far down on her cheeks. She is not going to be a success as an actress."

" I consider she has talent."

" She smiles and frowns far too much to impress the people of today. But, after all, that's her affair. You will never marry her."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SATURDAY NIGHT
Continued from page eleven]

Arkrite's blood seemed to give a bound in his veins.

"But I'm going to!" he said with an attempt at her rigid firmness in stating a fact.

"I don't think so. She has an old-fashioned soul. One can see that."

"Then perhaps I have an old-fashioned soul too!"

"Not entirely. No. You know something about music?"

"Something—yes. I'm intensely fond of music."

"You know the *Après-midi d'un Faune?*"

"Yes, of course."

She looked at him with her large yellow-gray eyes, which he was beginning to think enormous.

"Well, you could never know *la nuit d'un faune*—with her. Useless to try!"

Almost immediately after that Arkrite got up to go. It seemed to him as if the huge green armchair didn't want to release him; as if he had to struggle to get out of it, and out of that room. But Miss Banks made no effort to keep him. She did not move from the divan, but just stretched up a cool hand to his, looked up at him with her curiously disdainful eyes, and said:

"Come in again directly after the dress rehearsal, will you?"

"But that's at night, tomorrow night," he said.

"Yes, I know. And don't be frightened about me. The public will love my performance. The critics will praise me. And the box office will satisfy you. Be sure of that. Whether you will like the way I act is another thing. I don't think you will. Not for a moment. But it will be all right. I know exactly what they want—today, and I don't believe you do. And I'm quite sure that little dark girl doesn't and never will. What did you say her name was?"

"Miss Linfield, Madge Linfield."

"She shouldn't be so eager. That's a great mistake."

The smart maid let him out. She was dark, and looked as if she knew infallibly every secret a man wished to hide.

"Thank you," he said, as she opened the shining mahogany door.

"Good-by, sair," she replied with a smile.

III

BELLONI'S, Arkrite thought, was looking rather squalid that night. It was the favorite restaurant of Madge and himself. The food, Italian cooking, seemed good to both of them and the prices were astonishingly reasonable. Then you could always get ravioli, and Madge loved ravioli.

"It's so cozy and homey here!" she said as they sat down in a corner.

And she began to tell him about the dentist, while the Italian waiter, with a good many grease spots scattered about him and a face which had—perhaps—been rather badly shaved on the previous day, poured them out Chianti and planted their food in front of them on the tiny table.

Madge was eager about the dentist; made a narrative of her visit to him. The little lines near her eyes worked expressively as she talked. She smiled quickly from time to time, looking up for response into Arkrite's eyes with the red lights in or behind them. Then she came to the play, of course, and said:

"Oh, Jack darling, wasn't Miss Banks disappointing today?"

"Disappointing!"

He pulled himself up. His supple body felt suddenly tense.

"Why disappointing?"

"So cold, so listless! No fire! Her face never changes. It's like a mask. There's no soul in it."

"The public love her."

"I suppose they do. Of course she's a great favorite. I know. But *you?* Are *you* satisfied?"

She looked at him over the ravioli. A little spark she was. Fire showed in her dark eyes. A pageant of expressions kept changing her small dark face.

"Surely you thought her listless at rehearsal today?"

"Listless? But that's her way, Madge."

"I call it indifference."

"No. Indifference is a lack. Miss Banks' manner is intentional."

"Intentional?"

"Yes. There's nothing casual, nothing chancey about it."

"Chancey?"

She frowned slightly, intent on what he was saying, and he thought:

"What a pity it is she makes those lines! They'll become fixed presently."

"How d'you mean, Jack?"

"That Miss Banks is an artist with a method of her own, and behind that method an intention. And by that intention resulting in that method she is earning a couple of hundred pounds a week."

"Oh, I know she gets a splendid salary. But do you think there's anything interesting in the way she acts?"

"Our public of today doesn't want Sarah Bernhardts."

"But surely—"

"IT'S a great mistake to be too emphatic nowadays. The time for that has passed. No one should act to please old people."

"I don't understand."

"It's like this. Since the war everything is reversed. The old may be sentimentalists, but the young are cynics, and one must act for the young if one wants to succeed on the stage."

"But we are young!"

"We? What's that got to do with it?"

"We have sentiment, haven't we?"

How ardent her eyes were! It was a pity those lines—

"*We* are not cynics."

"Oh, I don't know. Don't let's worry about all that. The great thing is not to be too eager. One mustn't show—I'm talking of the stage—the public that one is longing to get hold of them. One must hold back, appear to disdain them. That's the way to impress people. Then they think that you are superior to them."

"But if you aren't?"

"It's no use arguing merely for the sake of arguing, Madge."

"But—"

"I'm telling you my opinion. Don't frown! Why do you frown?"

"Am I frowning?"

"Yes. And you often do. It's a pity. It gives you lines, and nobody likes to see lines on a woman's face."

"I'm sorry. I'll try not to."

Her little face became rigid. During the rest of the meal she was actually self-conscious, she who was usually so perfectly natural. When the grease-spotted waiter came with their coffee she said after a silence:

"What did you do after rehearsal today, Jack?"

"Went home. But you know I did! I was tired out. I wanted a rest."

Immediately she melted. The little lines at the corners of her eyes moved, and she touched his hand softly.

"Poor old Jack!" she murmured.

But he was looking at those tiny telltale wrinkles and saying to himself:

"If she doesn't look out they'll become fixed!"

IV

IT had been an understood thing between Madge Linfield and Arkrite that they would go out to supper together after the dress rehearsal unless it ended too late, which was unlikely, and that he would see her home afterward. (She lived in Bloomsbury quite near to him.) But a greater festivity than this had been arranged for the night of the first performance—Saturday night. This was a supper party to be given by Madge for her fiancé, the first she had ever given for him. It had been her idea, and when, of course, Arkrite gratefully and gladly accepted, she had gone to work enthusiastically to pre-

pare a wonderful finish to this important first night, which would probably mark the first big step in the career to fame and fortune. She was not at all rich, but she had saved enough money to pay for a noble feast, of course with champagne of the best quality. (No other wine could be thought of on such an occasion.) As restaurants closed too early, and as Madge belonged to no supper clubs, a friend of hers, who had a house in Bedford Square, but was now wintering abroad, lent the house to Madge for the night. Madge had arranged for the supper, champagne, waiters, flowers, etc., to be supplied from Gunters for a fixed sum. (It would leave her cleaned out, but no matter!) The number of guests, and who they were to be, had been arranged between her and Arkrite after anxious consideration. There would be in all twenty guests, ten men and ten women. Madge and Arkrite would bring the number up to twenty-two.

"And now," said Miss Banks, "forget the afternoon world. This is the world of night."

AT the meeting after the dress rehearsal the last little details of this unique festivity were to be discussed and finally settled between hostess and guest of honor.

But now Arkrite had to explain to Madge that he couldn't come after the dress rehearsal as Miss Banks had invited him and of course he simply couldn't refuse her. He might have told Madge at the dinner at Belloni's, but somehow he didn't. In fact, he put the matter off until he met Madge behind the scenes at the Blue Theater, dressed and made up for her small, rather unimportant part, and glowing with excitement and the desire to do justice to her lover's inspiration. For to her the part seemed of most vital import.

"Oh Madge, I say!" he began, in a hurried and casual manner. "I wanted to tell you. I can't get away tonight."

"Jack! Why not? But it's so important! We've got to settle—"

"Oh, everything's settled all right. Fact is, Miss Banks has invited me."

"Miss Banks!"

"Yes. I believe she wants to discuss something in her part with me."

"But surely it's too late to do that after the dress rehearsal!"

"Oh, no! I'm awfully sorry. But, of course, I couldn't refuse her."

Madge said nothing, but stood in the narrow corridor looking intensely expressive; aggravatingly expressive, he thought.

"I say, Madge, don't forget about not frowning so much, will you?"

And then he hurried off to say something to the stage manager. The curtain was just going to be rung up on the first act.

Madge's part finished in the second act. Arkrite expected her to go into the auditorium after she had changed to watch the rest of the play. During the third and fourth acts he supposed she was there though he didn't happen to see her. But he was mostly in the stalls and she might easily be hidden away in the dress circle. She would probably come round at the end to say good night to him and to tell him how she thought it had gone.

When the last curtain fell he didn't see her, and had no time to look for her as he was surrounded by people saying what they thought about the way his piece had panned out. And when they had done with him it was time to seek Miss Banks, who had acted in her usual cool, unimpassioned but perfectly competent way, and had certainly looked remarkable—"like a statue come to life" as the assistant manager said more than once.

Arkrite hurried to her dressing room and tapped. Miss Banks' dresser came.

"Oh, it's you, sir. Come in, please. Miss Banks particularly wants to see you."

Arkrite went in and found Miss Banks, wrapped up in furs, standing with a tall pretty girl who had her kind of expression, disdainful and detached, but coolly observant.

"Oh, Mr. Arkrite," she said. "I wanted to tell you—do you know Lady Marcia Vinsent? Marcia, this is Mr. Arkrite—I wanted to tell you that I'm sorry I can't manage tonight after all. I forgot that I had an engagement. But our supper is only postponed—till tomorrow. I shall expect you tomorrow. I'm going to make a great success of your play. He's rather frightened about me, Marcia, but he'll see tomorrow night."

"I should think so, darling. But you're simply too marvelous in the part."

"Yes, it's all right. I know what I'm doing. Good night, Mr. Arkrite. Tomorrow—at my flat. You can come and drive there with me after the performance. I'll expect you. Oh, by the way, if you thought of sending me flowers tomorrow, let it be orchids. Good night. Come along, Marcia."

As Lady Marcia went down the passage indolently with Miss Banks she said:

"He looked pretty sick, Esmé. I suppose he's in love with you?"

"Oh, I don't know. I fancy he's en route."

"Where are you going to supper?"

"Nowhere. I'm going to bed to have plenty of beauty sleep."

"But then, why—"

"He mustn't think I'm keen on him."

"Are you?"

"I shall know tomorrow—and so will he."

"But are you sure he'll come? He looked pretty grim and I thought he was going to refuse if you'd given him time."

"I thought so too. But he'll come all right. Get in. I'll drive you home."

V

ARKRITE didn't follow Miss Banks and her friend to the stage door. After they had gone out of the dressing room he stood for a moment alone. Then the dresser came and began putting things away in the room and looking at him in a particular manner that dressers have with visiting gentlemen.

"Here, please—good night!" said Arkrite, giving the lady half a crown.

"Thank you, sir. Miss Banks did look lovely in the part, didn't she?"

"Lovely?"

"Yes, sir."

"I suppose she did."

And then he went out leaving the dresser with a "Well, I'm sure!" on her lips.

Madge had evidently gone. Almost everyone had gone. But he didn't want to see Madge just then. He took a taxi and drove home to his flat in Shaftesbury Avenue.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SATURDAY NIGHT
Continued from page thirteen]

There was no supper for him there, but he didn't want supper. He only wanted a stiff drink and to be quite alone.

He got the stiff drink, a pipe, and sat down in his armchair by the grate in which there was a fading-out fire with still a few red sparks left among the ashes.

"I'll not go! I'm damned if I'll go!" he said to himself.

He was angry, very angry; but with his anger another feeling mingled—of horrible disappointment. He must have been looking forward eagerly to the night visit which had been so casually canceled before that disdainful girl friend. If *she* hadn't been there—but she had been there to see his startled discomfiture. Intolerable pair of women with their clear cool eyes and disdainful red mouths! He thought of them as his enemies, as enemies of men, laughing at them, playing with them, despising them.

But, anyhow, he wouldn't go with Miss Banks tomorrow. He couldn't. He was engaged for Madge's supper party. So that settled it. He would tell Miss Banks so after the performance was over. She had left her cool rejection until the last moment, and so would he leave his. When he went round to pay her the usual compliments and to see how she liked her orchids—for of course he would have to send her some orchids—he would tell her how awfully sorry he was that he was engaged for supper to the little dark girl who frowned and smiled too much, and who would be like a motor map before she was forty.

No; perhaps he wouldn't tell her all that. No need to explain. He wouldn't explain. He would just say, as she had, that unluckily he had another engagement.

What would she look like then?

He poured out another drink.

Girls like that deserved a thorough good taking down. Their cheek and their indifference to the feelings of others were intolerable. He would read Miss Banks a lesson tomorrow night. And then he would go to dear little Madge's supper party, where he would be among friends, where he would be fêted, made much of, where he would be the great man. Madge was a darling.

But it really was a pity she was so intense, so eager, so mobile. Miss Banks was right there. All that did make the lines come in a woman's face, and besides, nowadays people didn't want all that eagerness. It didn't impress them.

Dear little Madge! How she would love that room with the primrose-coloured carpet and curtains and the grass-green divan and armchairs—buttercups-in-a-meadow colour. She would love it. But would she suit it? Somehow Miss Banks did suit it—or it suited her.

Dear little Madge! She was so excitable. That was why the lines came in her face. Miss Banks was never excited. But couldn't she be? There must surely be moments when her almost inhuman calm and detachment gave place to something else. It would be rather wonderful to see her when that something else got the upper hand—if it ever did. It would be an experience—even perhaps, a great experience.

There was something vicious about her.

That night Arkrite found out that Miss Banks had a very definite power, the power to present herself to a man as a problem.

Dear little Madge wasn't a problem.

But he was going to have supper with Madge.

VI

AS, of course, Arkrite was going to turn down Miss Banks it was quite unnecessary to mention her invitation to Madge, and Arkrite did not say anything about it, though he met Madge fortuitously on the Saturday afternoon before his first night, not far from Piccadilly Circus. Madge was hurrying home from Gunters in Berkeley Square where she had been to say some last urgent words about her supper. Arkrite was about to look in at the Blue Theater. He was in a state of acute nervous tension. Madge was excited and anxious. They only spoke for a few minutes.

"Did you enjoy yourself—with Miss Banks?" asked Madge looking terribly expressive.

"Oh, it was all right," said Arkrite.

"Well, good luck for tonight, Jack."

"Thanks awfully."

"I shall just stay to hear the reception at the end from the back of the house—the pit, I think. And then I must hurry to Bedford Square to make sure everything's all right. Come on as soon as you possibly can, won't you? We shall all be waiting for you."

"Yes—thank you, Madge."

"I *do* wish you luck, Jack!"

She squeezed his hand and was gone. He couldn't forget the expression in her dark eyes as they looked up into his just before she went. Why hadn't he told her that he hadn't been with Miss Banks on the previous night? Her eyes had been asking about that. How quickly a girl becomes anxious about her lover—the Madge type of girl!

But he hadn't cared to tell Madge that he had been thrown over. He would tell her when he had thrown over Miss Banks. Then it would be all right. He turned in at the stage door.

. . . . .

THE play went exceedingly well. Miss Banks in the principal part seemed to make no special effort. Arkrite had vaguely expected her to come out strong when she found herself before a smart and critical audience. But not a bit of it! She acted just as she had at rehearsal. She was, in fact, just Esmé Banks; perfectly gowned, perfectly coiffée, absolutely mistress of herself and her emotions—if she had any—entirely at her ease, if anything just a shade more disdainful than usual. And everyone, the critics included, found her marvelous.

"She strikes," said one, in a high dictatorial voice, "the exact center of the modern note."

When everything was over and he had answered his calls, and had received behind the scenes congratulations from the management and from heaps of people whose names he didn't know and whose faces he had forgotten, if he had ever seen them before, Arkrite braced himself up for the ordeal. He had to turn down Miss Banks, and get away with all speed to Madge's supper party in Bedford Square. Quickly he got hat and coat and hurried down the corridor in which the star's dressing room was situated. Miss Banks' dresser was standing outside the door and smiled when she saw him.

"Good evening, sir. Miss Banks is expecting you. She'll be out in one moment. She's got rid of them all. No easy job, sir, I can tell you, on a night like this. She *has* had a success this time and no mistake. They're all wild about her. But she's sent them off, sir. I'll just tell her you're waiting and ready."

And before Arkrite could say anything she slipped into the dressing room and he heard her say, in a fawning voice:

"Your gentleman's here, madam. He's quite ready."

"Coming!" said Miss Banks' cool voice inside. "Give me the orchids, Briggs. That's right. And just spray me."

There was an instant of silence; then Miss Banks appeared, wrapped up in white furs, and carrying Arkrite's big bouquet of orchids.

"Oh, here you are! Well, it went all right, didn't it? I didn't let you down, did I? Everyone says it will run till we're all sick of it—except of course *you*. That will give you time to write me another. Thanks for the orchids. Just carry them for me, will you? I've got the car. We'll have supper at home. No one but you and me."

She walked in front down the corridor, the steps, through the stage door. There was a crowd outside gathered about her big car.

"Here she comes!" cried a voice.

"Here she is!" cried another.

"Ain't she lovely?" exclaimed a third.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

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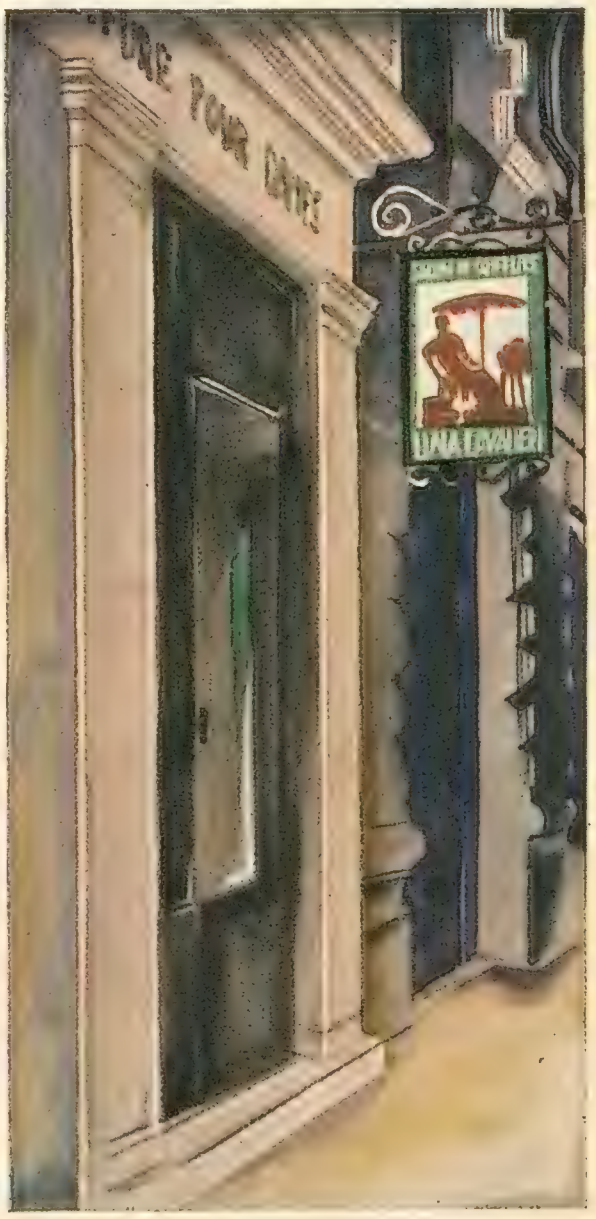

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

"Now I must tell her! I've got to tell her!" Arkrite said to himself.

Miss Banks nodded airily to the crowd without smiling and got into the car. Arkrite handed in his orchids.

"D'you know I'm awfully—" he began, standing by the door of the car.

"So am I!" said Miss Banks from inside. "But a couple of cocktails will soon put us right. Get in!"

"I can't say it before this crowd!" Arkrite thought desperately.

"My dear man, don't keep me here! Get in!"

He got in.

Miss Banks didn't trouble to talk any more as they drove across the Circus and down Piccadilly, but Arkrite saw her large, coolly observant eyes regarding him steadily—and he had an absurd idea that more than once those eyes looked hard at the tips of his faun-like ears. His heart began to beat rather fast. But he went on thinking of Madge, bothering about Madge. He still thought he meant to go to the supper in Bedford Square. He still thought he intended to explain why he must go to Miss Banks on the doorstep of number four L "Sout'" Audley Street. But when they got there and she said, "Come along in! I'm dying for some food and a cocktail!" he couldn't.

How could he?

But up in the hall with the thick café-au-lait carpet that looked as if it were velvet, while the smart maid was helping him to take off his coat, and was saying "Good evening, sair!" in a soft significant voice, he felt that he must do something.

He simply couldn't let Madge's supper party wait for him until the small hours of the morning. Miss Banks had vanished behind a shining mahogany door in the distance beyond a cloud of flowering shrubs. He was alone with the maid.

"Can I use the telephone?" he said desperately.

The maid smiled.

"The telephone is in mademoiselle's bedroom, sair," she answered serenely. "Perhaps you would kindly ask mademoiselle about the telephone."

"Oh—God!" Arkrite said to himself.

And just at this moment he saw Miss Banks coming back. She must have had very acute ears for she said to the maid: "What's that about the telephone, Reine?"

"MONSIEUR asked me if he could telephone, mademoiselle, and I said the telephone was in mademoiselle's bedroom."

Arkrite was scarlet.

"It's all right. It doesn't matter in the least. I only—"

Miss Banks' large eyes held a flicker of apparent amusement.

"Don't let us bother about telephoning the success till we've had something."

She laid a cool hand on his arm:

"Try and think about *me* for five minutes. Do you realize you are *made* from tonight? And I've made you. Let the others go hang—for tonight. Come along."

And they went into the room with the primrose-coloured carpet and the grass-green divan and armchairs. There was a supper table there set by the fire. Miss Banks went to the cocktail table.

"We'll only have one each tonight, and then supper."

Calmly she mixed the strange liquids and languidly manipulated the shaker, while Arkrite watched her and grew hot all over thinking of Bedford Square. He must, simply must do something.

"Here is yours! We won't drink success to the play, because the play is a success already. We'll drink"—she fixed her eyes on the tips of his ears—"to the night of a faun."

He stared at her.

"I don't believe in afternoons," she said, putting her empty glass down. "Now for supper!"

The maid was coming in with some covered dishes. Miss Banks went to sit down by the table in a round-backed green-and-gold lacquered chair.

"Come along!"

And she pointed to a similar chair put for him.

"Miss Banks!" he said desperately.

"Yes? What is it?"

"I was engaged tonight for a supper party in Bedford Square."

"NEVER mind," she said without changing her expression. "It's much nicer here."

"Yes, ever so much. But I ought really to let them know."

"Them! Who is it?"

"Well, it's—well, there'll be quite a lot of people."

"Who's giving it?"

"Well, it's—"

"I know. It's the little dark girl! What's the number?"

He gave it.

"Reine," said Miss Banks, repeating the number slowly, "go to the phone. Call that number. Ask for Miss—what's her name?"

"Miss Linfield."

"Miss Linfield, and just explain that Mr. Arkrite is here having supper with me. They are not to wait."

"*Bien*, mademoiselle. Mees Leenfield."

"That's it."

The maid went away.

"And now, Mr. Faun," said Miss Banks, half closing her attentive eyes, "forget the afternoon world. This is the world of night."

John Arkrite obeyed her. He forgot the afternoon world.

. . . . . .

It was between 4 and 5 o'clock in the morning when he opened the front door of the building in which his flat was. As he shut it he saw something white in the letter box. Was it for him? He couldn't see the name on the envelope, but he felt that it was, and he went upstairs, got his key to the letter box, opened it, and took out a note which hadn't been through the post. It was addressed to him in Madge's handwriting. He carried it upstairs and into his sitting room.

A letter from Madge!

He tore it open and read:

"I had your message. This is mine—Finished. Madge."

Short and to the point. But there was a postscript, one sentence underlined.

"*From the first rehearsal I knew she would try to do it.*"

"That's a lie!" muttered Arkrite, crushing the note in his hot hand. "But women always accuse each other of things like that."

Did he feel sick at heart?

He didn't know. At any rate he was made as a playwright, and that night he had learned a lot as a lover.

If Miss Banks' *béguin* for him lasted, he felt just then as if perhaps he could forget the little dark girl.

But if it didn't?

With his finger tips he touched the tips of his faun-like ears.

"It will last! It will! I'll make it!" he muttered. And he threw little Madge's note into the waste-paper basket.

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

Stories and Articles by

Michael Arlen

Jim Tully

Beatrice Grimshaw

Hugh Fullerton

Inez Haynes Irwin

AND

What a real-life detective thinks of Sherlock Holmes, by

MICHAEL FIASCHETTI

Formerly of the New York Police Force

The RED

Chairs scraped across the floor; tables overturned and bottles and glasses crashed.

MR. GIBBONS is writing his story in Bermuda, where in 1941 Karakhan the Red Napoleon is dying in exile after all but succeeding in conquering the world in the cause of race equality. Last week Mr. Gibbons retraced the career of this most terrible "Scourge" in history from his birth in Kazan, Russia, in 1900, to his command of Russian forces at Irkutsk, Siberia, in 1926-1928, when he fomented Red revolt in the Far East. Mr. Gibbons also told of his own meeting in Moscow with "Speed" Binney, the young American (described by his father as "a flying fool with a poisonous left") who was to play such a vital rôle in the coming world drama.

PART TWO—JAPAN GOES RED

"LIFE in Moscow in this year of our Lord 1932 is damned precarious for a free-born American male who likes a drink and has an eye to beauty," announced Speed Binney, dropping helmet and goggles on my desk.

"Another mess?" I asked, without looking up.

"Almost," replied Speed. "Met the sweetest little communist that ever wore red socks, last night at the air field; asked her in sign language to bust a vodka with me, and she led the way.

The Great War of 1933-1936 As I Saw It

"Took me to an office where the bird in charge started making out papers that I figured were necessary to buy a bottle of government hooch. Instead of that, what do you think it was?"

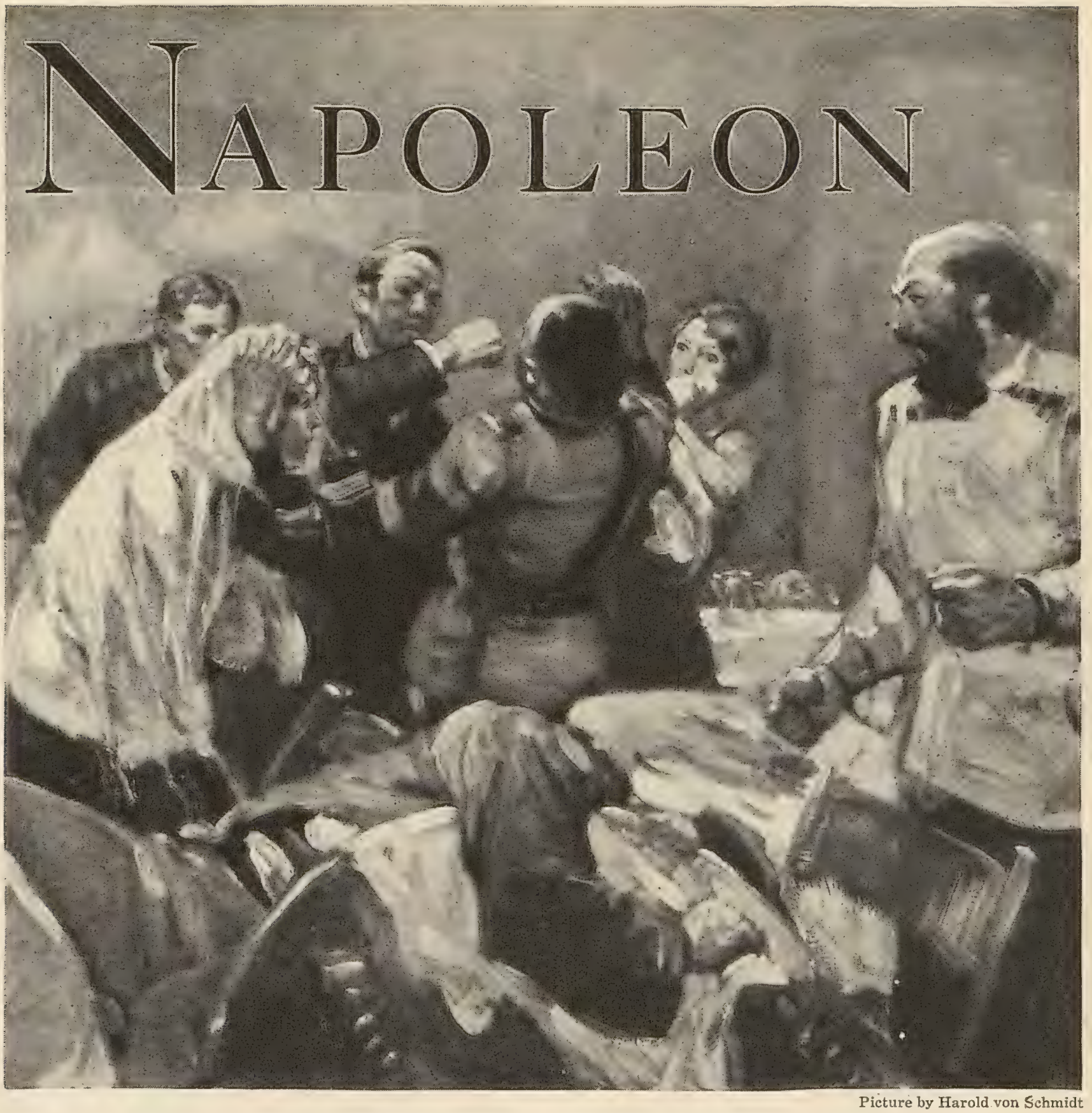
"Can't guess."

"Communist Government Marriage Bureau! You and the Tribune almost lost your aërial dispatch rider. I escaped by a split second—I'm studying the language from now on."

"Wish you'd hurry it up so you could read these things," I remarked, indicating the fresh pile of Moscow morning papers in front of me. "Somebody's got to translate this stuff for me. The situation's getting hot."

"Red hot," agreed Speed. "Saw the kids going to school this morning carrying their cute little gas masks at the ready. Wow! What a war scare! Every Red from Inskyville to Whiskervitch sees behind every lamp-post an army of enemies led by old General Chopyerheadoff. I guess old Papa Stalin and the boys

NAPOLEON



Picture by Harold von Schmidt

The girl was up, speaking hurriedly. "My cue," shouted Speed as he dove into the mêlée.

By FLOYD GIBBONS

(Author of The Red Knight of Germany)

in the Kremlin know their proletariat to the last pro."

"The papers are bristling with it," I added. "Here's a translation from yesterday's Izvestia, which I sent on the radio."

Binney read it aloud:

The failure of the Washington Arms Limitation Conference means another World War. America, Great Britain, France, and Japan have been unable to agree on their respective naval strengths, due to the policy of the British Admiralty in refusing to live up to the naval parity agreement of 1922 with America.

On the surface, these developments point to an impending struggle for supremacy between Great Britain and the United States, but actually these appearances are camouflage for an understanding existing among the capitalistic nations to hurl their forces against Russia, to suppress the race revolt in North Africa, to regain white prestige in Asia, to divide China once more, and to regain control of India.

Capitalism and imperialism once more show themselves unwilling to bend their policies in the direction of peace. Socialistic Russia must be prepared to defend the principles of the Revolution to the last man, the last woman, and the last child.

"IT'S not only in the press," added Binney, "but they're shooting the same stuff out day and night over the radio and they have speakers feeding it to the factory workers during the lunch hour. It's been getting stronger every day for the last two weeks.

"They've now got the women sewing socks for soldiers and some of them even drilling with machine guns, and the school kids are chipping in kopecks to buy fighting airplanes to carry the name of each school."

It was true the government had taken full propaganda advantage of the war scare, which had aroused a popular frenzy. The afternoon newspapers brought the climax.

Karakhan was appointed, by the Union Council of People's Commissars, commander in chief of the army, air and sea forces of the nation, and was given full authority to place Russia in a position to defend herself.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

P. & A.-International photo

The infuriated crowd outside the office of the Izvestia, in Moscow, Russia, after that newspaper's denunciation of Karakhan's policy as dictator.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINETEEN]

Inner politics of the anti-Jewish faction of the Council played its part in the event.

The newspapers carried large photographs of the new commander, with glowing tributes to his military genius. His victories over Denikin, Wrangel, Pilsudski, Yudenitch, Kolchak, and Gaida were detailed at great length. He was hailed as the man who could save Russia from dismemberment.

Karakhan accepted the new post without a word, and for almost two weeks no public statement issued from his headquarters, but there was terrific activity within.

A number of general officers in high command were transferred to new posts, and their places suddenly taken by new and younger spirits, coming direct from Moscow with orders signed by the commander in chief.

Then Karakhan spoke. It was a blast.

HE acknowledged his responsibility to the people of Russia. He declared he found the defenses of the country in a deplorable state; there were terrific deficiencies in equipment; the army lacked supplies and vital necessities. Political influence manifesting itself through favoritism in appointments had lowered the morale of the men in command and the discipline of the troops.

His statement concluded with these words:

I have accepted the task placed before me by the people of Russia. Certain of their confidence in me, I dedicate myself to organize immediately the defenses of the nation in keeping with the requirements of a country of 150,000,000 people. This is the command I have received from the Russian masses. I recognize no higher command. I will brook no political interference with my efforts to carry out my sacred duty.

The statement went well with the masses, but caused a terrific furor in government circles. It amounted plainly to a declaration of military dictatorship. The Union Council of People's Commissars met in hurried conference to decide what measures could be taken to conserve its authority.

Rudzutak, Commissar for National Transportation, advocated immediate disciplinary action against the young commander in chief. Smirnov, Commissar for Post and Telegraph, indorsed the proposal, but Malig, Commissar for Workers' and Peasants' Inspection, startled his confreres by telling them it was too late.

НОВАЯ ВСЕМИРНАЯ ВОЙНА БЛИЗКО
ВОЕННАЯ КОНФЕРЕНЦИЯ СОЕДИНЕННЫХ
ЖАЕТ СОЮЗ КАПИТАЛИСТИЧЕСКИХ ГОСУ
ДАРСТВ ВО ГЛАВЕ С ВЕЛИКОБРИТАНИЕЙ
ШТАТОВ ПРОВАЛИВАЕТСЯ. РОССИИ УГРО-

Headlines from the Izvestia, September 12, 1932: "New World War Near—U. S. Arms Conference Fails—Russia Threatened by Combination of Capitalistic Nations Led by Great Britain."

"The people are tired of politicians. There is a scarcity of food and prices are high," he told them. "Karakhan has captured their imagination.

"His appointment as commander in chief has given them new confidence. Any attempt on the part of the administration to discipline him at this time will result in a popular confirmation of the practical dictatorship which he himself has announced. Comrades, we face a *fait accompli.*"

Confirmation came the following day, two hours after the appearance on the streets of the Izvestia with a bitter front-page denunciation of military dictatorship.

Crowds gathered in front of the newspaper office. From unknown sources there suddenly appeared banners bearing the legends:

"We have had enough of politicians," "Orators have dissipated the fortunes of the revolution," "Enough of words, more of action."

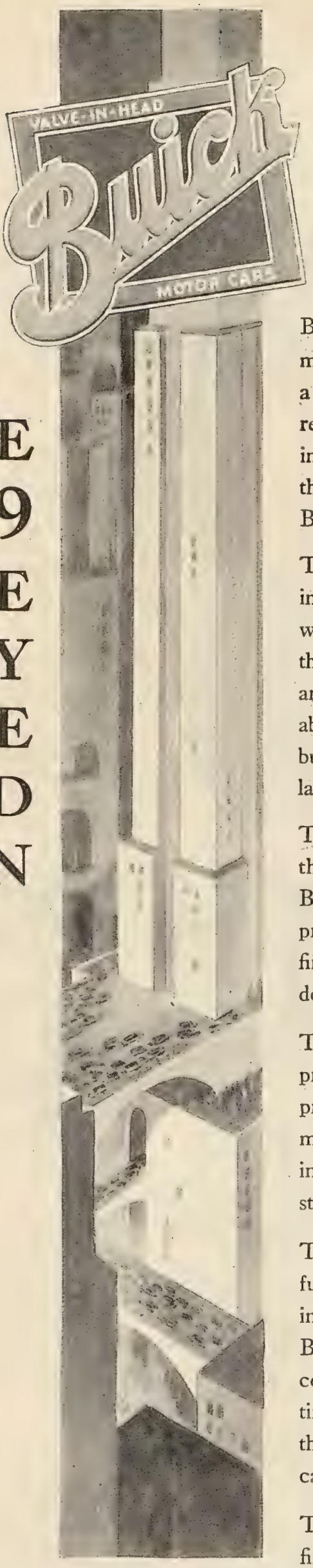
An orator appeared at a second-story window of the newspaper office and obtained the attention of the crowd. He began a defense of the government and a denunciation of strong methods.

Angry shouts and gibes arose from the crowd; a stone crashed through a window above the speaker's head. The

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

THE BUICK OF 1949 ,, LIKE THE FINE BUICK OF TODAY ,, WILL STILL BE THE STANDARD OF COMPARISON

THERE is one thing about Buick motor cars that everybody knows, and that is they are as sound and dependable as man-made products can be. . . . A motor car reflects the character of its builder. Buick is the trustworthy motor car it is, solely because the craftsmen who build it think and act in terms of permanence and reliability.



WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Buick will always be Buick. The master craftsmen who build this car pursue a policy of progress with relation to Buick engineering and manufacturing; but they will never depart from Buick principles and ideals.

The builders of Buick believe in keeping everlasting faith with a public that buys more than twice as many Buicks as any other automobile priced above $1200, by continuing to build Buick motor cars superlatively well.

They believe in passing on to that public the benefits of Buick's tremendous volume production in the form of finer automobiles and greater dollar value.

They believe in steadily improving Buick methods and practices—in building Buick motor cars better and better—in keeping Buick always the standard of comparison.

These craftsmen are giving full expression to their ideals in today's Buick as in every Buick of the last quarter of a century. And they will continue to give expression to these policies in every motor car they ever build.

The Buick of 1949—like the fine Buick of today—will still be the standard of comparison.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY
FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

[THE RED NAPOLEON
Continued from page twenty]

crowd surged forward toward the entrance of the building.

As it did so, there was a movement at the end of the street; a squadron of mounted troops approached at a trot. They were wildly cheered. The officer at their head took the speaker's place and said:

"I speak in the name of your comrades of the Red Army of Russia. We renew our oath to you. We are armed now with leadership. From the Baltic to the Sea of Okhotsk we thank you for the new commander you have placed above us. Under his command the sacred principles of the Revolution will suffer neither violation from abroad nor political dissipation from within. Our Little Uncle [Karakhan's nickname in his own army corps] desires that you return peacefully to your homes and your work.

"He promises that the editorial policy of the Izvestia will from now on accord with the will of the people.

"Long live Russia! Long live Karakhan of Kazan!"

The street reverberated with cheers. The mounted men returned down the street to the accompaniment of singing throngs that marched beside them on the sidewalks.

Two hours later another edition of the Izvestia appeared on the streets of Moscow. It apologized for the "misdirected" editorial of the morning edition and announced a complete change in the board of directors and the editorial management of the paper's columns. Karakhan's own lieutenants had written the new version.

I cabled daily dispatches on the events of the following two weeks, during which the dictator made his power felt in every department of the government. The garrison of Moscow was doubled under his orders, and there were frequent movements of troops through the streets.

Guard mount was held at sunset each day in front of Lenin's Tomb on the Red Square. Karakhan on his one personal appearance was cheered by the multitudes.

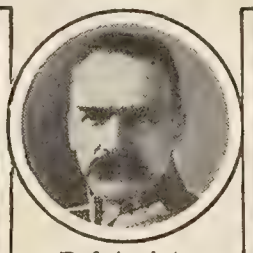
Incoming newspapers and dispatches from other capitals revealed that the development of the long-feared Russian dictatorship sent a tremor around the world.

International photo
Gaida.

International photo
Wrangel.

Weygand.

P. & A. photo
Karakhan, the Red Napoleon, with some of the commanders whom he defeated in his rise to military greatness.



P. & A. photo
Pilsudski.

Wide World photo
Denikin.

International photo
Kolchak.

On the heels of the surprise caused by the Russian presentation of a fighting front toward the world, came America's great gesture of peace—the passage by the United States Congress of the Lampson Bill, granting full and complete independence to the Philippine Islands.

President Hoover signed the bill the same day it passed Congress, and one month later to the day the Governor General and his staff in Manila turned over the reins of government to Emanuel Quezon, president *pro tempore* of the new Philippine Republic, with the parting reminder, "America keeps her word."

THE idealistic aspect of America's action was questioned, both at home and abroad.

European observers attributed the move to necessity growing out of the failure of the Arms Limitation Conference. They pointed out that under the terms of the Conference of 1922, America had surrendered all right to fortify the islands further, and that without adequate naval bases in the Pacific, she was more than ever unable to defend this exposed flank.

South American critics interpreted the action as confirming their fears that American expansion was southward and not westward.

American radicals celebrated the liberation of the islands as a victory.

American pacifists greeted Philippine independence as the elimination of the last possible cause for war between America and Japan.

American conservatives doubted the outcome. Some who had opposed the independence bill publicly stated their belief that this development meant war in the Pacific within a year.

American property owners in the islands denounced the lowering of the American flag on Corregidor and denied that the American Constitution granted any power either to Congress or the President to alienate the sovereignty of territory which since the Spanish-American War had been United States domain.

American socialists denied the administration's gesture of idealism and attributed the passage of the bill to the power and influence of the dairy interests of Wisconsin, the American tobacco combine, and the sugar trust, all three of which were bitterly opposed to the duty-free importation of Philippine products in competition with home grown.

One curious effect of the liberation of the islands was the howl that went up against it from thousands of Filipinos of the property-owning and employing class.

THE strategic effect was that the Asiatic squadron of the United States navy sailed out of Manila Bay and took up its new base at Honolulu. The problem of the Pacific took on a new phase. America's western frontier was drawn back halfway across the ocean.

But the third repercussion of the failure of the Arms Conference was the greatest.

The return of the Japanese delegation to Tokyo was the signal for the terrific anti-war, anti-monarchy, and anti-government demonstration that was directed by the Farm-Labor party, the Japanese Labor Council, and the Proletarian Young Men's League of Japan.

A sudden drastic application of the Japanese censorship silenced newspaper correspondents in Tokyo, and I was instructed to cover the story from Russian sources, which I found particularly well informed and eager to get the news out to the world.

Since the dissolution of the three radical organizations in 1928, together with the arrest and imprisonment of 1,000 Japanese communists, the Red movement in Japan had been forced under cover and, in spite of the efforts of the national police, had become most extensive and powerful. In four brief years its membership had increased by hundreds of thousands. "Cells" of communism existed in all branches of the navy, army, and air service.

In my dispatches I reviewed how successive Diets had passed increasingly restrictive amendments to the Defense of the Throne Act, by which the suppression of radical groups was authorized. Arrest and exile of hundreds of communists under this severe measure had only served to add new strength to the proletarian movement. The flame was continually being fanned by communist propaganda from both Soviet Russia and China.

Thousands of students joined the workingmen, who marched through the streets of Tokyo in that monster demonstration which came to such a fatal conclusion on the third day of October, 1932, when firing opened between the mobs of demonstrators and the Fourth

Picture by Harold von Schmidt

We squeezed through a narrow aperture, and found ourselves standing ankle deep in the snow, mud, and rubbish of a back yard. "Some party," said Speed. "Now can you ask this baby where we can go and have my dance?"

Regiment of the Imperial Guards drawn up around the Imperial Palace. I was fortunate in getting a long-distance telephone hook-up from Moscow, by which I scored a ten-hour scoop on the outbreak.

The history of these three days of frightful bloodshed in the capital of Japan caused the world to shudder. The details came out principally through Moscow, where Karakhan gave full swing to military and proletariat celebrations. It was openly boasted by Moscow spokesmen of the Communist International that the thousands of Chinese and Russian rifles, small arms, hand grenades, and gas bombs that suddenly appeared in Tokyo on the day of the revolution had come from the stores originally assembled on the shores of Lake Baikal by Karakhan.

The turning point in the uprising came when the Second and Third regiments of the Imperial Guard, stationed in the Tokyo garrison, suddenly joined the revolutionists. Emperor Hiroshito and the members of the imperial family fled by airplane, and their whereabouts was unannounced for three days.

Later, it was learned they had endeavored to land at Yokohama, where the Japanese fleet was at anchor, but had changed plans upon receipt of radio messages informing them that mutiny had taken place and that the fleet was in the hands of the Reds.

A week later the steamship American Banker, of the American Dollar Line, put the emperor and his family safely ashore at Manila. They had been picked up at sea.

The infant Philippine Republic came in for much denunciation in the Moscow press when the reports of the Japanese emperor's arrival in Manila were published.

In Tokyo, Kato Yamakata, at the head of the Committee of Soldiers, Sailors, and Workers, assumed the responsibility of the Red government. New communist drafts were called to the Red Flag of Japan and the Revolutionary Army.

There followed that frightful six weeks of executions, with the flight of the elder statesmen, cabinet ministers, and members of the Diet. The revolution in its sixth week carried more the aspect of a military than a proletariat affair.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

UNITED STATES SENATORS SILVER FLEET ON STEPS

Republican and Democratic Leaders Extend Official Welcome

Senators and Congressmen Sign Book of Good Will Greetings

15 Cars and 19 Pilots Pause on Demonstration Tour to Receive Greetings of Nation's Law Makers

Fifteen gleaming silver cars rolled up before the steps of the Nation's Capitol in Washington . . . Nineteen smartly uniformed pilots hurried into line before their shining hoods . . .

A courier hastened up the steps . . . disappeared through the great portal. .

Then . . . at the door . . . a group of men. Senators, Congressmen . . . lawgivers to the Nation. From below, a command.

The Silver Fleet stood at salute before the Congress of the United States.

* * *

Fittingly, the Silver Fleet . . . on parade before 120,000,000 people . . . was received in Washington by the elected representatives of the Nation.

Congressman Tilson and Congressman Garrett, Republican and Democratic floor leaders signed the good will book. Senator Capper of Kansas and other members inspected the fleet . . . asked interested questions . . .

Then, while cameras clicked and news reels ground, the last signature was added, the last inspection made.

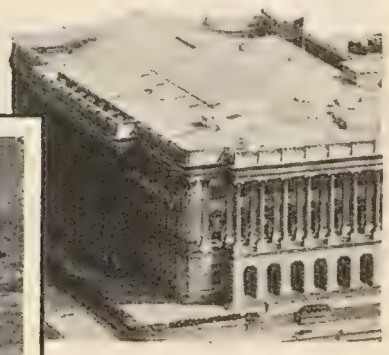
Pilots slipped again behind wheels . . . motors hummed.

A double blast from the Flagship siren . . . and the Fleet wheeled away . . . down Pennsylvania Avenue, lined with crowds to watch another notable procession.

From the broad avenues of Washington the Fleet heads South. Across Vir-

SOLONS GREET ADVENTURERS. *Here's a view of some of the senators and representatives who greeted the Silver Fleet on Washington visit. Photo taken at the foot of the steps of the Capitol.*

HEADED FOR DIXIE! *Photograph at the right was snapped as the Fleet rolled out of Washington and headed South for Florida.*



CAPITOL FROM THE AIR. *Passengers in Goodrich plane which accompanied Fleet to Washington got this view of the Capitol. Members of both houses of Congress attended ceremony on the steps of the center wing.*

AND CONGRESSMEN GREET OF THE NATION'S CAPITOL

ginia, the Carolinas, Georgia. Over the marl roads of Florida's coast line. Through a gulf-state winter. Across the dry Southwest. Into a California spring . . .

On these cars are tires such as you can buy any day in the week . . . four ply, six ply, de luxe . . . run-of-the-pit casings identical to those any Goodrich dealer will show you . . .

The pilots are facing months of hardship, simply that you may see how Goodrich Tires perform on cars such as yours.

To demonstrate to you the unsurpassed dollar value of Goodrich Tires. Their rugged stamina . . . their great wearing power . . . their sure-footedness on any road . . . their enduring quality in the face of great obstacles.

So follow the Silver Fleet as it goes. Watch the dramatic record it unrolls. See tires just like those on the Fleet in the store of your own Goodrich Tire dealer . . .

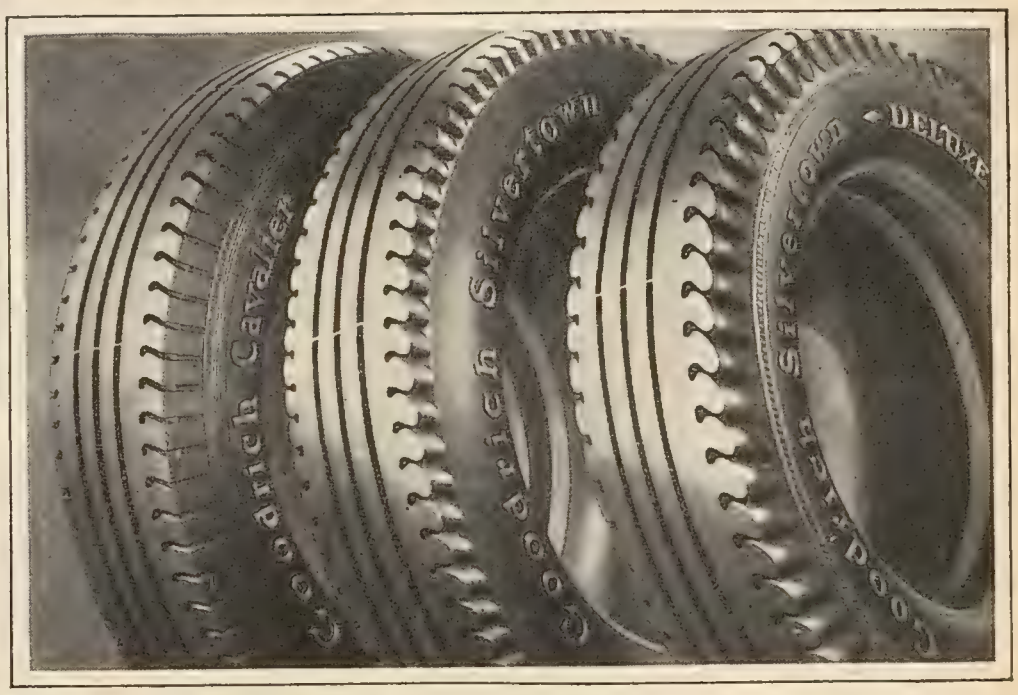
Find out when the Fleet will reach your section of the country . . . And be on hand!

The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Est. 1870, Akron, Ohio. Pacific Goodrich Rubber Company, Los Angeles, Cal. In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Company, Kitchener, Ont.

NO POLITICS IN THE FLEET! *Congressman Tilson, Republican floor leader, greets Commander Schaeffer, while Congressman Garrett, Democratic leader in the House, looks on. A non-partisan welcome from leaders of both parties.*

SENATOR INSPECTS FLEET. (*In oval*) *Senator Capper from Kansas inspects the 15 silver cars of the Silver Fleet with Lieut. Schaeffer.*

FLIES TO GREET FLEET. *Commander Schaeffer and his pilots were waiting to receive Congressman Davey of Ohio when he arrived by plane at Bolling Field to take part in welcoming ceremony.*



THREE GOODRICH TIRES to meet your mileage requirements (right to left). **Silvertown De Luxe,** for superlative style and outstanding mileage service. **The Famous Silvertown**—the standard quality tire of the Nation—the choice of millions of car owners. **Goodrich Cavalier,** a new low-priced, high-quality tire for hard drivers and keen buyers.

Goodrich Silvertowns

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

Russia immediately recognized the new government and Karakhan published his hearty congratulations to the Japanese commander in chief.

That month of October, 1932, in Moscow was a busy one for Speed Binney and myself. The Red Foreign Office—the "Kommintern"—soon proved to be the best source of information in the world for news concerning developments in Japan.

The Russian embassy in Tokyo, through its liaison with the Japanese revolutionists, was able to maintain a twenty-four-hour direct wire communication with Moscow and render full reports of all developments.

Foreign correspondents in Tokyo found that both their operations and their access to either their cables or the radio were under the suspicion and restriction of the Japanese Reds.

Not so with the capable International Public Relations spokesman of the Kommintern. My cable and radio dispatches filed in Moscow, principally on the Japanese developments, averaged 2,000 words a night during that hectic month of October.

Once, when communication lines out of the country became congested, I obtained permission to send Binney out by air with my dispatches to Riga. The trimotor Breguet made the 600-mile flight in five hours, and I was able to score a twelve-hour scoop with my dispatch, which carried the first news of the capture and execution of the Japanese imperial governor of Korea.

Binney flew back two days later, with cables which informed me that I had been awarded a thousand-dollar bonus for "beating the world" to the story. I split this windfall with Binney and that night we decided to celebrate. The Café Mont Blanc was the scene of our party. It offered the best night entertainment in Moscow. Snow had already fallen when we arrived, and the café interior was warm with lights, with music, and the heat of humanity. A French-speaking head waiter seated us at a table opposite the dancing space. The attendance was international and motley.

There were Indian women wearing veils over the head, and the White Russian girls present were attired for the most part after the fashion of Paris. Some, however, wore knotted red silk kerchiefs around their necks, marking them as members of the young communist groups.

TWO diminutive Japs in military uniform, but wearing a red brassard on the left arm, signifying their revolutionary status, were received with applause as they were seated opposite us. They acknowledged the recognition with bows and smiles.

At the next table was a curious pair: a girl with bobbed blonde hair and a young man with dark eyes and yellowish complexion. Both were dressed in European attire; both sipped glasses of hot tea and lemon; both were silent. Her eyes watched the dancers.

"And there sits Miss Russia, straight from the Atlantic City contest," Binney said to me. "Wow! What a pip! Wonder what language she would agree to dance with me in."

"Looks Nordic," I replied. "Fresh, clean skin, good eyes and chin, fine head. Probably Scandinavian."

"Not fluent in Norsk," said Binney, "but maybe she will get the international code."

Their eyes met. Binney's twinkled. His lips parted, revealing a row of even white teeth that carried the almost pleading, "Will you?" The girl did not move her gaze but her features remained immobile, peering back at him through the flame of a match held to her cigarette.

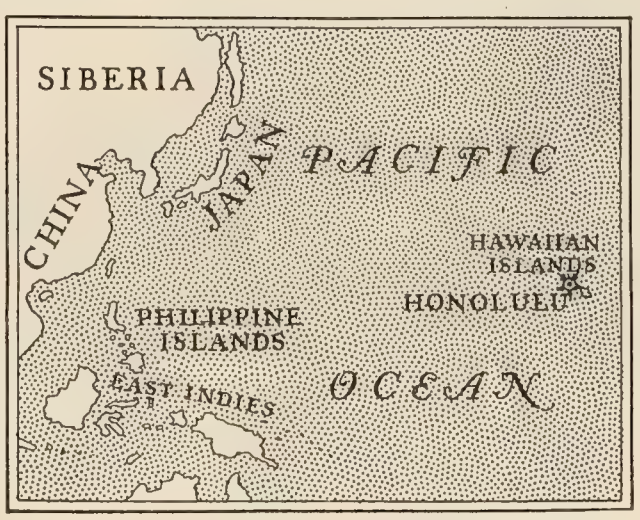
"Four out of five get it, back in St. Louis," Speed observed, as he shifted his now silly smile to me. "Is my face dirty, or have I got a wart on the nose? Did you feel that look she gave me—like a draft through an igloo? A walrus hide against a cake of last year's ice, she's an Eskimo."

An hour later when our small bottle of vodka had disappeared, mostly in Speed's direction, that person had shaken off the chilblains and was now openly smiling into the still immobile features of "Arctic Annie," considerably to the annoyance of her swarthy companion.

A roll of drums, a chord from the orchestra, and one of the managers took the floor with his hand lifted for silence. The head waiter answered my nod by standing at our table and translating what followed.

"Comrades," the manager announced, "here with us tonight are Comrades Ishii and Karugi, both of whom took glorious part in the fighting in front of the old Imperial Palace in Tokyo three weeks ago. We welcome these heroes to the birthplace of world revolution and offer this token of our admiration and love."

Amidst cheers and applause two waiters placed two large armfuls of cut flowers, bound with blood-red ribbons, on the table of the Japanese revolutionaries, both of whom smiled back their embarrassment. There were cries for a speech, and Karugi, the smaller of the two Japanese, arose amidst a roar of applause.



After the liberation of the Philippines, in 1932, the American Asiatic squadron took up a new base at Honolulu.

WITH a sibilant intake of breath, in true Japanese fashion he accepted the flowers. Then he expressed his thanks for Russia's assistance to Japan in throwing off the "monarchial, imperialistic yoke."

"Shoulder to shoulder with you we stand now in our greater fight to free the whole world," he said.

"Russia and Japan are the only two countries in the world where race and color offer no barrier to the equality of brotherhood. White or yellow, brown or black, we are all Red as the blood in our veins, and equal.

"We accept the flowers as a token of the tie that now binds Russia and Japan. I express our appreciation of the honor and tie the knot tighter by bestowing them now on the comrade present who appears to us as the living symbol of glorious Russian womanhood." He laid the flowers on the table for the blonde-haired girl who had so excited Speed's interest.

She flushed and smiled with embarrassment as a roar of applause greeted the gesture. But not so with her yellow companion. Rising angrily to his feet, he grabbed the flowers and swung the wet, heavy bunch of thorny stems across the face of the astonished Japanese hero.

Chairs scraped across the floor, tables overturned, and bottles and glasses crashed, as all present jumped to their feet. The girl also was up, speaking hurriedly. Her companion shouted something in a different tongue and as if by magic other swarthy skins among the guests moved toward him. The fight was on.

The girl's companion floored Karugi and tripped a huge Russian who lunged at him. In falling, the man's shoulder struck the girl and staggered her.

"My cue!" shouted Speed, as he dove into the mêlée. I followed instinctively. We had just reached her side when the lights went out.

"Boss, where are you?" It was Speed's voice.

"Here beside you!" I shouted.

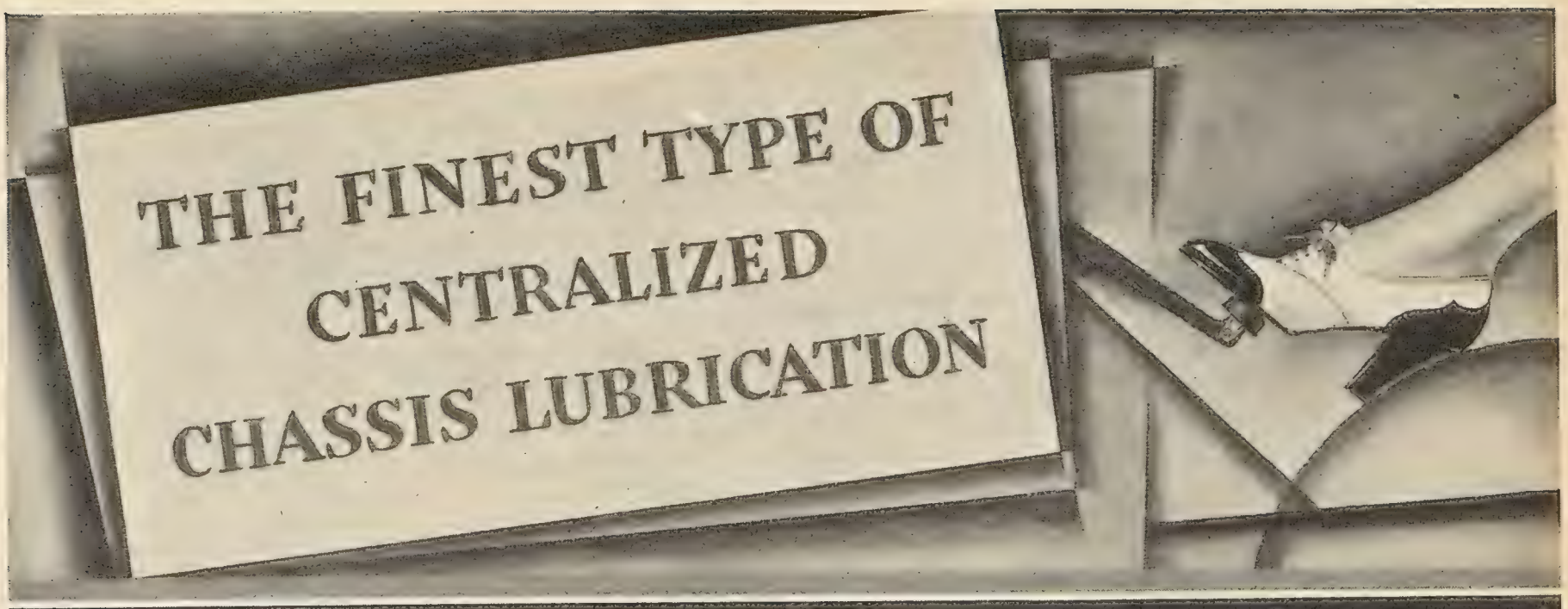
"I've got her. Come this way."

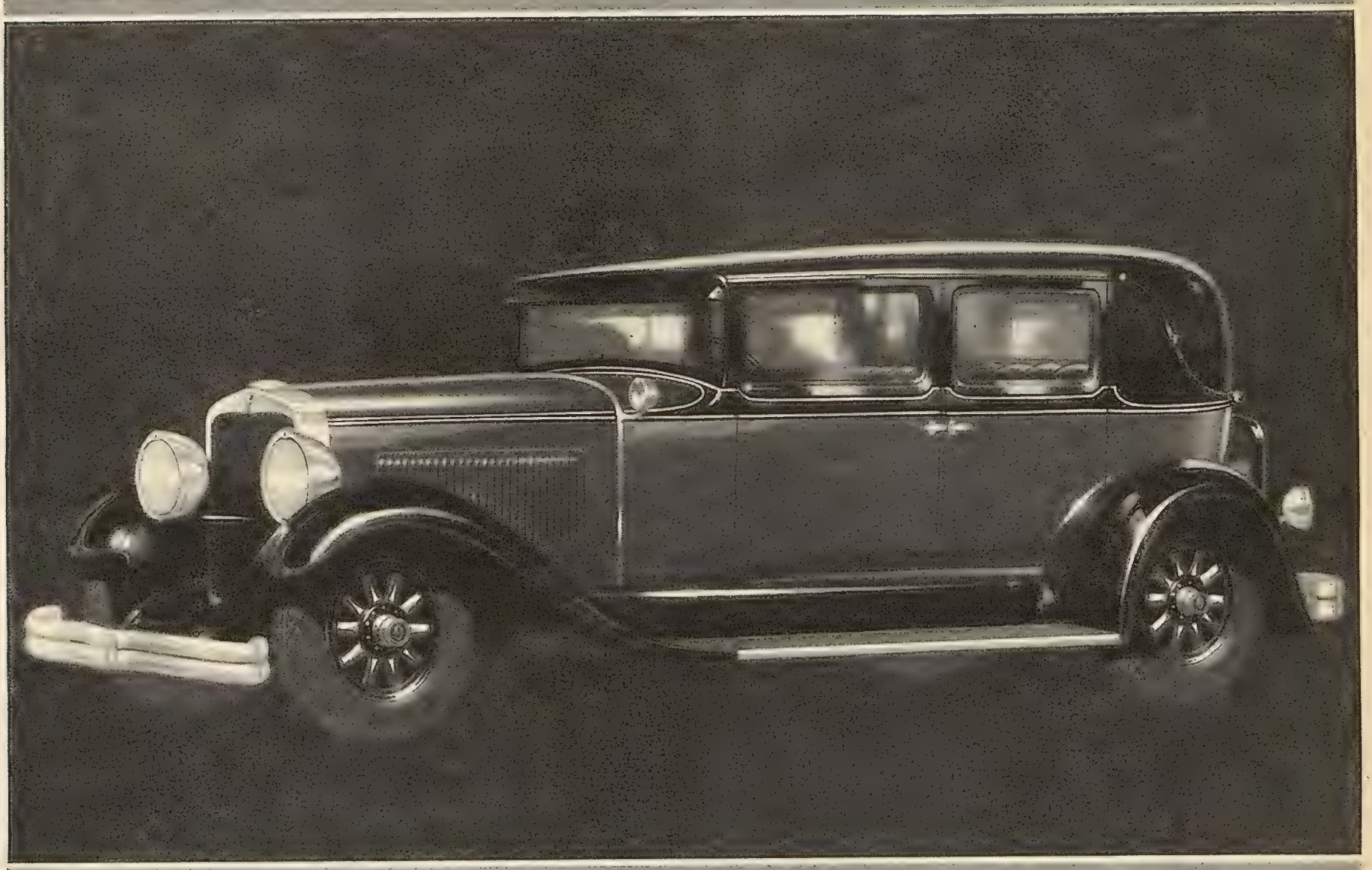
Shoulder to shoulder we pushed our way in the darkness through a mess of overturned chairs and broken tables. All about us were cries, shouts, screams, blows. Several times I felt the impact of a blow react through Speed's shoulder. The "poisonous left" was working.

We came to a wall and worked our way along it. Shots rang out above the general bedlam. Someone on the floor grabbed my legs, but I was able to free myself with a kick.

"Here's a door," came Speed's voice. "Here we go."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]





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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

We squeezed through a narrow aperture, and found ourselves standing ankle deep in the snow, mud, and rubbish of a back yard.

"Some party," said Speed. "Now can you ask this baby in French or something where we can go and have my dance?"

A light laugh came from the slender figure beside us.

"No need for French." Her English was perfect. Her voice was well modulated, warm, with a hidden laugh in it.

"Holy ailerons, did I grab the wrong one in the dark?" came in startled tones from Speed.

"Wait, I'll light a match," I offered.

"Please don't," said the girl quickly, placing her hand on my arm.

"Then let's get out to the alley and on to the street," said Speed. "If this was St. Louis, the cops would be here by now."

"I fear it will be impossible for me to go with you, although I would like to very much," said the girl. Her words seemed hesitant but they conveyed a chuckle.

Painted by Harold von Schmidt from a sketch made on the spot

Karakhan's first appearance as Red Russia's commander in chief.

"We'll take you back in, if you like," laughed Speed.

"No, not that either," said the girl.

"Then what in h——?"

"You know I am so sorry, but I need a coat. As a matter of fact, I need more than a coat. Actually, I require a skirt. I lost mine in the fight—and I dread a public appearance. Wouldn't you?"

"WE'VE all had that dream," said Speed. "But yours came true. That's what you are, a dream come true—if you are the one I think you are—and now I'm sure you are. Here, take my coat. Wear it like an apron. Tie the sleeves around your waist."

"Drafty and with southern exposure, but sufficient unto the emergency," replied the girl.

"Sir Walter Raleigh having said it with a coat, it is hereby established that coats are the limits of male chivalry," said Speed. "Better than that no man can do, for what profit it if a man gains the whole world and loses his own pants?"

Leaving them giggling in the darkness I made my way through an alley to the side street and hailed a droshky. Above the frowsy horse blanket that served as a lap robe, our upper appearance was de rigueur as we drove back to the Savoy. The girl's transfer from the street to our rooms was made with the assistance of a polo coat which Speed brought her.

While she went into temporary retirement in his room, he started the samovar and brought out glasses. She joined us in five minutes, a radiant, striking figure in a pair of Speed's gray plus fours, with a light blue golf sweater.

"Lady Godiva, what's your name?" he inquired.

"Does it matter, Sir Walter?" she replied with a smile. "I'm wearing the trousers now."

I interrupted to remark it might be advisable, in view of the constant espionage to which all foreigners were subjected in Moscow, that she tell us as much as she cared to about herself.

She picked up paper and pencil and spoke as she wrote.

"Name? Margot Denison. Address? 24 Sophjiskaya, third floor front. Family? Ishvinsky. Profession? Stenographer. Occupation? Unemployed. When last employed? Three days ago. Last employer? Moscow office, British Platinum Company, Ltd.

"Reason for leaving last job? Suspected of reporting company's business secrets to Soviet Department of Commerce. In other words, suspected of being a Red spy. Nationality? British. You don't want the rest, do you? Birthplace, age, complexion, weight, height, etc.?"

I waved it aside.

"Who was the Chink with you tonight?" Speed broke in.

"Oh, that was Ahmed. He is not a Chink," replied the girl. "He is an Arab. Could you find out if he was hurt? It was horrible of him to hit that little Jap, but he understands not a word of Russian. He thought the Jap was forcing his attentions on me."

WE chatted until past midnight. There was a quiet dignity about the girl that I liked. Her knowledge of current affairs belied her twenty-three years. In her manner and bearing there was a certain refinement and a delicacy which never implied superiority. Her opinions were vigorously young and strongly humanitarian.

Margot was more than a parlor pink; she was an ardent internationalist. Her views were quite in sympathy with the Soviet plan for uplifting the masses and she believed that much progress had been made, although she disagreed with the world revolution views of the Third International.

When I asked her if there were any grounds for the suspicion that she was a Red spy, she told me no, and I believed her. She said that her former employer, the general manager of the company, who hated everything radical, had considered her a possible disturbing influence on the staff, and discharged her. At least, she attributed her dismissal to this reason.

Her facility with languages made her a valuable acquisition for my office, so I arranged with her to work part time in the bureau. Binney took her home and I went to bed.

The following morning I was called to the Bureau of the Moscow Cheka, the Russian Secret Police. Fears for my pilot and the English girl and also for myself were uppermost in my mind as I seated myself before the desk of Zuroff, the chief of the Cheka.

"You are aware the death penalty prevails in Russia for spies, counter-revolutionaries, and those who shield them?" came the slow, measured words from the thin unsmiling lips of the head of the secret police system.

I nodded.

"We have a prisoner who claims to be a fellow countryman of yours," Zuroff continued, still fixing me with his steely eyes. "And we must know what you know about him."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY]

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EAT YEAST IN THIS MODERN FORM

[THE RED NAPOLEON
Continued from page twenty-eight]

"Who is he?"

"He uses the name of Whitney Adams Dodge and says he is from Boston."

"Can't recall him exactly," I replied slowly.

"We have reason to believe him a British agent. He admits having been with the British army in Egypt. We know that he crossed the fighting lines south of Cairo, where he presented himself to the commander of the Egyptian Red Army as an American journalist.

"For the last six months our agents have followed his movements through Abyssinia, Persia, Turkey, and Armenia. We arrested him a month ago at Astrakhan, on the technical charge of entering Russia without a visé. What do you know about him?"

The first medal struck by command of Karakhan as dictator.

"Nothing," I replied, with honest relief. "But that doesn't condemn him. What does he look like?"

"You'll see," Zuroff pressed a desk button. Two guards entered with a tall young man between them.

The prisoner's dark hair was uncombed and his face carried a month's growth of stubble. He was coatless and his khaki shirt was open at the collar. His blue trousers were stained and wrinkled and he held them up grotesquely. His shoes were without laces and loose socks exposed bare skin between ankles and trousers.

The absence of necktie, belt, garters, and shoe laces was evidence of the prisoner's importance in the opinion of his jailers. The Cheka took no chances of losing its prey by the suicide route.

THE boy looked Zuroff in the eye with undisguised disdain. Contempt, tinged with defiance, was manifest as he shifted his glance to me.

"Dodge"—Zuroff spoke—"if you are an American, here is a fellow countryman of yours. Maybe you can convince him of your nationality and reason for being in Russia."

The youth surveyed me suspiciously.

He had probably been inspected by other Americans who had turned out to be more Red than American.

I introduced myself.

"Yes, I recognize you now," he said eagerly. "Saw you in Cairo during the fighting on the Nile. I do wish you could get me out of this mess. I've been caged up for a month—for what reason, I can't say.

"I have no connection with my own government, or any other. I have a roving commission from the Boston Transcript, for which I do occasional articles. I had hoped to do a series for them on the new Russia."

A half hour's interrogation of Dodge in front of Zuroff convinced me he was bona fide. He was twenty-four years old and had spent most of his life abroad. An Oxford postgraduate, he had pulled an oar in a rowing victory over Cambridge. The breadth and carriage of his shoulders bore out the modestly made statement. He visited his parents yearly in Boston but returned every winter to Oxford for graduate courses. He maintained "chambers" in Ormonde House, St. James Street, Piccadilly, and used that as his London address. All this he told me.

THE session closed with my assuring Dodge that I would do everything in my power to obtain his release. He shook my hand heartily and left the room with his guards.

"Now, your honest opinion," Zuroff asked.

"Straight as a die," I replied. "Believe I can convince you in ten minutes."

"How?"

"Put an urgent long-distance call through to my office in London," I explained. "I'll talk to our correspondent and you can listen in."

Ten minutes later the familiar voice of John S. Steele, the London correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, came over the wires across Europe.

"Know Dodge well," said Steele. "Old New England colonial family. His father was one of the founders of the English-Speaking Union. Old Mayflower stock. Honor student at Oxford and big oarsman. Likes to live in England.

"He's prominent in the American colony in London—where he started an organization of London Americans advocating cancellation or further reduction of the British war debt to the States. Dodge is all right—just overserious. Not a spy in a generation of them. I'll vouch for him."

"And I'll vouch for him, too," I said to Zuroff, hanging up the receiver. "Steele knows every American of any consequence that's lit in London in the last quarter of a century. His word is good."

After a delay of twenty-four hours, Zuroff acted upon my appeal and Dodge was released on my recognizance. He moved into a suite at the Hotel Savoy and luxuriated that night in the first bath he had had in a month.

His hair trimmed, his face cleanshaven, and rigged out in clean linen and a spare suit of my clothing, he received me buoyantly in the salon of his suite, where he had invited Speed Binney and myself to dinner.

"You'll have to excuse my sky cowboy," I explained, "but I couldn't locate him. We've a new stenog in the office and I suspect he's out rushing her. But I want you to tell me what it was that prompted you to take the risks you did in crossing the fire zone on the Nile. Few people do that and live to tell about it."

"I just wiggled across at night," explained Dodge. "I was shot at a couple of times. Thought I was go-

ing to get a good story, but failed miserably."

"What was the story?" I asked.

"It all started with the disappearance of the Princess Victoria Louise," Dodge commenced. "Did you ever see the account I cabled on it from Cairo? That was the last story I wrote, and what a story it was! I haven't seen a newspaper in months. Has she been found yet?"

"Nothing published on it, if she has been," I informed him, "but it is presumed in London that her whole disappearance was a ruse, and that she was secretly sent back to England on a cruiser and is now doing penance for her escapades in some English convent."

"Hadn't heard that," observed Dodge, "but hope it is true, although I doubt it. She's wild enough to be caged up. What a girl she is! I saw quite a bit of her in Cairo. She refused to stay at the residency and lived at Shepheard's Hotel. Headstrong as a young colt, you know—just another one of her democratic whims."

"What is she like?" I asked.

"Like a high school graduate who has read Karl Marx for the first time," said Dodge. "All worked up over sociology—rampant against the English aristocracy, ridicules the peerage, and seems to think that formal conventions were only made to be shattered."

"BUT she is a blue blood herself," I reminded him. "Isn't she directly related to the king?"

"He's her great-uncle," replied Dodge, "and at one time she was his favorite. But back in 1918 she made one visit to a war hospital with the Prince of Wales, and the king's physician believes that her recollection of the suffering she saw there is responsible for the pacifistic obsession she has today."

"The first time I ever heard of her," I interjected, "was back in 1927 when she made speeches in the flapper vote movement in London."

"That was just a commencement," said Dodge. "Her escapades on the Continent since then have created considerable stirs in court circles in London, but nothing like that caused by her disappearance during the fighting south of Cairo.

"With only a native boy servant, she rode out on the desert from one of the camps on the Nile and was last seen galloping across the sands in the moonlight. Of course it was immediately feared that she had been killed or kidnaped by the Egyptian Reds. And you can imagine what a victory it would be for these filthy rebels and communists to get their hands on a grandniece of the royal family of England.

"I thought I might be able to locate her in the rebel camp, and that is why I crossed the lines. But all trace of her was lost. I hope your report is right and she is locked up in England. She is wonderful! I danced with her one night at Cairo and—"

DODGE stopped abruptly and looked down on his plate. The interruption was only for a second, and he attempted to cover it by launching into a bitter denunciation of Egyptians, Russians, communists, bolsheviks, and rebels, closing with the statement that "they were all swine and filth," and, as far as he was concerned, "represented the worst curse that the world had ever suffered from."

"Easy, easy," I countered. "Please, Dodge, soft-pedal that stuff around here or you'll be back in the Cheka, and I might be with you this time. I don't agree with the Reds in their theories and practices, but I'm in their country on sufferance as a guest, and must conduct myself accordingly."

"I'm awfully sorry," Dodge apologized. "I can't help hating them. I'll try to keep it to myself hereafter. Wish I had some of your tact in keeping a tight lip."

I felt sufficient uneasiness at the time to indorse his wish heartily. Moscow was no place in those days for a loose tongue, as events were shortly to prove.

In next week's installment Mr. Gibbons has his first meeting face to face with Karakhan. He also meets Lin Larkin, the former girl radical from New York who was Karakhan's wife. Great historic events take place —and Speed Binney gets a black eye.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on page fifty-three)

1—What is the capital of Louisiana; Maine; Maryland?

2—What is meant by begging the question?

3—What is an *apéritif?*

4—What is the gnomon of an ordinary sundial?

5—What kind of creature is a killdeer?

6—What is pathology?

7—Who was called the Iron Chancellor?

8—What is bathos?

9—What is a *cul-de-sac?*

10—How is President Hoover designated in the numerical list of Presidents?

11—What is virtu?

12—In what Shakespearean play does Touchstone appear?

13—Give the source of "The way of transgressors is hard."

14—Who has been appointed Secretary of State?

15—What is a parallelogram?

16—Who were the Saracens?

17—What two American cities are known as The Queen City?

18—On what date do the major league baseball seasons begin this year?

19—What states comprised the Confederate States of America in 1861?

20—What is the full name of an instrument generally called a cello?

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The Waldorf

Some Ghosts and Gayeties of a Storied Past—From the Memories of One Who Was There

By
MARY EVELYN MARTIN

Brown Bros. photo

Mrs. George Gould with her famous pearl necklace, said to have cost more than half a million.

THE Waldorf, the great Waldorf-Astoria, is soon to be no more! New York's most famous hotel will close its doors next month.

To the younger generation that probably doesn't mean much; to the older generation it means a great deal; to me it means something very like an earthquake.

For it was the old Waldorf-Astoria that gave me my start in life—behind the big news stand in that gilded and statue-bedecked foyer that once was, for all America, the utmost attainable in human luxury and magnificence. It also, in that same place, gave me most of what you might call my education.

There, before the wondering eyes of a gawky Irish girl, fresh caught in what was then still Irish Harlem, flowed such a torrent of life—such a mixture of wealth and vulgarity, kindliness and crime, ambition, ostentation, wisdom, folly, scandal, and sorrow, and even what passed for happiness—as surely never was seen before, and is not likely to be seen again.

Why? Because never before or since have all the parti-colored threads that give variety and sparkle to the life of this huge roaring continent been caught up in one single place as they were in the Waldorf's corridors in its great days.

There will never be such a place again. The continent has grown too big for New York, and New York itself has grown too big for a single hotel to express all that it requires of opulence and luxury, of gayety and display. Not ten or twenty huge hotels today could contain all the elements of the torrent that once poured through the Waldorf.

But while it lasted, the news-stand girl, as perhaps no one else could, saw it all, knew it all, and in some sense was part of the generally light-hearted and slightly ridiculous pageant of "fashionable life."

Before that stand behind which four other girls and I once dispensed newspapers, magazines, books, and theater tickets for eighteen hours a day, passed "everybody who was anybody"; all the folk of the worlds of society, finance, the drama, art, and letters, not to mention the smart world and the half-world—all the folk in America who thought well of themselves and figured ponderously or frivolously in the news of that naïve day.

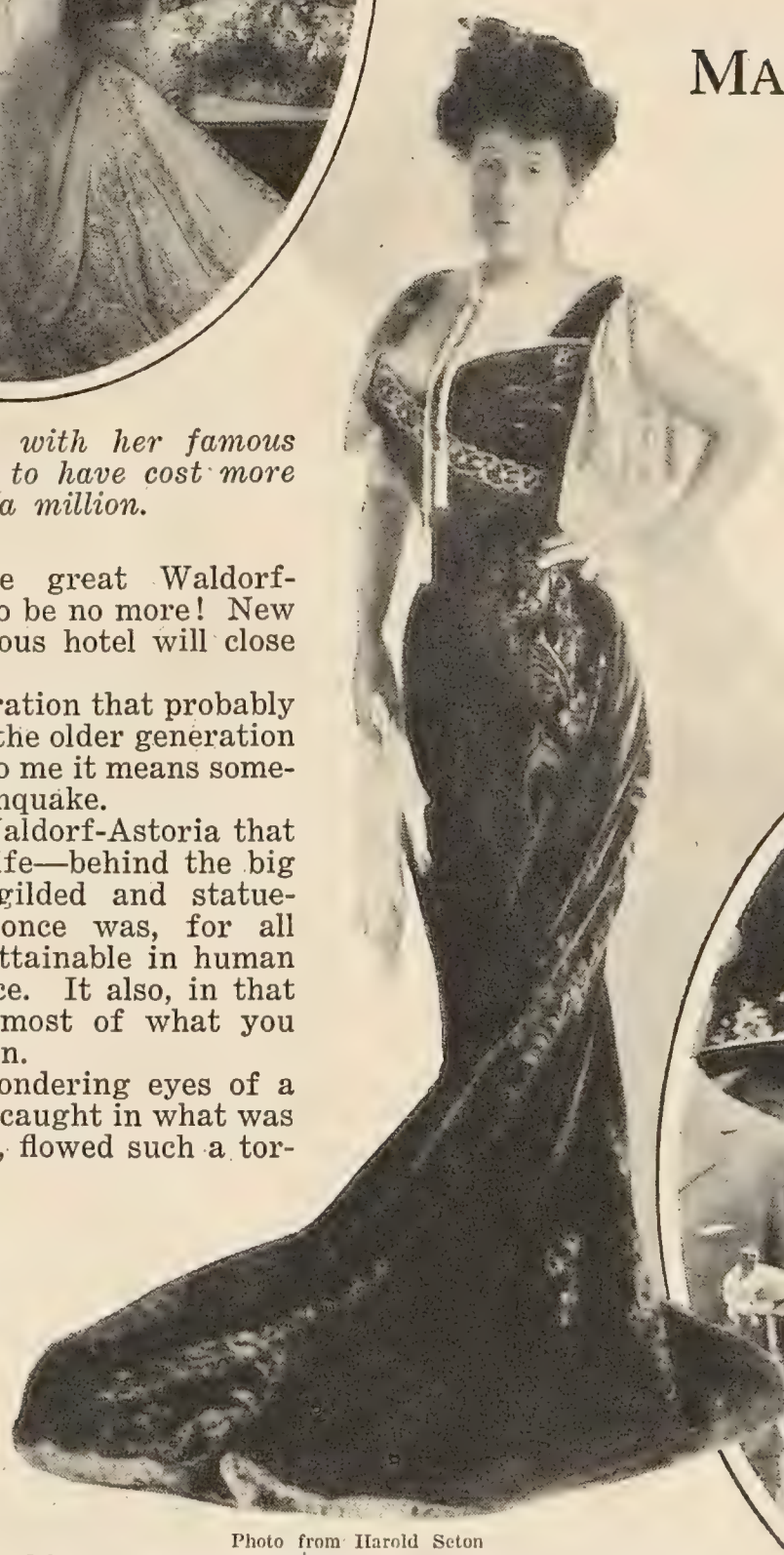


Photo from Harold Seton

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish at the height of her reign as queen of New York society.

Paul Thompson photo

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, who was Mrs. Fish's great rival for social leadership.

It was our lot almost daily to wait upon the first Mrs. John Jacob Astor; upon Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, the two rivals for the succession to her throne; upon their unfailing satellites, the ineffable Ward McAllister and the inimitable Harry Lehr—that unique and amazing wine salesman who in some incom-

Is Coming Down

From Brown Bros.

prehensible manner had contrived to be accepted as the social equal of his customers; upon Mrs. Oelrichs' sister, the former Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt; and upon the first Mrs. George Jay Gould, who with *her* satellite, James Hazen Hyde, also aspired to that shadowy supremacy over an illusion called "leadership of New York society."

Past our stand, too, paraded all the lesser lights of a social heaven which was the joint creation of themselves and the newspapers, and had no other real existence whatever. Many of their names were scarcely less names to conjure with than the few I have mentioned, in those days; but "the like event happeneth to them all."

AND past it every day flowed what considered itself and was considered the daring and devilish world of those days: the "horsy set" and the "fast set"; the Pittsburgh millionaires and the Wall Street plungers; James R. Keene and his son Foxhall; John W. Gates and his motherly, bewildered wife; Harry Thaw and his always accompanying bevy of chorus girls (about him, even then, were being whispered dark stories horrifying to a girl of sixteen); Judge Moore on his way to his coach and four outside; Lillian Russell, Mabelle Gilman, "Diamond Jim" Brady, and Edna McCauley. The Waldorf—and I—knew and waited upon them all, I (being very young) in wide-eyed awe, the Waldorf in cynically noncommittal and impartial urbanity.

Can I, or anyone, possibly make that world of the Waldorf come alive again for a few moments, for people who never knew it? It is so utterly dead today! It died, in fact, long before the Waldorf itself; and now the very place that was its haunt is to disappear.

Recalling now the preening and the mincing, the flowers and feathers and furbelows, essential to public appearance then, I think it was a vastly more self-conscious world than we have now. To most of its human ingredients the taste of wealth and power was fresh in their mouths; they were driven by a continual necessity to be doing something to impress everybody around them with the fact that they possessed so much.

Brown Bros. photo

The Waldorf in 1893, the year of its opening. The Astoria was added four years later.

The dining room of the Waldorf-Astoria as it looked in the hotel's palmy days, about 1905.

Clothes tell much of a story of this kind. I can see even now exactly how Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish appeared at the stand to inquire in her high nasal tones about some current theatrical attraction—perhaps When Knighthood Was in Flower, or James K. Hackett in The Prisoner of Zenda.

That good lady possessed no visible eyebrows, which

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

gave her, beneath her lofty pompadour and "complexion veil," a comical air of perpetual astonishment. And her social position required her to wear a royal purple velvet gown with sweeping train, beneath which was rustling evidence of many taffeta petticoats. Above this she wore a collarette of sables and an enormous velvet hat from which dangled three sweeping willow plumes of ostrich feathers, also dyed purple. Her pink veil was adorned with purple dots, and even my inexperience found them startling.

Everybody, men and women alike, wore lavender gloves in those days, and so did Mrs. Fish; and in her somewhat ample bosom was something like a small haystack of orchids and lilies of the valley.

There was a curious combination of ostentation and simplicity about those times, never better illustrated than by Mrs. Gould. The pride of this lady's heart was a full-length cloak of chinchilla fur. But on many an evening when she herself was not abroad we would see her daughter Marjorie pass our stand enfolded in what was unmistakably her mother's cloak!

In the America of that day, I suppose, more than one fur coat in a single family, even as wealthy a family as the Goulds, would have been thought a vulgar display of wealth. Ah, well; times have changed.

But of all my memories, the most nearly perfect picture of the pattern of the time, I think, was my first encounter with Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs.

It was at the great hour of tea-time one afternoon early in my service. I was taking a telephone order for theater tickets, when I became aware of an extraordinary couple—or, to be more precise, of a Presence and an escort—bearing down upon me.

A little in advance, as she changed her course slightly (one speaks of her naturally in nautical metaphor, as one would of a transatlantic liner) to approach my post, came as formidable-appearing a woman as the world could show.

Picture by R. B. Fuller

The Waldorf's famous bar was headquarters for "hot sports" and "free spenders."

SHE was of not much more than average height, but her tremendous shoulders and chest, her big red face behind the pink, black-dotted veil, the sweeping lines of her black velvet coat, her wide and lofty black velvet, black-plumed hat, and most of all her hard, bright, black eyes, made her impact upon the vision about equal to that of a charge of the Death's-Head Hussars.

Curiously, she was all the more impressive from the fact that she was wedge-shaped, tapering in almost straight lines downward from her mighty shoulders, very much as did the late Mr. Robert Fitzsimmons.

This portentous apparition came to rest in front of my book counter; glanced over the array of Richard Harding Davis, Graustark, Richard Carvel, and so on, and without a word spoken picked up three or four; swung around somewhat as I had seen the new battleship Connecticut leaving Brooklyn Navy Yard, and began to pick up speed.

At that point I recovered sufficiently from my awe to remember my duty to my employers.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," I stammered, "but to whom shall I charge those?"

Instantly the departing dowager whirled about, and like the Ancient Mariner fixed me with a glittering eye. On her big features was an indescribable mixture of anger and amazement.

"Ho-o-ow dayehr-r-r-r you!" she said in a deep, harsh voice; and said not one word more, but turned and resumed her progress. And then came what still seems to me the queerest part of the whole curious and illuminating episode.

Her escort unobtrusively fell away from her side and minced over to the stand. He was tall and blond, with a pink and much-barbered face; he wore striped trousers and a braided cutaway coat, patent-leather shoes, and fawn-color spats; there was a gardenia in his buttonhole and a huge black pearl in his fawn-color Ascot cravat. In one soft white hand he carried gingerly a pair of lavender gloves and a highly polished cane.

Upon his head (and this strikes me as the most vivid commentary of all upon the social attitudes of that epoch) this escort of the self-appointed queen of New York society wore, as he strolled through the Waldorf parlors by her side, his pearl-gray top hat; nor did he doff nor even so much as touch it so long as he remained within my range of vision.

BUT just now he in his turn, and in his own peculiar way, was also intent upon registering his social splendor and sophistication upon the little news-stand girl. He leaned his little soft paunch upon the rim of the counter, his soft pink face radiating amiable condescension. Everything about him gave the impression of softness—of an unpleasant, unwholesome softness.

"Never mind, my child," he half whispered, in a high, effeminate lisp. "That's Tessie Oelrichs. Just charge 'em to her; charge anything you want to, to her; she'll never know the difference, hee hee hee!" And with that he was gone, toddling after his patroness.

If ever I find myself disposed to doubt that the world "do move," and on the whole toward better things, I think all I need do is remember "Tessie" Oelrichs and Harry Lehr. Yet there was no great harm in them; but nowadays popular taste does compel people to cultivate at least a little honest muscle and to get out into the sunlight occasionally.

That famous pair seem to me to illustrate admirably two of the three most striking characteristics of the Waldorf's "society"—its extreme self-consciousness and its naïve, all-pervading, unconscious vulgarity.

For the third characteristic—to illustrate the fact that underneath all the childish pomp and circumstance there was a good deal of simple, awkward human kindliness—it seems natural to turn to Mrs. John W. Gates.

There was much about both Mrs. Gates and her husband to remind even a news-stand girl that the Waldorf was still within reach and touch of America's pioneer days. John W. Gates himself, in his flamboyance, his tremendous zest and energy, his reckless generosity and engaging lack of scruple, would have been more at home in a frontier mining camp than in a New York hotel of today; but somehow he fitted perfectly into the Waldorf scene.

Mrs. Gates, on the other hand, would actually, I think, have been more at home in the mining camp! I don't mean that unkindly. Her patience and cheerfulness, her complete, unaffected simplicity and boundless good humor—in one word, her motherliness—would have

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

Here's that New Vitamin Food

that corrects your faulty diet

Wrong diet causes 90% of our common ills, say famous doctors. Vitamin B in this new form will keep you well. See generous introductory offer in coupon below

FEW people ever enjoy *completely perfect health.* You realize it in your own case—how often you feel below par. Not sick, yet certainly not 100% fit.

Science now tells us why this is so. Wrong diet is the cause. We are starved for vitamins.

Famous doctors both here and abroad find that the lack of Vitamin B is the most serious health problem which we all have to face. We are careless about eating. We get in a run-down condition. Real trouble follows.

Now, new vitamin food

Now thanks to Tastyeast, an amazing new health food, you can get all the vitamins you need in a very easy way. Tastyeast is rich in Vitamin B. Rich, too, in bone-building mineral elements. An ideal food for growing children and adults.

Hundreds of happy users have written to tell us that through this natural health food, they have put their systems in perfect condition. And kept them that way with Tastyeast.

When Tastyeast first went on the market people were skeptical, because they did not understand the importance of vitamins in the diet. They didn't believe that Tastyeast could do all that we said it would. But it didn't take them long to find out the truth. And now thousands are learning about it every day.

Make 8-day health test

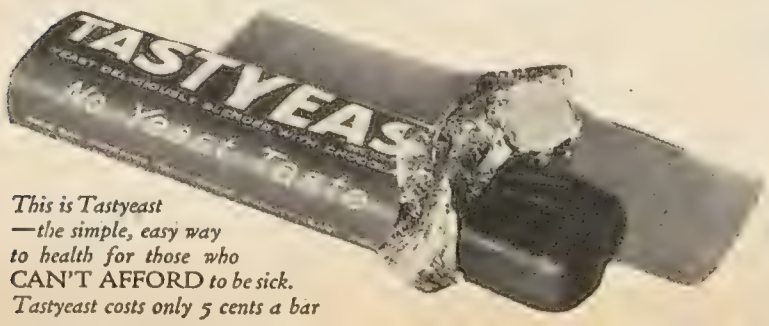
If you want new health, new vigor, eat this health delicacy regularly and faithfully. You'll quickly see the wonderful results.

The man who wrote this advertisement has tried Tastyeast and he *knows* how good it is. But don't take his word for it. Don't take anybody's word for it. Go right out and get a 24-bar box of Tastyeast at your neighborhood store and see for yourself.

If you cannot get it, send $1.20 for one box, with your dealer's name, to Green Bros. Co., 33 Essex Street, Springfield, Mass.

Eat one bar, an hour or so after every meal for eight days. Even in this short time you'll notice the improvement in your health.

Save your Tastyeast wrappers. Send them in with the coupon below. We'll send you the valuable Eversharp pencil pictured at the left free as a reward for giving Tastyeast a fair trial. Only one pencil will be given to each customer.



This is Tastyeast —the simple, easy way to health for those who CAN'T AFFORD *to be sick. Tastyeast costs only 5 cents a bar*

Green Bros. Co., 33 Essex St., Springfield, Mass.
I enclose 24 Tastyeast wrappers*. Please send me a genuine Eversharp pencil free.

Name ....

City ..... State .....

L-3

*We will accept 12 Tastyeast and 12 Big Banker Candy Bar wrappers. Big Banker is that delicious wholesome 5-cent candy bar—the nutty nougat caramel treat—made by the makers of Tastyeast.

[THE WALDORF IS COMING DOWN
Continued from page thirty-four]

found full scope and exercise out on the frontier. But in the Waldorf she seemed always a little lonely, a little frightened and ill at ease.

But she was always far superior to the other wives of the "Pittsburgh millionaires" who cut such pathetic and ludicrous figures in those gilded corridors. Fat, pursy, and bejeweled, short of breath and hard of face, they made desperate and utterly futile efforts to live up to their new luxury and power.

Mrs. Gates was infinitely more kindly and less pretentious. And unlike most of the others, she was not making frantic, pitiful, and ill-concealed efforts to hang on to a husband who was beginning to find that wealth brought with it undreamed-of and fascinating opportunities for making a fool of himself.

Whether credit for this is due to Mrs. Gates' own gifts of character, or to something finer than most people suspected in her boisterous husband's nature, I don't know. Probably it was both. Certainly, remembering certain other ponderous and parrot-voiced matrons, I find myself making amazingly liberal allowances for their husbands' performances.

But I have wandered from my point, which was that the old Waldorf, with all its pomp and would-be sophistication, was also a place where the lonely wife of a multimillionaire would in the most perfectly natural manner strike up a friendship with a lonely little news-stand girl.

Mrs. Gates, in fact, fell quite easily into the habit of stopping at the counter, whenever she passed during my tour of duty, for little vaguely amiable chats. I suppose in all that vast hotel there was no one else with whom the good soul felt free to gossip.

Photo from Harold Seton

Lillian Russell, who for thirty years was famed as a beauty of the stage.

Presently she took to bringing some little gift with her—a box of handkerchiefs, a bottle of perfume, various small articles of jewelry; all of which I, still green in the art of tip-accepting, received with blushes and much awkwardness. My superior and sophisticated colleagues found this vastly amusing, but I suppose my very unhandiness gave Mrs. Gates a fellow feeling for me.

(I soon got bravely over it; witness the fact that at a slightly later day I once discovered that I possessed seventy-eight pairs of silk stockings, not one of which had I paid for!)

THEN one afternoon Mrs. Gates, with radiant face, fairly bustled up to me.

"My dear," she cried while still several feet distant, "who do you think is coming East to visit us?"

"Your son?" I asked; for already I had heard a great deal from his mother about "Charley."

"Yes indeed," said she; "my boy will be here in a few days." And she rippled on happily, as mothers will; and then came the invitation that took my breath away, and still does when I think of it.

"Now, my dear, the very first afternoon that you are off duty while Charley is here, you must come up to our apartment and have tea with us. I do so want him to meet you."

What is more, there was nothing to do but accept; she would have been both puzzled and deeply hurt by a refusal. She was the kind of person about whom you felt that at once. She saw nothing incongruous in a meeting, on terms of social equality, between her son and the little news-stand girl who was getting twelve dollars a week (and tips).

And so, perhaps, there wasn't; but I wonder if there is anyone left in America today who would believe it.

A news item that appeared only the other day recalled to my mind another instance of the surviving simplicity of those times, perhaps even more quaint and appealing than this. It recorded the death of Benjamin N. Duke. There was, to me, a curious coincidence in the deaths, within a few weeks of each other, of two men who figured prominently in my scheme of things in my Waldorf days, and who in every other conceivable aspect were as utterly unlike as it is possible for two men to be—Benjamin N. Duke and Harry Lehr.

Mr. Duke was, if possible, even less at home in the Waldorf than Mrs. Gates. Fate had merely pitchforked them both into that strange environment. In her case, Fate was in the guise of a husband; in Mr. Duke's case, of a brother. Even in my inexperienced eyes, he did not fall far short of being a tragic figure. I do not know whether or not he had already, at that time, retired from active business; certainly he kept no such office hours as the other men of his type and class. The millions that stood in his name were no more than a burden to him; he had not the faintest idea what to do with them or about them.

Brown Bros. photo

Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Harry Lehr in a "horseless carriage" at Newport in 1900.

HIS wife and daughter were in England in quest of a presentation at court; his hours were spent in the futile wanderings of a lost soul through the Waldorf's public rooms and corridors. And presently, to make the contrast complete, from sheer loneliness and boredom he was begging permission to call upon the news-stand girl.

What is more, it took him nearly as long to win permission as it did his family to win presentation to the Court of St. James's! We had little experience with multimillionaires in my normal social sphere, and a proportionately poor opinion of their probable motives. But the utter innocence and complete harmlessness of poor old Mr. Duke gradually became so apparent that finally, in sheer pity, I consented first to go automobiling with him (with another girl along as a final lingering precaution) and a little later to let him call at our tiny uptown apartment.

His gratitude for the privilege was comic—and pathetic. And having once gained admission, he proceeded to take advantage of it to such a point that every Sunday afternoon would find him at our door, laden with flowers or candy for my mother. And this was invariably the starting point of a campaign to persuade her to join in his most beloved pastime—singing Methodist hymns.

If you doubt that America has changed somewhat since the days of the Waldorf, I suggest that you try to picture one of our present-day crop of plutocrats spending his Sunday afternoons as a visitor in a small "railroad flat" in Harlem, seated with the family around the piano and singing lustily "Shall We Gather at the River?"

But millionaires, viewed merely as millionaires, soon lost all glamour for a news-stand girl at the Waldorf in the old days. They were underfoot all the time. The hotel was then the permanent residence of at least a dozen men whose names, in "the Street," were names to conjure with. Daily, in the morning, they dashed past us, snatching papers and dropping coppers; daily, in the evening after dinner, they came wandering back for help in filling their empty hours.

Single-minded devotion to the accumulation of wealth had left them with neither friends nor mental resources outside their business hours. Not one of the group possessed sufficient imagination to collect postage stamps,

let alone to develop a genuine cultural interest of any kind. All that was left them was to wander helplessly and aimlessly about the hotel corridors, and presently to drift up to the news stand because there was somebody there to talk to—and to bid for her attention and friendliness with small bribes of candy and flowers and trinkets, or even outright money tips.

Such attentions, however, were only the small change of the news-stand girl's prerogatives. It was a simple matter to arrange with the girl at the candy counter and the one at the florist's stand to have gifts redeemed on a cash basis.

But I soon learned that the income from this source was trifling compared to what might be reaped once I discovered, under the tutelage of the older girls, how to distinguish between the "dead ones" and the "free spenders" of that lavish era.

So much money, indeed, flowed through the Waldorf corridors that it would have been strange if a goodly share of the golden stream had not splashed over the news stand. We were strategically located, not far from the bar, and many times John Barleycorn was, financially speaking, our friend, inspiring the casual "Keep the change" that would accompany the proffer of a ten or twenty dollar bill in payment for a couple of theater tickets. Nowadays there'd be little change to keep!

Somehow, even today those four older girls with whom I worked behind the Waldorf news stand remain romantic and dazzling figures in my memories. They were all handsome (at least by the standards of the time) and one of them was strikingly beautiful; and they prided themselves, with some reason too, upon dressing better than most of the guests.

THOSE girls, after all, lived life as they understood it upon a large and generous scale. Money poured in lavishly upon them in tips, and they scattered it abroad again with equally lavish hands. They used to come to work in taxicabs or in the limousines of their wealthy friends; they would lunch together at Sherry's, and ride in the park on their off mornings.

One of them carried this so far as to come to work in the morning, whenever she was on duty early, in her riding habit, and commandeer a hotel dressing room in which to change to her business costume. Not one of the four but possessed several beautiful and costly diamond ornaments, which she carefully deposited in the hotel safe before going on duty.

Their conversation behind the stand was all of dinners and theater parties, of automobiles and wine vintages and taste in jewelry. Naturally they lorded it over me without mercy; but I was at the hero-worshiping age when you rather enjoy that sort of thing. How I used to envy, and dream of emulating, the nonchalance with which they exchanged persiflage across the counter with millionaires and United States senators!

Even the imposing male personage who was manager of the stand was plainly more in awe of them than they of him. He hid his secret consciousness of inferiority behind an assumption of gruff authority, which was met on their part with condescending amusement. And I do not believe a guest in the hotel would have dared queen it over the hotel staff as they did.

And yet how fleeting it all was! If ever there was a news-stand girl of whose tips one trace stuck to her fingers, I never heard of her. Certainly none stuck to mine! And the course run by those Waldorf girls was a pitifully short one.

Two of them—and one of those the most beautiful, daring, and vivid of them all, who used to ride in the park with a millionaire's son to hold her bridle rein—are dead by their own hands. One is the staid and elderly wife of an underpaid accountant. And as for the fourth—*quien sabe?*

It was a strange life in its grotesque mixture of tragedy and farce, in its unending jumble of uproar and movement, its stridency and simplicity; and yet, unhealthy as it was in many ways, it had the one great virtue of being unfailingly interesting.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

From Bluer Than Blue to Brighter Than Bright

In ten seconds with this magic lotion

DO mornings come too early for you? Are you sleep famished, pale, haggard, with a complexion the color of clay?

Then cheer up. Snap out of it. Feel alive, refreshed—as though you just stepped out of a barber's chair after a "million dollar" massage. Pat a few drops of Fougere Royale After-Shaving Lotion on your face after your shave. Wrinkles disappear. Blood comes to your face. You look years younger.

Fougere Royale's styptic too—heals nicks and cuts—teams perfectly with fast shaving Fougere Royale Shaving Cream, that non-irritating, non-caustic source of balanced, bountiful lather.

Generous, free samples mildly perfumed with that wholesome outdoor fragrance Fougere Royale (Royal Fern) are yours for the coupon below. Try both.

Shaving Stick, 75c
Eau Vegetale, $1.25
Facial Soap, 50c

Fougère Royale
Pronounced Foo-Zhaire Royal
After-Shaving Lotion

After-Shaving Lotion, 75c
Shaving Cream, 50c
Talcum, 50c

HOUBIGANT, Inc., Dept.B22
539 West 45th Street, N. Y. C.

You may send me without charge trial containers of Fougere Royale After-Shaving Lotion and Shaving Cream.

Name.....

Address .....

City.....

State.....

[THE WALDORF IS COMING DOWN]
Continued from page thirty-seven

Even the early morning hours, with the gray light revealing bare corridors, the rugs rolled back and the swift, amazingly smooth and orderly cleaning routine under way, were as thrilling as any. Though at that moment I must myself be working at top speed to dress my stand and lay out the morning papers, I never tired of the spectacle of the great hotel arousing itself for the day.

In the later hours the machinery is all too carefully and deftly hidden; but at 6 A. M. it is all open to the view, and you can see the wheels going around—big wheels, to demand such unquestioning, ordered haste in service.

Then, at the very last moment as the cleaning army scurried off the scene, would come the mad rush for morning papers. Books, magazines, and theater tickets lay unnoticed; it was papers, papers, papers, until our flying fingers ached with picking up pennies and making change to be snatched from our hands.

One of the curious features of the morning rush hour was the fact that it was the older and, as I soon learned, the wealthier men who were first on the scene—the white-haired heads of great businesses, who had been wandering aimlessly past the stand the previous evening, but now could not endure a single second's delay in their flight toward their desks.

Then, as the morning wore along toward 9, the smart young men would come sauntering down. The older generation had no time to recognize a human entity behind the hands that picked up pennies and extended papers and change. But these later comers must needs, before selecting their papers, favor the girl behind the counter with a lordly and critical inspection which took in every visible detail of her appearance.

If the result of this survey was favorable, it was customary to brighten her whole day for her with an approving comment.

By 10 the morning rush was over, and we had breakfast—sent out from the dining room, and usually ordered and paid for by one of our most reliable "free spenders"—who has since, I grieve to say, exchanged the Waldorf's hospitality for that of the state of New York.

MY breakfast, if it interests you, invariably consisted of cantaloupe stuffed with French vanilla ice cream; two cups of hot chocolate with lots of whipped cream on top; and sweet rolls. I wish I dared venture on such a repast today! And after breakfast we frequently stole naps in the recess under the counter, with a folded coat for a pillow. No news-stand girl would waste off-duty hours in sleep.

Why? There was too much to do! For example, by ancient custom every news-stand girl has always had free run of all the New York theaters—the theory being, I suppose, that unless catered to she could advise wavering customers against a certain show. And most of them are tireless theater goers as well as eager spectators at every other great public event. Whether it is their appetite for thrills that made them news-stand girls in the first place, or the atmosphere of their work that makes them eager seekers for all the front-row seats of life, I don't know. The fact remains that their most nearly universal characteristic is "r'arin' to go."

From Brown Bros.

A contemporary sketch of the afternoon gathering of big financial operators that was to be seen any business day of the 1900s in the Waldorf bar. The man in the right foreground is John W. Gates. At the table in the center, wearing a silk hat, is James R. Keene.

But the late morning was always a peaceful hour for napping, for not until noon did any of the women guests appear. After I had been at the Waldorf some weeks, the curious fact began to dawn upon me that in the morning, save for ourselves, the lower floors of the Waldorf remained practically an Eveless Eden. Such women guests as were even awake were having breakfast, massage, beauty treatments, and the like in their own rooms.

When, around noon or a little later, they began to appear, it was comical to observe the unanimity with which they waddled down voicing complaints. The apartment had been too cold; it had been too hot; the street noises had been terrible; the cleaners had raised such a disturbance in the corridor that sleep had been impossible; there had been a disgracefully noisy party next door or overhead. And as each finished airing her grievance, and puffed on toward the dining room and luncheon, another took her place.

IF there exists on earth a more utterly useless form of life than a dowager hotel dweller, I have no wish to make its acquaintance. Life, for these panting and purple-faced dames, had become reduced to three elemental pleasures: eating, sleeping, and grumbling—or, as a variant, talking scandal.

The early afternoon was our quietest time, and consequently that during which we were supposed to put our books (the sales-record books of the stand, I mean) and sales charts in order. But as we vastly preferred reading our stock of novels and magazines, and nibbling the candy of which there was always a floating supply, the busy hour that set in again at 4 o'clock, with teatime, invariably caught us unprepared.

There was little leisure from 4 to 6, and still less for the girls coming on duty at 6—news-stand hours then were from 6 in the morning to noon and then again from 6 at night to midnight, one day; and from noon to 6 the following day. Theoretically, all sales, particularly theater-ticket sales for that night's performances, were to be entered the moment they were made; but it was part of the insouciant pose of a Waldorf girl, even when you had time between customers to do that, to carry all your sales in your head and only enter them, from memory, at the end of your tour of duty.

Many a time that secret imparted by Harry Lehr, that Tessie Oelrichs never knew or cared what was charged to her, was a godsend to a girl striving desperately to straighten out her charts and persuade her books to balance. It would not surprise me in the least, if the records are still in existence, to be told that they indicate that frequently the good lady's love for the drama took her to five different theaters in the same evening.

How the manager—if he even tried to do so—ever made head or tail of the stand accounts as a whole was, and still is, a mystery to me. Perhaps he also had his own methods of spreading a surface serenity over a chaos of discrepancies; perhaps neither he nor his superiors cared any more than we did so long as profits as a whole were satisfactory, as they certainly must have been. Neither life nor death could be taken seriously in the atmosphere of the Waldorf news stand; why should bookkeeping be?

Every evening after the rush died away there would be half an hour of anguish and much scribbling, frantic mutual queries, erasing and recasting of figures. Then eventually, in some inexplicable manner, the books would emerge made up for the day in a fashion at least plausible

to the eye—and peace would descend upon the "social hall." But not for long.

It would scarcely be disturbed by the occasional strayed reveler from the bar, or explorer bound thither from some ponderous function upstairs in search of liquid insurance against boredom. The prevailing tone of the ground-floor corridors from 9 o'clock to midnight was quiet and loneliness. But not for the news-stand girl.

For her, peace was certain to be shattered by that queer nightly procession of aged, bored, and lonely multi-millionaires to which I have already alluded.

To see a man whose word was good for millions sidle deprecatingly up to the counter, making timid, artless, and ineffectual noises to win the attention of the young woman behind it, who was wishing from the bottom of her heart she dared to snub him—this may seem comic in the telling. But repeated as it was night after night, this tiny comedy became pathetic and wearisome beyond belief.

Not even the feeble jealousies among these department-store magnates and steel and railroad kings, in their halting rivalry for a moment's attention from a girl of nineteen, could put more than a wavering spark of life in the whole episode. But outside their business it was all the life they had.

There was life enough and to spare in the Waldorf, but it was not among the wealthy and successful. Life and passion, hate and violence, were amply provided by the predatory and adventurous of both sexes who were irresistibly drawn to the hotel often enough to fix their hopes for prey upon one or another of these poor old lost, wealthy sheep. And often enough, too, when these hot-headed lawless ones came together, the result was an explosion.

TO one who knows what is going on, there is something of horrible fascination in the atmosphere and the scene in such a place as the Waldorf used to be, when a violent crime has just been committed there—and neither robbery, suicide, nor murder was at all unknown to the old hotel.

At such a moment every nerve of the hotel organization leaps. But there is just one thought in the minds of the entire staff, from the manager down—to carry on, deny everything, conceal all agitation, and at all costs keep the guests in ignorance. Even if they are inevitably to read all about it in the papers next morning, the hotel veteran knows that the shock then will be far less than would be that of immediate, almost first-hand knowledge.

But when that silent, electric thrill runs through the corridors, the girl behind the stand senses it as quickly as any of the hotel staff, and carries on as loyally.

A whisper from the corner of the mouth of a clerk or porter as he passes with seeming casualness; a glimpse in the distance of a little group of men, the house detective and an unmistakable plain-clothes policeman among them, hurrying toward a rear exit—the news-stand girl soon learns to read in these trifles the footsteps of Death—

And turns from them to hear, with a smile of sympathy, the complaint of Mrs. Vanastorbilt that they are keeping her from her apartment. ("Just a little trouble with the elevator, madam; it will be repaired in a moment.")

No doubt the Waldorf news-stand brand of education was deplorably lacking in many respects; but it also, as I have been trying to show, had its points. Somehow I suspect that the news stands of today are far less satisfactory observation posts.

The old heedless helter-skelter has given way to a velvet-and-steel routine; all goes, among my successors, in dull efficiency. The social gulf between the two sides of the counter yawns more widely—and both girls and customers, it might be said, yawn more frequently. Today's news-stand girl is a smart and competent young retail saleswoman about whom there is no nonsense; but we of the primitive era had, I think, more fun.

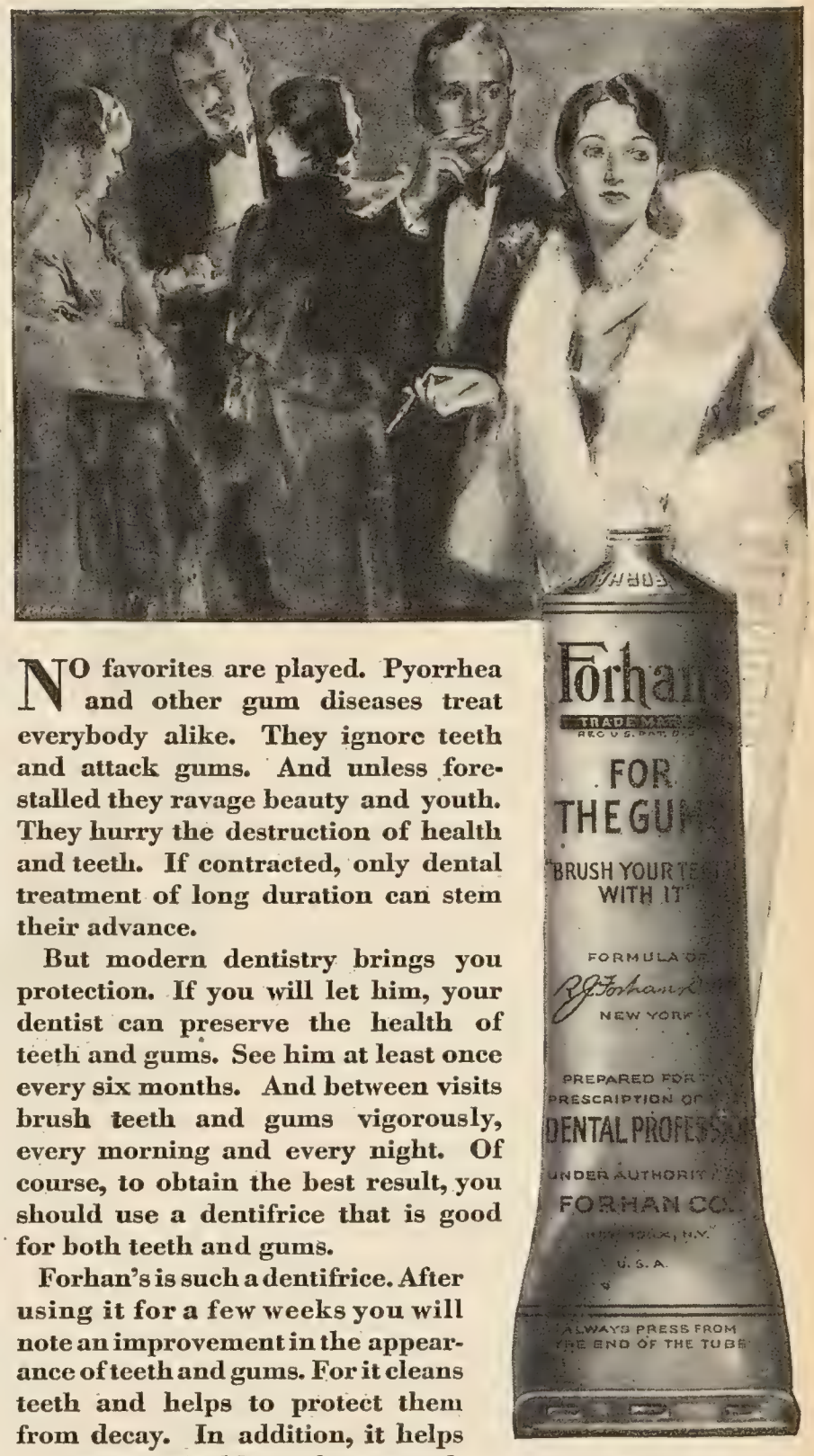
No; I am not, and never will be, either ashamed or sorry that I was a news-stand girl at the Waldorf—in its palmy days.

THE END

Are White Teeth Impostors?

4 out of 5 say, "yes!"

Though too few of us realize it, teeth of gleaming whiteness do not signify immunity from diseases that take high toll in health from 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger



NO favorites are played. Pyorrhea and other gum diseases treat everybody alike. They ignore teeth and attack gums. And unless forestalled they ravage beauty and youth. They hurry the destruction of health and teeth. If contracted, only dental treatment of long duration can stem their advance.

But modern dentistry brings you protection. If you will let him, your dentist can preserve the health of teeth and gums. See him at least once every six months. And between visits brush teeth and gums vigorously, every morning and every night. Of course, to obtain the best result, you should use a dentifrice that is good for both teeth and gums.

Forhan's is such a dentifrice. After using it for a few weeks you will note an improvement in the appearance of teeth and gums. For it cleans teeth and helps to protect them from decay. In addition, it helps to firm gums and keep them sound.

Prevention is better than cure, so add the daily use of Forhan's and a semi-annual visit to your dentist to the routine of life. It is economy. Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist, today. Two sizes, 35¢ and 60¢. Forhan Company, New York.

Forhan's for the Gums is far more than an ordinary tooth paste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums.

Forhan's

for the gums

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

The Infernal Feminine

New Light on the Subject from Messrs. Volmoeller and Maugham

A Page of Movie Reviews by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

THE talkies are building rapidly their own set of legends. Remember the established fables of the silent drama? That Cecil de Mille always did films with a vital human message; that Lillian Gish's pantomime was Duse-like?

The audibles are trying frantically to land one or two good traditions. One of the pioneer legends seems to be that little Lupe Velez can sing. Everybody is trying to present her in movietoned songs, including the usually astute D. W. Griffith.

★ ★

Even if Lady of the Pavements is an original film yarn by Karl Volmoeller, author of The Miracle, it still is movie drivel. D. W. Griffith tells me that he did not want to film it for United Artists after Sam Taylor gave up the direction and Dolores Del Rio, Estelle Taylor, and Gloria Swanson had passed up the story. Later he became interested in the work of the Mexican ball of fire, Lupe, and he tackled the job with a little more vigor.

Lady of the Pavements is the story of a spurned lady of the court of Napoleon III who hires a street gamin to pose as a girl fresh from a convent. The belle of the gutters is to win the former lover's heart and to marry him. Then the rejected one will reveal the cruel jest.

Lupe Velez strutting her stuff as the idol of the Smoking Dog Café in Lady of the Pavements.

Lupe is the idol of the Smoking Dog Café who is engaged to vamp the handsome Karl von Arnim, military attaché of the Prussian legation in Paris. The time is 1870. Lupe runs the usual gamut of the unpolished diamond who is trained to ape social niceties. Her slips afford the comic incidents so familiar to many a stage play.

Lady of the Pavements has its theme song, of course. It is Where Is the Song of Songs for Me? especially written by Irving Berlin. Miss Velez sings it passably, acts with very little restraint, and, despite her histrionic crudities, dominates the weak story.

★ ★ ★

Say what you may about the talkies, they at least are tearing down the old Pollyanna barriers of the films. Paramount's shadowing and sounding of W. Somerset Maugham's The Letter is going to fret many a censor, I suspect.

Leslie Crosbie and her husband, Robert Crosbie, live in a little British settlement near Singapore. Leslie plays fast and loose with a countryman and, when he turns faithless, shoots him down. The film largely concerns itself with the trial. Leslie lies glibly, and neatly evades the noose just as a telltale letter crops up. I won't tell you what happens. I'm no killjoy.

Jeanne Eagels' emotional triumph in The Letter is startling in these days when players have to think of their art and the recording tubes also. She is shown above with Herbert Marshall.

Unfortunately, The Letter revolves around a lot of either rotten or dull Nordics corroding in the tropics. The only redeeming character is an honest British lawyer. This man is splendidly played by a stage veteran, O. P. Heggie.

The Letter is something of an emotional triumph for Jeanne Eagels. Her performance is quite startling in these days when players have to think at one and the same time of their art and whether or not they are going to blow the recording tubes.

Interpolated into the story is a weird first-aid-to-nightmares battle between a cobra and a mongoose. The reptile loses the decision.

★

Columbia's latest version of the further adventures of that noble crook, Michael Lanyard, is The Lone Wolf's Daughter. In these days of swift-moving murder tales, this seems a little out of date. How times change! Here is the lone wolf with a grown-up adopted daughter. Bert Lytell is again the super-cracksman.

Do you know that—

Ruth Chatterton will play opposite Adolphe Menjou in his talkie version of The Prince Consort, directed by Ernst Lubitsch? . . . Colleen Moore will sing in her next, When Irish Eyes Are Smiling? . . . Phyllis Haver is leaving the screen?

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Actual tests prove that where ordinary oils begin to "break down," Koolmotor's stamina, vitality and body remain unimpaired; it continues to give complete and safe lubrication.

Cities Service—itself one of the largest users of Koolmotor oil through its Public Utilities Division—unreservedly recommends this oil as an outstanding product.

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Cities Service Oils & Gasolene

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Every member of the family finds needs for this dependable, quick-drying home lacquer

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SPEEDING AUTO RUNS IN DITCH: BANKER KILLED

Tire Gives Way, Sending David Horne's Car Off the Road

David Horne, investment banker, was killed, William McCulloch, Chicago, a friend, and Harrison Smith, chauffeur, were injured, when their car ran into a ditch on the Princeton P[illegible] this morning. The car [illegible]

Made with a margin of safety that also adds a multitude of extra miles . . . . . .

HERE'S a tire that goes far beyond the needs presented by today's fast and merciless driving. A tire that anticipates the needs of tomorrow.

A big and mighty tire . . . a tough and rugged tire . . . a tire that offers you the last possible ounce of safety . . . *and mileage that is unheard of in ordinary tires.* A thrilling and fitting climax to Dayton's achievements in the past.

Six years ago Dayton gave America the Pioneer Low Air Pressure Tire. Three years later the Dayton THOROBRED Stabilized Balloon. One year ago, a Dayton THOROBRED built for safety at high speed. And now . . . this year . . . the greatest Dayton of them all . . . the greatest tire that has ever been built . . . a tire that can and will meet every demand and emergency of today's high speed driving and at the same time deliver astounding mileage . . . mileage . . . mileage!

The Dayton DeLuxe Stabilized Balloon is thicker, wider, heavier, sturdier. It is a real THOROBRED. It is Dayton built . . . as a master watch or the finest motor car is built . . . with materials that meet the most rigid chemical and physical tests . . . and with an unhurried attention to detail such as has never before entered into the construction of a tire.

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THE NEW STABILIZED BALLOON TIRE

FOOL ERRANT

Pictures by
RAYMOND SISLEY

The girl fidgeted, looked sideways at him, and said: "You were sweet to me the other night."

A New Serial

by

PATRICIA WENTWORTH

A Tale of Dangerous Men and a Girl's Devotion

HUGO ROSS dreamed he was on the brink of something terrible. He awoke, saw a hand lifting the lid of his trunk, and called out. The lid dropped. When he got up to investigate, he found himself alone.

Hugo had just accepted the job of private secretary to Ambrose Minstrel, eccentric genius and inventor. He had heard about the opening through a friend of Hacker, Minstrel's assistant. Hugo needed work badly. His uncle, with whom he had had a position, had died. No recent will could be found, and there was nothing left him in the old one. Susan, his sister and only living relative, had married a Captain Smith, and lived in India.

Hugo had left London promptly, and had stared at the lights of Meade House—Minstrel's house—the evening before he applied. It was dark—so dark that, in the lane beyond, he had bumped into a girl. He couldn't see her face, but he liked her voice.

She told him she was running away, that she didn't want to marry "James," and that the "Cousin Emily" she lived with wanted her to. She was going to London to look for work, and to live with a girl named Cissy. He told her he had come from London to try for a job at Meade House. She gasped at that. "Oh, you *mustn't!*" she cried. They heard the train just then, and there wasn't time to explain.

The next morning he got the job. He went to London, packed, pawned a few possessions, and returned to Meade House and a procession of astonishing happenings: the hand in the night, an offer from a man named Rice of fifty pounds for some ordinary field glasses he had pawned, and a telephoned request from Loveday Leigh, the girl of the lane, to meet her in London. He was to know her by a yellow chrysanthemum, and she was to join him at 1 o'clock, the next day, at Waterloo Station.

Waiting there, he began to walk up and down, not far from a flower stall. Perhaps she meant to buy her chrysanthemum at the stall.

PART THREE—A CONUNDRUM IN GIRLS

HUGO walked nearer to the stall, and when a girl stopped and bought a flower he broke into a cold perspiration. She was a pretty girl with red hair. She bought a chrysanthemum, and ran past him as if she

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[FOOL ERRANT
Continued from page forty-five]

were afraid of losing her train. He heaved a sigh of relief. Quite definitely he did not want Loveday to have red hair.

And then, right in front of him, coming toward him with a look of inquiry on her face, he saw a girl with a yellow chrysanthemum pinned conspicuously on the left of her coat. She was thinner than he had thought she would be, and older. She had rather bright blue eyes and very long black lashes. Her face was white with powder. She wore a black coat with some gray fur on it, and a bright scarlet hat. The yellow chrysanthemum struck a vivid, jarring note.

She came up to Hugo with the beginning of a smile. And then, just as she was about to speak, she began to cough; her hand went to her sleeve and out came a bright green handkerchief and a waft of scent. She pressed the handkerchief to her lips and went on coughing, but with less violence. After a moment she made an effort to speak:

"Mr. Hugo?"

Then she began coughing again.

"Yes, I'm Hugo Ross. Are you—"

"Loveday Leigh." The bright blue eyes looked up at him, and then were veiled in an affectation of embarrassment. "I've got such a shocking cold. You must excuse me." Her voice was hoarse and weak. She coughed again.

Something odd had happened to Hugo. His shyness was gone; he no longer felt the slightest inclination to stammer; he was coldly alert. He said:

"I'm so sorry. Perhaps you'll feel better when you've had some lunch. Where would you like to go?"

LUNCH for two would make rather a hole in his very small balance. He wondered what she would say.

She looked over her shoulder and back again. Then she said: "I can't stay."

"But you must have lunch somewhere."

Another glance, slightly more coquettish.

"Oh, I've got an engagement."

"With someone more fortunate?"

She giggled, and then coughed again.

"Well, if you won't have lunch, what about a cup of coffee?"

"I can't—really." She came dangerously near to saying "reelly."

Hugo gazed at the yellow chrysanthemum.

"Well, where shall we talk? You said you wanted to talk to me, didn't you?"

"Oh, Mr. Hugo! How that sounds!"

"Yes, doesn't it? But then, I want to talk to you."

She slid a hand into his arm.

"Do you really?"

"Of course I do."

"Well, there's a seat over there."

They went over to it and sat down. He continued to look at the chrysanthemum. He was conscious of some curiously mixed feelings. Anger was one of them. The girl fidgeted with the corner of her green handkerchief, looked sideways at him, and said, still in that weak, hoarse voice: "You were sweet to me the other night."

"Was I? Was that why you wanted to see me?"

"Of *course*. Didn't you want to see me?"

"Very much. But you had something to tell me, hadn't you?"

"Ah—odd things. What sort of odd things?" He continued to look at Ananias; yet, somehow, Hugo felt that he was being attended to.

She laughed rather consciously and looked down.

"Hadn't you something to tell me?" said Hugo.

"Oh—well—"

"You said you had."

She looked up at him again, archly.

"Oh, well, a girl says—I mean—well, perhaps I wanted to *see* you."

"That was very nice of you. But I think there was something more than that."

"More?"

"You said I mustn't go to Meade House. Aren't you going to tell me what you meant when you said that?"

SHE gave a little conscious laugh, and then broke off to cough.

"Oh, dear—this cold! What did you say?"

"I asked what you meant when you said I mustn't go to Meade House."

The blue eyes looked at him meltingly.

"It's such a long way off," she whispered.

"Was that the reason?"

"I oughtn't to have said so."

"Why not?"

"You'll think—" She coughed. "Oh, you'll think—I must go—really I must."

She jumped up as she spoke and began to walk away.

Hugo followed.

"Then there isn't really a reason why I oughtn't to stay at Meade House?"

"Not if you don't think so."

"You were just pulling my leg, in fact."

There was a little offense in his tone.

The girl burst out laughing.

"Perhaps I was. You swallowed it all beautifully—didn't you?"

"Oh—well—"

Her eyes teased him.

"Come! You believed it all. You thought there was some deadly secret. You never thought you were just being had."

"It wasn't very k-k-kind of you—w-was it?"

She laughed again.

"Poor Mr. Hugo! Never mind — perhaps it wasn't all teasing—perhaps I did really want to see you again. Will you come up and meet me another day if I ask you? Will you?"

Hugo met the challenge of her eyes, and began to stammer very much. It was quite easy to stammer if you wanted to.

"I'd l-l-love to."

The girl pressed his arm.

"We'll fix it up. I must go. Don't come any further. No, you mustn't—*reelly*."

It *was* "reelly" this time.

SHE pressed his arm again and ran off down the incline to the tube.

Hugo watched her out of sight. He did not follow her, because there was no need to follow her. He knew very well that he had not met Loveday Leigh at all. He walked out of the station and over the bridge in a mood of bleak, cold anger. What a fool they must think him! What an utter prize fool and mug! The girl was undoubtedly Cissy—Cissy, who knew Hacker.

He remembered Loveday's little interrupted cry at the telephone. Someone had come in—probably Cissy. How much had Cissy heard? Enough to make her turn up at the meeting place which Loveday had suggested, with a yellow chrysanthemum pinned on her coat. They *must* think him a mug!

It consoled him slightly to remember that the first glance had roused an inward protest, and that the scented green handkerchief had finished him. Miss Cissy probably thought she had been frightfully clever. He could imagine her being terribly pleased with the idea of getting over the difference in voices by pretending to have a very bad cold—she did it quite well, too. But from the very first moment he had been furiously certain that she wasn't Loveday.

Concern for Loveday sprang up suddenly and stopped his thinking of himself. Where was Loveday, and why hadn't she come? And what sort of friend was Cissy for the child who had run hand in hand with him down the dark lane to Meade Halt?

He hadn't any answer to these questions.

II

HUGO lunched economically at a restaurant on the other side of the bridge. As he sat at the small marble-topped table, he was wondering what he was going to do next.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Improved Performance *with New Improved* CHAMPIONS

TODAY'S motor cars are designed to give more thrilling and better performance than ever before. What most motorists fail to realize is that all engines are subject to an imperceptible though steady depreciation in performance.

The new improved Champions are designed to maintain new car performance and to meet *all* conditions of the most advanced engineering.

The far-reaching improvements, the time-tested and exclusive superiorities of the new improved Champions are so great as to warrant immediate equipment with new Champions—no matter what spark plug you may now be using.

The new improved Champions will show actual savings in gas and oil, which will more than offset their cost.

You can be sure of superior performance with the new improved Champions. But to secure the best performance results from your engine, make sure it is equipped with the *proper type* of Champion. Every Champion dealer has a chart which will show which Champion should be installed in your engine for best results.

Remember it is a genuine economy to install new Champions every 10,000 miles.

CHAMPION
SPARK PLUGS
TOLEDO, OHIO - WINDSOR, ONTARIO

[FOOL ERRANT
Continued from page forty-seven]

He went over all the things that had happened in the last fortnight. Any one of them, taken by itself, could be explained away with the greatest ease; but, taken together, they simply could not be explained at all.

And behind the feeling of being up against something inexplicable there was the constantly recurring prick that says "Look out!"

He drank his coffee slowly and took time over the tongue, roll, and butter. What was he going to do about it? The name of Mr. Benbow Collingwood Horatio Smith presented itself, and not for the first time. It went on presenting itself, supported by reason and common sense.

Hugo frowned at reason and common sense. The idea of obtruding himself upon the notice of one of Susan's in-laws, and a bit of a bigwig at that, made him feel hot all over. Benbow Collingwood Horatio probably didn't even know of his existence. That is to say, he probably knew that Susan had a brother, and might be vaguely aware of having shaken hands with him at Susan's wedding. Perfectly horrible to trade on being Susan's brother and to thrust one's jumbled affairs upon an unwilling bigwig.

THE question was, were these jumbled affairs his, Hugo's, private affairs, or was he by some odd chance caught up into a tangle which might concern even bigger people than Benbow Collingwood Horatio Smith?

Hugo could make nothing of this line of thought. He began to think he was a fool not to have followed Cissy. He ought to have followed her. He ought to have found out where she was living; because then he might have met Loveday after all; and if he had met Loveday, she would have told him why he mustn't stay at Meade House.

He paid his bill and set out to look for 107 Finch Street and the elusive Mr. Rice. It was one of those gray days when the air is so wet that it is a constant surprise to discover that rain is not actually falling. It does not fall because it remains in the air, on your face, your hands, your clothes. This wet air was as warm as if it had been July instead of January.

As Hugo approached Finch Street, his way lay amongst streets that grew steadily grayer, poorer, and, as it seemed, damper. The houses, the pavements, and the people were all damp and dirty. When he had asked his way for about the tenth time, the dampness seemed to be getting into his mind. Why was he looking for Mr. Rice? What did he want with him? What would he say if he found him? What, in fact, was the good of anything?

HE came into Finch Street, and found it a place of dismal little shops. It smelt of fish and old clothes. About every tenth shop appeared to sell fish. Number 105 was a slopshop; 106 a pawnbroker; 107 a tobacconist.

Hugo went in and asked for Mr. Rice. The answer did not surprise him—there was no Mr. Rice there. He tried Price, and Brice, and was looked at coldly by the handsome damsel behind the counter.

"Don't know him."

"He gave this address."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Do you take letters for people?"

"And what if we do? We don't have to ask your leave, I suppose?"

"To be c-called for?"

Hugo could have killed himself for stammering. The girl mimicked him:

"Yes, Mr. C-C-Clever. Too c-c-clever to live—aren't you?"

Hugo walked back through the dreary streets. What was he going to do next? He had not answered the question, when the lights of a tube station caught his eye. He stood and frowned at the lights for a minute. Then he crossed over, entered

She was a pretty girl. She bought a chrysanthemum.

a telephone booth, and rang up Mr. Benbow Collingwood Horatio Smith.

III

WHEN the telephone bell rang, Mr. Smith was looking out of the window. He stood with his hands behind him and his head a little on one side. A very tall, thin man, with the forward stoop and slightly peering gaze of a scholar. He wore large horn-rimmed glasses pushed up on to his forehead. He appeared to be looking at the rain.

On a perch, about a yard away, sat a gray and rose-colored parrot very busy with its toilet. It stretched a wing, said "Awk!" in a loud peremptory manner, and then began to recite at the top of its voice:

"Three jolly admirals all in a row:
Collingwood, Nelson, and bold Benbow—"

It stopped abruptly, flapped both wings, and said "Yah!"

The telephone bell rang. Mr. Smith went slowly to the table and took up the receiver.

"Who's that? . . . Who did you say? . . . Susan's brother? Yes, of course I knew Susan had a brother. I suppose I met you, didn't I? . . . What do you want? . . . Yes, I'm in. . . . Yes, you can come along. . . . All right."

He listened for the click at the other end and put the instrument back. Then he walked to the window and went on watching the rain.

A less nautical figure could hardly have been imagined. It was as if his whole appearance protested against the names thrust upon him in unconscious infancy. Even the enthusiastic parents responsible for them had not seriously considered the sea as a profession after he was five years old.

He had distinguished himself greatly both at school and college, and then, like so many brilliant boys, had passed into obscurity.

Quite suddenly, he emerged from this obscurity as the author of a book with a commonplace title and a daring content. The European Problem set more than its author in the limelight. It was at once an analysis and a forecast. In every country it was read, talked of, criticized, and attacked. Written fifteen years before the war, it forecast not only the war itself, but its social and economic consequences. And if he chose, Mr. Smith might at the present moment have indulged himself by observing, "I told you so." As a matter of fact, he never referred to the subject.

During the war his intimate knowledge of almost every European country brought him very closely into touch with more than one government department. As to his present position and activities most people were as much in the dark as Hugo Ross, who had merely a vague impression that John Smith's uncle was no end of a distinguished old fellow with some sort of mysterious—or shall we say undefined—connection with the Foreign Office.

HUGO came into the study to find the curtains still undrawn and Mr. Smith still contemplating the falling rain. He turned round when the parrot flapped, and said, "S-sh, Ananias!" and then, "That you, Ross?"

Hugo came forward and lent a hand with the curtains, which his host now proceeded to draw. Ananias watched them with a sarcastic eye.

"It's very good of you to s-see me," said Hugo when the subsequent silence had gone on for some time.

"Well," said Mr. Smith, "I'm not doing anything for you—am I?" He began to walk away from the window, talking as he went. "Of course the question is, do you want me to do anything for you?—and if you do, what is it?—and if you don't, why have you come to see me at all? Because, of course—" He reached the mantelpiece and, turning, stood with his back against it. "Let me see—I suppose I met you at Susan's wedding, didn't I?"

"Yes, sir."

It was pretty awful. How on earth was he to begin?

He gazed at Mr. Smith's long drooping form and Mr. Smith's rather classic and quite expressionless fea-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"I Owe My White Teeth to the Amazing Kolynos *Dry-Brush Technique,*"

says the fascinating Betty Compton

"I make no secret of the fact that I use Kolynos on a Dry Brush as recommended by my dentist," says the winsome Betty Compton, star in New York's great musical hit, "Hold Everything!" "I must have gleaming white teeth and coral pink gums which the daily use of Kolynos gives me! I find, too, that Kolynos is the choice of my professional friends."

Betty Compton

TEETH 3 shades whiter in 3 days! And lustrously beautiful in 10. That's what Kolynos on a dry tooth brush means. This is why.

Kolynos is a highly concentrated, double-strength dental cream of unique germicidal and antiseptic properties. The secret Kolynos formula contains one ingredient which makes it whip instantly into a surging foam in the mouth. Thus you can use it on a dry tooth brush.

½ Inch of Kolynos on a Dry Brush Cleans Teeth Down to the Naked, White Enamel Without Injury.

This means that you can use it *full strength;* also that the brush bristles retain enough of their stiffness to scrub the tooth surfaces properly, penetrate the crevices, pits and fissures in the teeth.

The "live" and antiseptic Kolynos foam spreads itself all over the teeth and throughout the mouth. It dissolves and washes away the mucoid coating on teeth that makes them look yellow and dingy. It cleans teeth down to the gleaming, white, naked enamel.

The foam pushes its way into all the crevices between the teeth. It cleans out and disinfects all those places where food particles lodge and decay. It gives teeth and mouth a thorough, antiseptic cleansing.

Try it Free!

Kolynos comes in two sizes—30c and 50c tubes—at all drug and toilet counters. But a trial tube is free for the asking. Send for it today and put the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique to the test. Mail the coupon or a postcard.

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For complete information apply at No. 1 Broadway, New York, our offices elsewhere or authorized agents.

[FOOL ERRANT
Continued from page forty-nine]

tures, and wondered why he had come.

Mr. Smith went on:

"The further question arises as to whether one is justified in recommending anyone for a job when you don't know anything about them except a sister—a very charming sister. I suppose you want a job."

"N-no, sir."

Mr. Smith pushed his glasses up further. He had a long, thin, carefully tended hand, and the gesture had a certain weary grace. He said:

"How remarkable! Young men are always coming to me and asking me to recommend them because I knew their grandfathers—or their grandmothers. A grandmother is, of course, the stronger recommendation of the two; and if I ever danced with her, the young man is, naturally, perfectly competent to go anywhere or do anything."

"I've got a job," said Hugo.

"Do you want a better one?"

"Not exactly."

Mr. Smith began to drift off toward the window.

"It wasn't exactly raining this afternoon, but it's raining now," he observed. "And it isn't exactly Christmas yet, but it will be in about eleven months—eh, Ananias?"

The parrot rose on his toes and said "Awk!" Then in a rapid, guttural monotone it began:

> Three jolly admirals all in a row:
> Collingwood, Nelson, and bold Benbow—
> Hard aport! Hard aport, I say!
> Give us a kiss, ducky! Give us a kiss, ducky—do!

The sound of a resounding smack followed. Mr. Smith said, "S-sh, Ananias!" and drifted back again to the fire.

Hugo was ready for him.

"IT m-must seem awful cheek to you, sir, my c-coming to see you like this. I've come because I want advice. I w-wouldn't bother you with my affairs, b-but—"

"There always is a but," said Mr. Smith.

"I'm not sure where my affairs stop and s-something that I ought to have advice about begins."

"I am not a solicitor," said Mr. Smith.

His tone was dreamy, not sarcastic, but Hugo stiffened; the flush which rose so easily to the roots of his fair hair subsided.

"May I tell you what my job is, sir?"

"By all means."

"I'm Minstrel's secretary."

Mr. Smith gazed in the direction of Ananias.

"Minstrel?" he said. "Ambrose Minstrel?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you want advice. What sort of advice?"

"I've been there a fortnight—and odd things keep happening."

"Ah—odd things. What sort of odd things?"

His tone was abstracted, and he continued to look at Ananias; yet, somehow, Hugo felt that he was being attended to.

"I was very glad to get the job, because I wanted a job pretty badly, and I was most awfully pleased at being taken on by a big man like Minstrel."

"Yes—how did you get the job?"

"A friend told me that Minstrel was going to advertise, so I got down to his place before anyone else. I didn't think I had an earthly chance, because I thought he'd want someone with shorthand and a lot of other qualifications that I haven't got. But he t-took me."

"Straight away—without seeing anyone else?"

Hugo laughed.

"He k-kept me to interview the others."

MR. SMITH took up the tongs, selected a large lump of coal, and put it on the fire. With his back to Hugo, he said:

"Was that one of the odd things?"

"N-not exactly, sir."

"He took you without references? Did he know anything about you?"

"I believe Hacker telephoned about my references. Hacker's his assistant."

Mr. Smith turned round again.

"Well, well," he said. "Are you so inherently modest as to consider that there must be something odd about a person who engages you as a secretary?"

"No, sir. I haven't really got to the odd things yet. It—it's difficult to begin. They don't s-seem so odd when you take them one by one."

"I see. Well—begin. Let us have these oddments. Produce them."

Hugo began to produce them. It was frightful to feel that his cheeks were burning. The things that he had to produce shriveled into absurdity under Mr. Smith's attention.

"Someone came into my room in the night and opened my box."

"Dear me!"

Hugo described the incident in detail. It was a ridiculous incident. He described the half-caught words which he had heard when he first arrived at Meade House: "He's easy—easy—*easy*." Minstrel's rasping voice came back to him: "The young fool hasn't got the brains." The words might have referred to anyone.

He went on to Mr. Rice, and felt on firmer ground. It was impossible to deny the oddness of Mr. Rice and of the client who offered fifty pounds, and was prepared to raise it, for a pair of field glasses that were not

worth five. Mr. Rice's visit, Mr. Rice's letter, and Mr. Rice's telephone call were most undeniably odd.

"You've got this letter?"

"No, sir—that's another thing—it's gone. I p-put it in my pocketbook, and it isn't there."

"Awk!" said Ananias very loudly.

Mr. Smith laid down the tongs and put his hands behind him.

"Sure?"

"Quite sure, sir." A pause, and then: "I really am quite sure."

Ananias began to dance up and down and flap his wings.

"Eeny, meeny, miney, mo—
Catch a nigger by the toe.
If he hollers, let him go.
Eeny, meeny, meeny, *meeny, meeny!*"

Mr. Smith went over and cuffed him. When he came back again, he asked: "That all?"

"N-no, sir."

"Go on."

"There was a girl, sir."

"There always is. What about her?"

"I m-met her in the lane when I went down about the job—I ran into her in the dark—she was running away—" Hugo stuck there because Mr. Smith was looking at him for the first time.

"Oh, she was running away?"

"Y-yes, sir. And I c-c-carried her b-bag." He was stammering badly.

"Interesting but hardly odd," said Mr. Smith.

"That wasn't the odd p-part. We had to run for the train—her train—and she said I m-mustn't go to M-Meade House. I'm t-telling it awfully badly. We were talking and I s-said I hoped I was going to get a job at Meade House. And we saw the train and had to run—and just as the train was g-going out, she s-said: 'You m-mustn't go there—you *m-mustn't* go to M-Meade House!"

MR. SMITH'S eyebrows rose until they touched the horn-rimmed glasses.

"How romantic! Continue."

"She wrote to me."

"How did she know you'd got the job?"

"She wrote to a girl who worked for her cousin, and the girl came to the house to find out if I was there. She g-gave me the letter."

"Got it?"

"No, sir—I burned it. She s-said I m-mustn't s-stay at Meade House—" He hesitated and then repeated Loveday's letter verbatim; after which he found himself explaining about Cissy, who had been encountered on the pier at Brighton; and so on, through the interrupted telephone call, to the meeting that afternoon with the girl who wasn't Loveday.

When he had finished, there was a pause. With his back to them, Ananias was swearing softly in Spanish; his back was humped, his feathers ruffled.

Mr. Smith strolled across and scratched the back of his head. Ananias sidled away and swore a little louder. Mr. Smith came back.

"You're sure about the girl? Why?"

"I'm quite sure, sir. That is, I'm quite sure it wasn't the girl I talked to in the lane."

"How can you be sure? You didn't see her face."

"I'm quite sure, sir."

"Tell me why you're sure."

"I d-don't think I can. They were d-different. Loveday was l-like a n-nice sort of child; the other one—w-wasn't."

Mr. Smith walked over to his writing table and sat down.

"Are you staying in town?"

"Yes, sir."

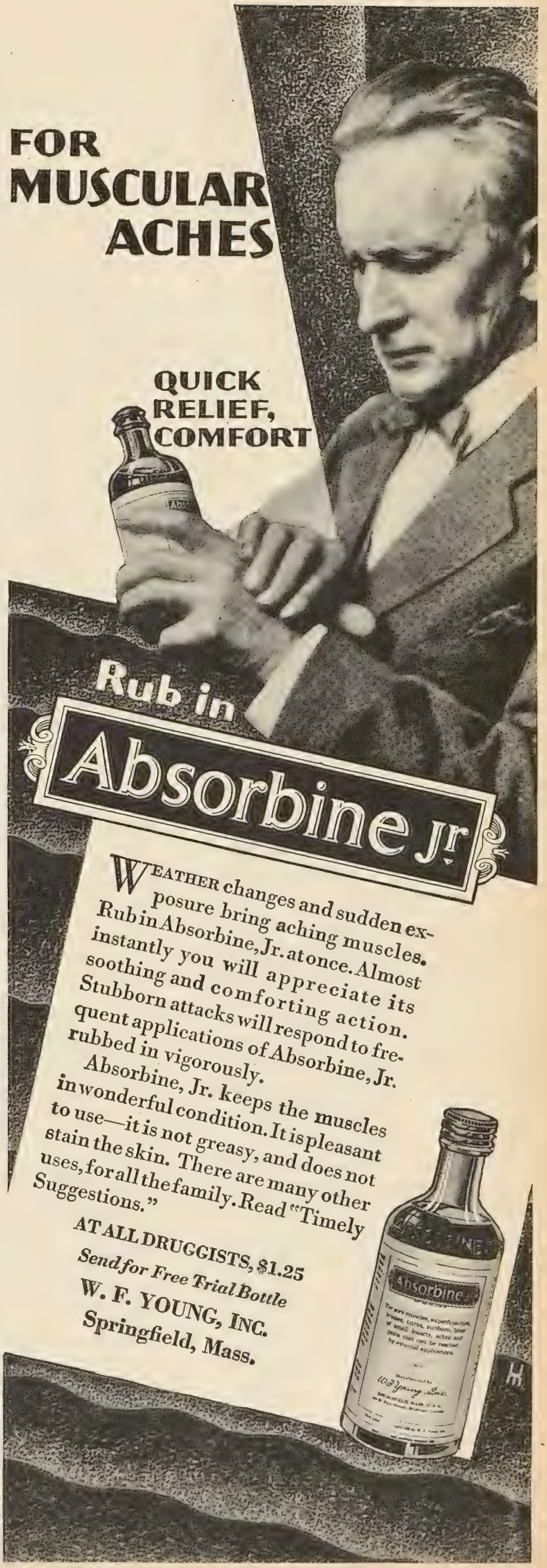
"Where?"

Hugo gave him the address.

"I expect they'll be able to take me in—I was there for some weeks while I was looking for a job."

"Well, you might give me the references you gave Minstrel."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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[FOOL ERRANT
Continued from page fifty-one]

Hugo gave them. Mr. Smith took up a pencil and wrote.

"How long are you staying up?"

"Only till tomorrow afternoon."

"It's a short time. But I suppose—let me see, you were at school with John—his fag, weren't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you told me everything?"

"I went to the address that man Rice gave, and it was only a place where you call for letters—a dirty little tobacconist's in Finch Street."

"Number, please?"

"A hundred and seven."

Mr. Smith wrote it down with an absent air.

"Come and see me at twelve tomorrow," he said, and getting up, went over and began to make his peace with Ananias.

IV

HUGO'S old landlady seemed very pleased to see him.

"I'm sure, sir, we've quite missed you. Ella was only sayin' to me last night: 'I'm sure, aunt, I wish to gracious we'd got Mr. Ross back, instead of that there fidgeting, ferreting, philandering foreigner—*that* I do.'"

"Have you got a foreigner, Mrs. Miles? I say, *not* in my old room! Because I want it tonight."

"You shall have it, Mr. Ross, if I'd fifty foreigners—which thank goodness I haven't, seeing one's enough and to spare. 'Ella,' I says, 'if it's my last dying word I won't say different—foreigners is foreign, and what I say is, let 'em stay foreign where everyone's used to it, pore things, and can't help 'emselves.'"

"What sort of foreigner is he?"

"What sort, did you say? The sort that's best somewhere else, with his fidgety ways and his ferrety eyes, and never done asking questions. And, as I says to Ella, red hair is what I've no stomach for, neither in man nor woman. And 'Thank goodness,' I says, 'yours is a decent brown, for I couldn't never have took to a child with red hair.' And Miles had an aunt as was carrots through and through, and you couldn't get from it."

She sunk her voice to a penetrating whisper: "Would you say there'd be many of those Bolshevist Russians with red hair?"

"I don't know."

Mrs. Miles looked disappointed.

"I says to Ella, 'Miller he may call himself, but it's my belief he's one of those there Russian Bolshevists. Mr. Bolshy Miller is what I'd like to call him to his face—only with red hair you got to be careful—especially when they're foreign and used to knives and all manner of nasty horrors. Why, only last week Ella and me went to the pictures, and there was a pore girl that was carried off by a Bolshevist and served something crool. And I says to Ella then, 'Money or no money, and rent or no rent, I don't keep that there Miller a day longer than what I can help.'"

"Yes, Mr. C-C-Clev-er. Too c-c-clever to live—aren't you?"

Hugo found it quite pleasant to be in his old room again. He wondered if he had done any good by going to Mr. Smith. There was a certain relief in having spoken of the things which had been troubling him—a certain sense of having shifted some part of a growing burden of responsibility.

HE slept without dreams and woke refreshed.

In the morning Mrs. Miles knocked at the door.

He said, "Come in," and she brought hot water into the room and then shut the door. Her round face was red with anger.

"That there Miller!" she began.

"I say, what's the matter?"

"I've always been one to mind my own business, and as I says to Ella, 'A busybody nor a interferer is what I never was and never will be.' But when I sees my duty, I sees it—and a duty I feels it to be."

Hugo's head went round a little.

That the duty was in some way connected with himself was to be discerned from the manner in which Mrs. Miles was looking at him.

"And my advice is—not as you're asking it, and p'r'aps I'd do better not to give none, but seeing as I feels it a duty, I will. For, as I says to Ella: 'Who's a-going to warn him if I don't? Tell me that, Ella,' I says. And she hadn't a word to say."

Hugo did not think that Ella very often got a chance of saying a word. He laughed and said:

"What do you want to warn me about, Mrs. Miles?"

"It's not a case of wanting to," said Mrs. Miles darkly. "It's a case of feeling it a duty—and what I feels to be a duty I'll do, if it costs me a effort or if it don't cost me a effort." She was still very red in the face.

Hugo put on an ingratiating smile.

"I s-say, Mrs. Miles, w-would you mind warning me before my sh-sh-shaving water gets cold?"

"And what you wants to shave for, the Lord knows!" said Mrs. Miles.

Hugo blushed.

"I s-say, d-do warn me, and let me get up. I w-w-want to get up—I really do."

"You may take it light, Mr. Ross, but it's my bounden belief that that there Miller isn't up to no good."

Despite Hugo's estimate of Miller, the foreigner may be part of a net that is closing about him. Mr. Smith is destined to throw light on that question next week.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 31

1—Baton Rouge; Augusta; Annapolis.
2—Assuming without warrant something that involves a point under discussion.
3—A drink of alcoholic liquor taken before meals, especially at noon.
4—The style, pin, or vertical plate.
5—A bird of the plover kind.
6—The science of diseases, their nature, causes, progress, manifestations, and results.
7—Prince von Bismarck-Schönhausen of Germany (1815-1898).
8—A ludicrous descent from the elevated to the commonplace, in writing or speech.
9—A passage or place with only one outlet.
10—As the thirty-first.
11—Objects of art collectively: also the character of being rare, curious, or beautiful.
12—As You Like It.
13—The Bible (Proverbs xiii, 15).
14—Henry L. Stimson of New York.
15—A quadrilateral with opposite sides parallel, and therefore equal.
16—Mohammedans or Mussulmans, especially as hostile to the Crusaders.
17—Cincinnati, Ohio, and Seattle, Washington.
18—April 16.
19—South Carolina, Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Texas, Virginia, Arkansas, Tennessee, and North Carolina.
20—Violoncello.

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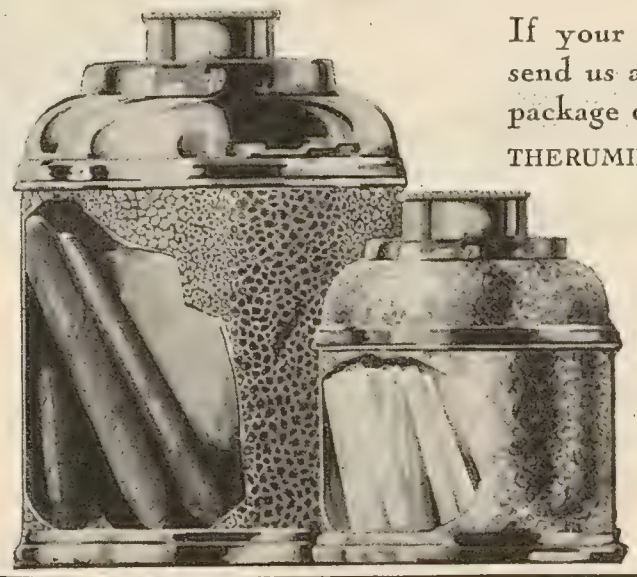

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At the left is a study of Germaine Bajot's hands that won first prize for Pach Bros. at the Exhibition of Beautiful Hands in Photographic Art.

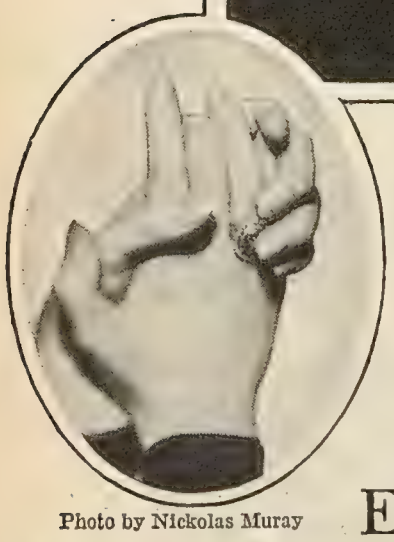
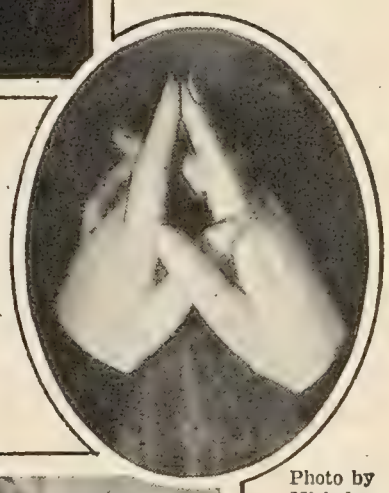


Photo by Nickolas Muray



Beautiful HANDS

By EILEEN BOURNE

Photo by Nickolas Muray

THE important rôle of the hand is best attested by the study artists give it. In painting portraits, the instrument of expression, character, and beauty a hand becomes is quickly recognized.

We shall not touch here upon the details of nail-grooming and hand-skin care that must necessarily go into the making of a lovely hand. We feel by now they are common knowledge. We want, however, to bring home the point of the live current interest in hands as outstandingly decorative features.

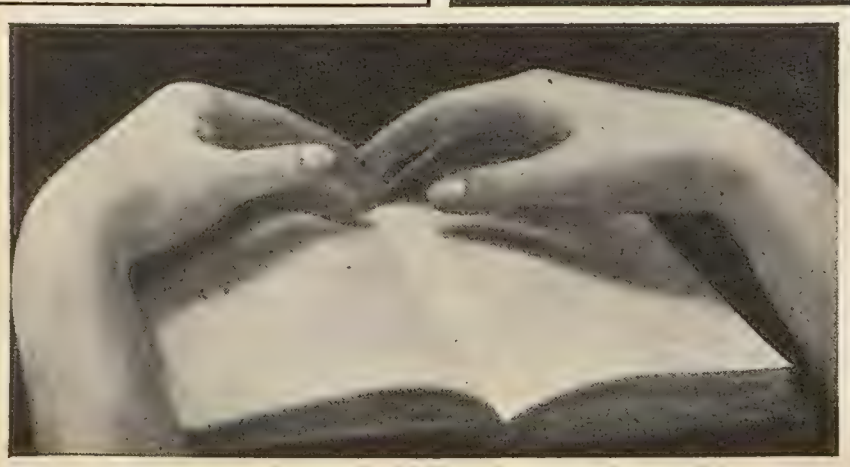
What should whet the interest and promote the urge to more beautiful hand ownership is the fact that the Art Center, New York, was recently given over to an exhibition in which beautiful hands vied with one another for prize and honorable mention. To one who has sat in at numerous beauty contests this hand competition indicates more than anything else the beauty rating that one fine asset may lend its possessor; further, it indicates the trend to judge beauty for the perfection of its individual parts rather than from a general summarizing of a whole female landscape.

Photo by Pinchot

Photo by Arnold Genthe

Photo by Mary Dale Clarke

Photo by Mary Dale Clarke



HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

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But Isn't War Worse if You Are Not Prepared for It When It Comes?

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—I hate to offset one of the not-too-frequent expressions of praise from your readers, but I just can't help letting loose on that "militant minister" in Vox Pop who was spewing his ideas of the beauty of war and of your war articles.

According to this holy man of God, the people with a heart large enough and a mind unbiased enough to realize the horrible, idiotic futility of war are nothing but a set of sanctimonious busybodies.

Why, he asked, do they not seek, instead, to prevent the 8,000 fatal accidents a month that occur in our country, instead of deploring the dangers of war? So, Mr. Parson. Are not the doctors who do all in their power to prevent epidemics of pneumonia and diphtheria simply hypocritical fools? Let them, rather, devote all their time to healing sprained ankles.

Suppose this God-fearing, upright minister were forced to go to the very next war and get right out on the firing line; suppose he had to see the living hell of twisted bodies groveling in the blood-soaked earth, of severed and bleeding limbs, of faces half shot off by shrapnel, of men blasted into writhing and shapeless masses; suppose he were to feel his entrails pierced by a bayonet, or his lungs gasping vainly for air and getting phosphine vapor, or part of his face blown off by a shell—would the militant minister feel quite so militant then—quite so ready to shriek for preparedness and for war to save our youth from becoming pampered mollycoddles?—*Pacifist, and Proud of It.*

Mr. Werner Thanks You

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Your great magazine should be highly congratulated and honored for the recent publishing of the articles concerning one of the greatest men of the world: Mr. W. J. Bryan.

You have printed the story of his defeat of Wall Street when he denounced very severely the way those men were carrying on, and aroused the people of the United States to the facts and dangers of Wall Street in the White House.

If LIBERTY does nothing else it did enough, and should be patted on the back by every commoner of today for the publishing of the memoirs of Mr. William Jennings Bryan. I extend my hand to the author, Mr. M. R. Werner. —*A Westerner in Washington, D. C.*

We're So Pleased

CLEVELAND, OHIO—I think LIBERTY is one great magazine, and I always get one. There is no better rotten magazine.—*Toni.*

'S Probably Just as Swell

VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA, CAN. —Should it happen, though it does seem incredible, that I fail to receive any prize money on this murder contest which LIBERTY is conducting, might I suggest to the editors that they immediately start another contest for stories captioned: "Why I Didn't Kill That Guy."

The reason for this suggestion is that I know of a swell murder which was never committed because the reason for not doing it was sweller.
—*Lady Macbeth.*

They Do and It Is

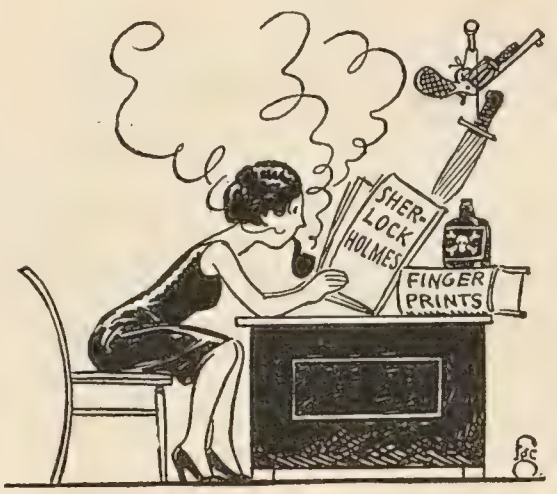
HOUSTON, TEX. — Sidney Sutherland's Real Life Mysteries again demonstrate the truth of the old adage that truth is stranger than fiction. And not only stranger but intensely more interesting.
—*J. H. Pugh.*

Friends Are So Exacting

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Every week I'm right after Sidney Sutherland's Real Life Mysteries like a terrier after a rat. They're the best things in LIBERTY. I'm going to win one of those prizes, if trying can do it.

Only, first, I'll have to feel much more like a detective than I do now, to stand a show.

I'm planning to put myself in the



right mood by hanging a revolver, a bottle of poison, a knife, and a treatise on fingerprints over my desk. And, though I'm a girl, I realize I've got to buy a pipe—and, what's worse, smoke it.

Who ever heard of a real, sure 'nough detective ever solving a mystery without his pipe?

Oh—I forgot one thing. One of my friends says that, before I do any of those things, I'll have to learn to think.
—*Janet the Girl Sleuth.*

Maybe; We Never Got Around Much in Seventeenth Century Scotland

LEXINGTON, KY.—I read your recent editorial, "Divorce and Collusion."

There is an ancient remedy against irreverence for the matrimonial institution, that was in vogue in Scotland during the Seventeenth Century, that might be revived.

This statute provided that a party charged with a violation of the marriage vows should be placed in a tub

at the entrance to the parish church, minus their clothes.

At the conclusion of the morning services, the congregation would file past the alleged violator, presumably with their noses in the air. They would then assemble around the hapless person in the tub, and the parson would appear. He would deliver a sermon on the sanctity of marriage vows, and advise the culprit to go and sin no more.

Maybe a statute like this would purge American marriages of much that is undesirable.—*Paul Porter.*

A Lawyer's View

BALTIMORE, MD.—May I call your attention to your editorial, "Divorce and Collusion"? You conveyed the impression that if both parties wish a divorce, for that reason alone the law says they shall not have it. This is error.

Collusion is an agreement between the parties, it's true. But collusion is not established by an agreement in respect to alimony or property division. Neither is it established by a mutual desire of the parties to be divorced. (Great desire of parties to be divorced is not collusion, for the injured party ought not to be deprived of his or her rights simply because the guilty party desires to be divorced. Taylor vs. Taylor, 17 Pa. D. 642—19 C. J., p. 92.)

Collusion is an agreement between husband and wife that one of them shall commit, or appear to have committed, or represent in court as having committed, acts constituting a ground for divorce, or to allow to be presented, as grounds, acts for which a defense could properly be made.—*Thomas A. de Lauder—Attorney at Law.*

Pop

Mr. Cooper Is Thinking Up an Answer to This; It May Be Good

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I don't know Fred Cooper, but his friends tell me he is a swell guy. Nevertheless I think he goes too far when he draws the cow with five teats which appears on Page 55 of LIBERTY for March 16. Heaven knows the milk business is bad enough, what with price competition, etc., without increasing production 25 per cent. Let Mr. Cooper exercise the admirable restraint shown by Mr. Barton on page 23, where appears a cow with the normal quota of spigots.—*Stuart Peabody, Advertising Manager, Borden Sales Company, Inc.*

In the Spring . . .

CORDELE, GA.—Get finished with "For the Love o' Lil." I am falling in love with Lil myself, in spite of Sandy and little Ulysses. They are all great, but Lil is perfect both ways: dressed or in a bathing suit. I can't stand much more of it.—*A Mere Man.*

If You Insist

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Ah! At last I know whom to kill. I have just read your article, "Golf Architecture," by Joseph W. Kaye, and it brings out the fact, which I'd never pondered on before, that the traps and bunkers on our golf courses are diabolically planned and placed by fiends in human form called golf architects.

Having found the culprits, the question is, what to do with them. On second thought, it seems to me it ought to be something more trying than mere death.

There's a course in Egypt where the players' tempers are ruined by kites (yes, they're birds) that swoop down and carry the balls off in their claws. And I've heard tell of another course in which the fifth hole was helpfully located in the center of a small platform, up in a tree.

Now, it's hard to get elevation if you use an umbrella instead of a mashie, so let's sentence our golf architects to try to make par, with the faithful umbrell', on a hole up in a tree, guarded by kites. Yes?—*Hazard-Hater.*

Just Nothing Left—

ELIZABETH, N. J.—I see a few of your Vox Poppers have been hitting women good. Hit 'em again!

There is a very apt quotation: "O, sin, thy name is woman." I believe it to be a true one. The average female is not to be trusted.

Anyone who thinks that the modern woman is no worse than her sister of years gone by is in grave error, and by so thinking shows ignorance of real life. She is worse in every way, perhaps because the liberty granted is much greater, but, just the same, worse.

Marriage as an institution to protect them from the rigors of life is slowly dying out, this due to their absolute lack of dependability.—*One Who Has Been Over the Hurdles.*

—to Live for

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—All men are cheap. Most of them are lazy, good-for-nothing idlers, while the rest of them are fresh, impudent go-getters. Their talk and actions are ultra-obnoxious and then some! Who in hades needs 'em?

If every "bachelorette" would take an inventory of any man, she'd have to get a microscope to find his assets—and then there wouldn't be any.

I wouldn't marry any of these insignificant animals for billions and jewelry stores—and I'm not an old maid.—*Just Outa High School.*

He Has

BOSTON, MASS.—Do let me congratulate you on that adorable picture of Lil holding the baby, entitled, "East, West, Hame's Best." Didn't I want to hug Ulysses myself! I'll bet Leslie Thrasher has a little angel hidden somewhere in his house.—*Sybil Brigham.*

We'll Ask Him

BOSTON, MASS.—Your Movie Review is much appreciated by one who has become very much disgusted with the quality of the photoplays shown of late. But could you not coax Mr. Smith to increase his subjects to take in, say, about eight or ten pictures? We have at least six new pictures opening each week, and, as I take in a couple weekly, you can see how an advance review by stars, as your eminent reviewer rates them, would help me to avoid a lot of wasted evenings.—*N. F. Korman.*

Calamitous Effect of Printing a Piece on the Dear Ladies

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I'm a bachelor, and more bent on staying one than ever, after getting a disgusted look at "The Dear Ladies," by Irene Kuhn.

When I see what the high cost of loving one of these 1929 gimme-girls is—

with 1,001 cosmetics and aids to beauty to be paid for—I say:

"Give me a girl right straight from the stone age, who only needs one new saber-toothed tiger skin every five years."—*F. Schwartz.*

Meat

CHICAGO, ILL.—LIBERTY MAGAZINE for March 2 contained Mr. Jack Dempsey's article: "My Ten Rules of Training."

Rule 3 said: "Go light on the meat at any meal." We can see that Mr. Jack Dempsey is really trying to tell his readers that the best diet for training is a well balanced and well mixed diet which does not have an overabundance of one food, with the resulting exclusion of other important foods. The manner of statement of this rule, however, might imply that there is danger in eating more than a small amount of meat at any meal.

This is not the case, as has been definitely proven by numerous experiments, as well as practical experience, provided the other essentials of the diet are eaten in sufficient quantity.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company once felt that it was wise to advise its policyholders to avoid eating much meat.

They now feel that the statement was hardly justified and no longer issue such advice.

We could quote you many modern opinions of physicians as well as physiologists to the effect that the use of meat in a mixed diet is conducive to good health, and that there is no necessity for emphasis on such statements as "go light on meat."—*C. Robert Moulton—Director, Department of Nutrition, Institute of American Meat Packers.*

Well, Anything for a Thrill

LAWTON, OKLA.—Reading your mag. is like jumping off the top floor of the Woolworth Building in August: just sailing through hot air.—*Judge C.*

The Dead Under the Crab-Apple Tree

Who Committed the Hall-Mills Murder?

By Sidney Sutherland

THIS is the third and concluding installment of Mr. Sutherland's account of the celebrated Hall-Mills mystery. In the evening of September 14, 1922, the Rev. Dr. E. W. Hall of New Brunswick, New Jersey, and Mrs. Eleanor Mills, a choir singer in his church, left their respective homes for a clandestine meeting. Two days later their bodies were found near De Russey's Lane, outside the city. They had been shot, the man once and the woman three times, and her throat had been savagely cut.

Having described what is known of their home lives, and of the situation to which the murder came as a hideous climax, Mr. Sutherland last week began chronicling the original investigation by the local authorities. The end of the installment interrupted his relation of the story that was told by the "Pig Woman," Jane Easton "Gibson." She said she had been in De Russey's Lane at the hour of the murder, had heard "two women" and "several men" in a quarrel, had witnessed (for a flash-lit instant only) a struggle between two men, and had then heard a shot, followed by screams and three more shots in rapid succession.

$10,000 IN PRIZES

Here Are Some More Winners

THIS is the tenth and last of a series of stories of celebrated detective problems, for solutions of which LIBERTY is giving its readers $10,000 in prizes. The awards for the first two problems have been announced. For the solutions which, in his judgment, were the best of those submitted on the William Desmond Taylor mystery (the third story in the series) Mr. Sutherland has awarded prizes as follows:

FIRST PRIZE—$500
To Peter Swanson,
Fisher, Abitibi Co., Quebec, Canada.

SECOND PRIZE—$250
To Madelaine Archer,
1636 Trestle Glen Road, Oakland, California.

THIRD PRIZE—$100
To Emil Bergdahl,
Warrant Officer, U. S. Army, Columbus General Depot, Columbus, Ohio.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50
To I. L. Taylor,
535 Tenth Avenue, South, St. Petersburg, Florida.

FIFTH TO EIGHTH PRIZES—$25 Each
To Arthur P. Thomas, P. O. Box 134, Bay Shore, Long Island, New York; J. Stewart Jones, Michigan State Prison, Jackson, Michigan; Lloyd A. Finn, 1768 Kitchener Street, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada; Captain Joseph Scranton Tate, West Point, New York.

It is hoped that the prize awards for the fourth problem, the J. Belton Kennedy murder case—The Mystery of the Bungalow in the Glen—can be announced in next week's issue.

As the above awards indicate, $1,000 is given for solutions of each of the ten mysteries—$10,000 in all. In case of a tie, the prizes are duplicated.

Solutions should be mailed to Sidney Sutherland, in care of LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Everyone except employees of LIBERTY and members of their families is eligible. *What* you say counts, not *how* you say it. Neatness, brevity, logic, originality of deduction—these are the important things. The publishers have given Mr. Sutherland the only and final say as to the winners.

To be considered, any solution must be postmarked within four weeks after the date of the issue in which the story is completed.

PART THREE
THE TRIAL AND ACQUITTAL

JANE turned and fled. She ran to her mule, untied her, stumbled over a stump as she tried to mount. Quickly in the saddle, she turned northwest and galloped blindly through the woods, away from Phillips Lane, and back into De Russey's at a point several hundred yards to the west.

She reached her shack, tied Jenny to a tree, and went inside. As she alighted she noticed that she had lost her right moccasin—probably when she fell over the stump. She looked at the clock; it was 11:30. She sat down to think.

She had not seen either of the women whose voices she had heard; nor had she seen the colored man she had seen previously at the mouth of De Russey's Lane. In the sudden glare of the electric torch she had seen only one face; and though it was not the face of a colored man she had a vague impression that it somehow resembled his. She supposed the man whose back she had seen was the colored man.

WELL, the Pig Woman figured, somebody had evidently overtaken the white woman and the Negro; there had been a quarrel and a fight and some shooting. Whether anybody had been shot, she couldn't know.

Jane picked up a book and began to read. After a while she remembered that Jenny was still saddled; and recalling Jenny, she thought of the wagon and her ravished cornfield. Then she suddenly thought of her moccasin. If somebody had been killed back there, and if the authorities should find her moccasin, they might trace it to her, and she'd be sure to get in trouble.

She decided to go back for two reasons: first, to see if the wagon had returned; second, to see if she could find her moccasin. And it is not at all unlikely that she was curious about the fight and the shots.

So she climbed into the saddle and rode slowly back along De Russey's Lane. She didn't hear the wagon—and by this time the moon was shining in the eastern sky. The moon rose that night at 12:21 A. M., Friday

P. & A. photo

The dramatic high point of the Hall-Mills trial: the Pig Woman's day in court, to which she was brought by ambulance and stretcher. She is being cross-examined by Clarence E. Case, who sits on the end of the table. Behind it are his associates in the "Billion-Dollar Defense," and beyond its farther end are the three defendants, Willie Stevens, Mrs. Frances Stevens Hall, and Henry Stevens.

the 15th. It was in its last quarter and shone until dawn. The star-studded sky was cloudless.

She reëntered the Phillips farm at the point she had fled from it several hours previously and found her way to the little cedar trees. There she again tied Jenny and got down on her hands and knees to feel around for the moccasin. She didn't find it. She slowly retraced her way down Phillips Lane to reach the heavy undergrowth where she had peered through at the tragedy. The moccasin was nowhere to be found.

Then, once more, she heard a strange sound. It was the sound of a woman whimpering and crying—"sort of screechin' and screechin' like a little night owl," was the way she described it later.

Jane stopped dead. The whimpering and sobbing continued. She dropped to her knees and crept on all fours across the path, wriggled her way through the dew-drenched weeds up a little knoll, and found an open place in the brush where she could peer through.

She saw a woman kneeling on the ground underneath a little crab-apple tree. She was bent over, doing something with her hands—"to two shadows that lay there under the little tree." She was crying bitterly.

Suddenly the kneeling woman straightened up, facing the moon-bathed east.

It was the same gray-haired woman Jane had seen standing beside the tall colored man hours before. Her face was distinct in all its tear-wet contours. No men were to be seen anywhere—just a white-headed woman wringing her hands as she knelt above two shapes lying motionless in the dappled shadows of the crab-apple tree.

Jane crept back and away to the cedar clump.

Again she mounted Jenny and again she trotted the miles back to her farmhouse.

TWO weeks later she identified the three persons she had seen that night—the woman in the lane and the woman kneeling in the moonlight, the *colored* man in the automobile headlights, and the second man facing her as he struggled with the crouching man in the electric flashlight—as Mrs. Frances Stevens Hall, her brother Willie Stevens, and her other brother Henry Stevens.

For two weeks following the murder, Jane Gibson kept silent.

She says she did so for several reasons. It was a week or so before she knew there had been a murder; she seldom reads the newspapers. When she did hear of it she was afraid that her lost moccasin might be found and in some way connect her with it.

About the 1st of October her son came home, tossed a newspaper on the table, and remarked that at last that murder had been cleared up. Jane grabbed the paper and read that the authorities had locked up Clifford Hayes, a New Brunswick youth, who had been accused by Raymond Schneider.

Mrs. Gibson was thunderstruck. She resolved, she says, to go to the rescue of young Hayes, though she

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE DEAD UNDER THE CRAB-APPLE TREE]
Continued from page fifty-nine

didn't know him, because she did know that only middle-aged men had been involved in the tragedy.

She went into Somerville, the county seat of Somerset, and called at the office of Prosecutor Azariah M. Beekman. She told office attendants that she wanted to make a complaint about persons stealing her corn. Jane had had several rows with neighbors, and the authorities knew her. They tried to switch her off on some other official, but Jane is a persistent creature, and she was finally admitted to Beekman's room.

There she told her story as I have related it. Beekman sat open-mouthed. This put a totally different aspect on the whole situation. The prominence of the Stevens family was not to be ignored.

"Why have you waited so long to come forward?" he naturally demanded.

She told him she had not wanted to be mixed up in the thing, but she knew Hayes was guiltless, and besides, she didn't know who the persons were whom she had seen that night. Beekman told her to return the next morning.

When she did, she was at once ushered into the prosecutor's office. A woman was sitting there, her hat on a chair beside her. Beekman did not introduce them, but talked to Jane about her trouble with corn stealers. Presently Detective Ferdinand David came in and handed the bareheaded woman a long gray coat, with the request that she put it on.

The woman arose and donned the coat. After a little David called Jane outside, and eagerly asked her:

"Is that the coat the woman you saw out at De Russey's Lane had on?"

"No," responded Jane. "No, that isn't the coat. But that is the woman!"

They asked her how she knew it wasn't the coat. She replied that the woman had worn a tan coat. When they informed her that she couldn't tell such shades of colors in the moonlight, Jane reminded them that she had seen the woman and her coat in the headlights of the car.

SO they stood her at a window and had a number of men cross the yard. She pointed out two of them as the men she had seen that night. She expressed surprise that one of them was Willie Stevens, saying her belief that she had first seen a colored man was due to the fact that Willie might easily be mistaken for a Negro in such circumstances, for he is swarthy and thick-featured, and his shock of bushy hair grows down almost to his eyebrows.

She said the other man she pointed out was the one she had seen struggling in the flashlight. This other man was Henry Stevens. They immediately questioned Henry. He told a story (which I shall relate presently) and they dashed back to Jane.

"Henry Stevens has an unassailable alibi that he was in Lavalette that night," they told her. "So you must be wrong."

The state later claimed that they were subtle in their efforts to weaken Jane's story, and that they did it in this way. They took her to the New Brunswick station one morning to watch the male commuters board the trains for New York City. When Henry Carpender came along, either at the detective's suggestion or because of Jane's own belief that Carpender resembled the man she saw fighting, she identified him as also having been present—the one actually at grips. But she persisted in her story that Henry Stevens also was there.

Charles A. Collins, a detective, had gone down to Lavalette and talked to Henry Stevens. Henry eventually told three stories, each differing from the others — the differences being immaterial or highly important, depending on whether counsel for the defense or the prosecution commented on them.

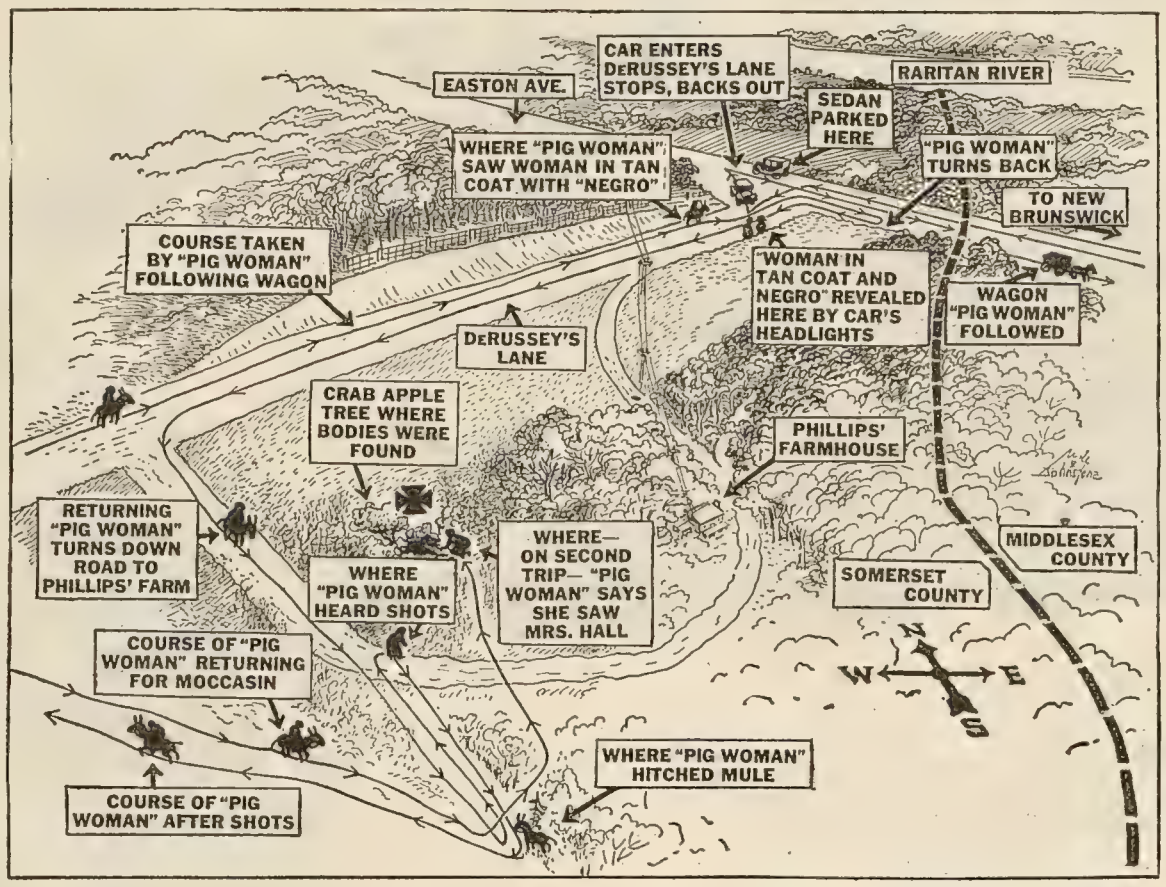


Diagram by Will B. Johnstone

The Pig Woman's story of her movements and observations on the night of the Hall-Mills murder. The Phillips farm and its surroundings are shown as they were at that time.

HE told Collins that he had been on the beach fishing that night. Mrs. William H. Eger said her husband was there with Henry from 6 to 10:30 P. M.; that at 9 A. M. Friday Henry caught a four-and-one-half-pound bluefish and asked her to cook it for the noon meal Saturday, and that she did and they all ate it.

Other witnesses told different stories as to Henry's whereabouts that night and the next morning.

They were all confused as to where and when Henry was among them; as to who were in the group; as to the hours when each retired; as to who caught the famous bluefish, Henry or Arthur Applegate; as to whether it was weighed by twilight or by a match held alongside Henry's pocket scales.

But whatever Collins brought back from Lavalette on his first trip, it was more than sufficient for Beekman. Nobody was arrested after Clifford Hayes was released from jail.

On September 15, 1926, four years later, Henry Stevens makes an affidavit. He says he has kept diaries for years and jotted down such important items as "3 bluefish—Art; one bluefish, 6 pounds—at Mack's in afternoon." This crucial memorandum was dated Friday, September 15, 1922, when Henry says he arose at 5:45 A. M. and went out to catch bait and fish.

Concerning this affidavit, the state commented at the trial:

He remembers, after four years, without any hesitation, that on the night of Thursday between 6 and 11 P. M., he saw Art Applegate, George W. Johnson, William H. Eger, William MacGonigal, Mayor and Mrs. Van Camp, and Mrs. C. S. Wilson and her two daughters.

Though no minutiæ of his activities on Thursday and Friday are dim in his recollection, he hasn't the faintest idea what he did or said on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 12th and 13th.

Nor does his diary contain such trivial items as the mysterious murder of his brother-in-law; or the death and mutilation of Mrs. Eleanor Mills; or any notation about the funerals, or the investigations, or the world-wide notoriety the case was gaining.

The state put on chirography experts who, under oath, swore that the notation in the diary dated Friday the

15th was written long afterward with a pencil different from the one that wrote the items before and after that date. But the defense had other experts equally positive that there had been no break in the chronological use of that diary pencil.

Well, there were many stories and many witnesses. Ralph Gorsline, vestryman and choir singer and married man and father, first said he picked up Catherine Rastall, choir member, in front of the Y. W. C. A. and drove her straight to her home. She supported this story.

Four years later Gorsline admitted, and Miss Rastall agreed, that he had picked her up in front of the Y. W. C. A., but instead of driving her home had driven her to that love-perfumed sector, De Russey's Lane, where in their darkened automobile they had heard shots and screams. Then they really had gone home!

Nothing happened.

But the New York City newspapers declined to drop the story as of no consequence, as the New Jersey authorities seemed inclined to do. They kept their best ferrets on the case, and after a while a grand jury got the disagreeable and annoying affair before it.

P. & A. photo

Mrs. Hall with Timothy N. Pfeiffer, who became her attorney during the original investigation.

THE grand jury met in Somerville on November 20, 1922, nine weeks after the murder, and considered the testimony until November 28. Present were the Hon. Azariah M. Beekman; the Hon. Wilbur A. Mott and Edward O'Byrne, deputy attorney generals; and Francis L. Bergen, clerk of the grand jury and later prosecutor of Somerset County.

Sixty-five witnesses were heard, including James Mills and Charlotte, and they had a rough time. But Mrs. Hall and Willie and Henry were not called, nor were Timothy N. Pfeiffer, the New York attorney, and his detective, Felix Di Martini, both of whom were working night and day for the Hall-Stevens interests.

Nor did Pfeiffer ever offer to furnish the authorities with any information dug up by himself and the busy Di Martini and Di Martini's busy little corps of four or five detectives he called in from time to time, and who called on everybody whose words would tend to exculpate the three suspects and to inculpate Jane Gibson as a lying and discredited woman.

Indeed, the state claimed Di Martini called on Jane and told her it would pay her to keep her mouth shut and get out of the case, but Jane grabbed a shotgun and chased him off the farm. Di Martini denied ever being out there.

"I wish I had peppered him with a few birdshot; we'd know then whether he was out here or not," said Jane not long ago.

NOR were the Carpenders called before the grand jurors. The first sworn record of Henry Carpender's statement as to the affair which I have been able to dig up is dated "Somerville, August 12, 1926," though no doubt he was asked questions long before.

In 1926 he swore he was a stockbroker on Wall Street, aged forty-four; that he never knew Hall was missing till Saturday, September 16, 1922, when he arrived home from New York and his wife met him at the station with her car and told him they had found the bodies.

As to his movements on the night of Thursday, he said he and his wife drove to Highland Park, a mile from his home, and had dinner with Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Rice; remaining there from 7 to 10:30, when they went home and to bed.

P. & A. photos

Henry L. Dickman, former state trooper, and (at the right) Felix Di Martini, who had worked as a private detective in Mrs. Hall's interest.

The grand jury wound up its inquiries by calling Jane Gibson. Jane was subjected to considerable cross-examination and fared strenuously. She had been preceded by Nellie Lo Russell, a colored neighbor who had quarreled with Jane; and by others whose testimony stamped the Pig Woman as one destitute of truth.

Jane altered her story a bit, too. She said she *saw* the creaking wagon, that it was open (no top on it) and that it was a spring wagon. Her first story had been that it was too dark to see it.

She now said the auto headlights *twice* showed her the couple at the end of De Russey's Lane.

She told of her second trip to the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE DEAD UNDER THE CRAB-APPLE TREE]
Continued from page sixty-one

lane, to find her moccasin and again pick up the wagon. She had told Beekman of only one trip, but she corrected herself and then stuck to that phase of her story.

She said she had shortened her right stirrup during the ride after the wagon, and she figured that possibly while changing the buckle she had lost her moccasin. She had previously said she thought she lost it when she stumbled over the old stump.

She said she was leading Jenny (on the second trip) when she first heard the "woman screechin' and screechin'." *Then* she tied Jenny and went back to the scene. She had previously said she tied Jenny and was walking along looking for the moccasin when she first heard the woman sobbing.

She said she read of the murder in a newspaper on Sunday, September 17. Previously she had said she didn't know about it for about a week. And later at the trial she said she didn't know about the murders until just before Hayes was arrested.

The grand jury simply dropped the case. They adjourned without finding a bill and let it lie over.

And the case gradually died out of the public prints. The celebrated Hall-Mills murder was about to take its place among the other unsolved crimes of American history—without even the arrest of the persons identified under oath by an alleged eye-witness—though Hayes had been grabbed immediately on a story so flimsy that even the authorities were persuaded he had nothing to do with it.

In New York City at the time of the murder was a newspaper man named Philip A. Payne. He was managing editor of the New York Daily News, and he had exhausted all his experience and resources and the energies of his staff in trying to bring somebody to trial for the murders.

Time passed and he became managing editor of the New York Daily Mirror, another tabloid newspaper.

IN the spring of 1926 it came to his ears that there existed a calling card bearing the name and address of the murdered rector. This card, Payne's informant said, was found propped against the dead man's heel, evidently so anybody finding it would know who he was, with the result that he would not be carted off to a strange morgue.

There had been talk of this card at the time, but it had been placed among Dr. Hall's effects and evidently forgotten. Payne was told that a subsequent examination disclosed that the card bore a fingerprint. It was obvious that if this print could be identified it would decisively establish its maker's presence at the murder, and, *per se*, his participation in it.

Payne was also told that a state trooper named Henry L. Dickman might be able to talk interestingly about the killings. Dickman, it seemed, had worked on the mystery long after everybody had dropped it—and had suddenly resigned from the force and disappeared.

Payne got busy. Dickman was traced across the country to a cell in the Alcatraz military prison in San Francisco Bay. He had joined the army and deserted, been recaptured, tried, and sentenced to prison. He told somebody that he had been given $2,500 by Prosecutor Beekman to drop his solo investigation, get out of New Jersey, and forget it.

Payne exerted sufficient pressure to have a warrant issued for Mrs. Hall charging her with murder, and she was arrested late one night and put in a cell. The whole state was aroused, particularly that partisan section which resented the revival of the affair. Governor Moore was then persuaded to appoint a special prosecutor, and he selected State Senator Alexander Simpson, a celebrated member of the New Jersey bar.

P. & A. photo

A bathing party that included Dr. Hall and Mrs. Mills. He is in the back row, the only man in the group. She is down in front, alone. At the left end of the seated row is Minnie (Mrs. Addison) Clark, who figured in the investigation as an important witness.

P. & A. photo

Willie Stevens in court. Behind him is Henry Carpender.

WITNESSES were rushed before a grand jury and indictments obtained against Mrs. Hall, Willie and Henry Stevens, and Henry Carpender. There was gripping suspense as their fingerprints were compared to the one shown on the card—and vast excitement when it was announced that the mark was that of Willie Stevens. In deference to general feeling, Simpson tolerantly admitted Mrs. Hall to $40,000 bail; but the men were kept in jail till the trial ended.

Simpson sensed resentment in Somerset County and asked the state's three supreme court justices for a change of venue, on the ground that if it had taken four years even to get an indictment it would be manifestly an idle gesture to bring the prisoners before a local petit jury. He stressed the fact, which he called astonishing, that the imposing legal battery retained by the defendants fought bitterly against holding the trial elsewhere, and he remarked that innocent people didn't care where they were tried. Two of the judges declined to give the prosecution another venue.

The case was set for hearing November 3, 1926. Simpson had to consent to the calling of a panel of "struck" jurymen. This means, under New Jersey law, that if a man is called for jury service and is not used, he is available until he is disposed of. Somerset County had had little use for jurors for a long time, so Simpson perforce accepted some veniremen who had originally been called years before.

Court opened at the appointed day and hour in the Somerville courthouse. The trial lasted five weeks. There were 170 witnesses; 193 exhibits were introduced by the state and 169 by the defense. The transcript contained 5,522 typed pages averaging 200 words, or more than 1,100,000 words in all. Incidentally, in preparing this article I had likewise to read another million words in type about the original investigation, affidavits, depositions, statements, police reports, etc. In the cellar of the building was installed the same telephone switchboard which had been placed beneath the ring at the first Dempsey-Tunney fight; and literally hundreds of reporters and photographers were assigned to cover the trial.

The presiding justice was Charles W. Parker, with County Judge Frank L. Cleary sitting beside him. Arrayed against the little state senator was a group of lawyers dubbed the "Billion-Dollar Defense" by the newspaper writers. It included State Senators Robert H. McCarter and Clarence E. Case; two New York at-

torneys, Timothy N. Pfeiffer and Nathaniel J. Palzer; and three other prominent lawyers, Augustus C. Struder, A. Dudley Watson, and Robert H. Neilson.

Simpson called for a severance and left Henry Carpender in jail, trying Mrs. Hall and her brothers on one count of the indictment, the murder of Mrs. Mills.

The three outstanding witnesses were Mrs. Hall, Jane Gibson, and former State Trooper Dickman, who had been brought back to testify. Each of them was a sensation, both on the stand and in the newspapers.

Mrs. Gibson's appearance was indeed spectacular, almost stage-managed by the prosecution. Jane had been seriously ill in a hospital, suffering from ulcers. She was brought into the courtroom on a hospital stretcher and placed on a bed before the bench and the jury box. A physician and a nurse hovered over her, feeling her brow and pulse and guarding her during the direct and cross examinations.

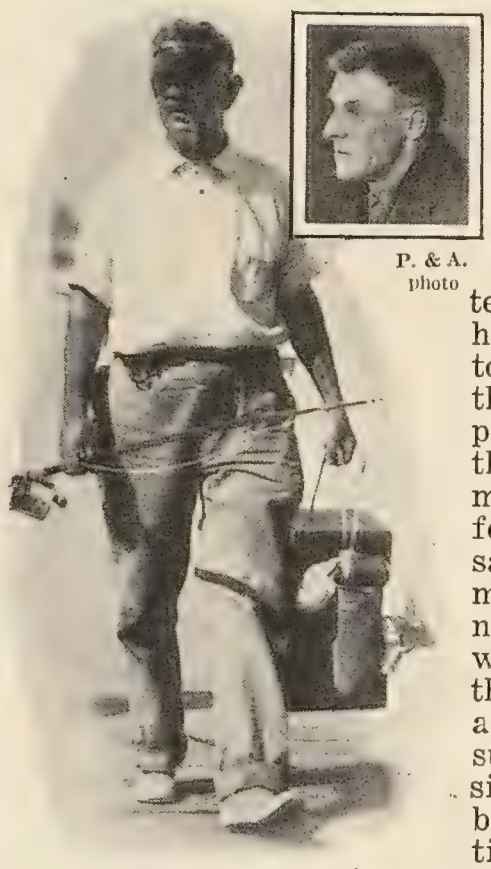
She told more or less the same story, except that now she said that during the struggle between the men she had heard one of them say: "God damn it, let go!" She also said that on the second trip she heard men speaking as well as the woman "screechin' and screechin'."

Jane weakly pointed out the three defendants, and identified Henry Carpender when he was brought in and made to stand beside her bed.

The defense attacked the Pig Woman bitterly, trying to make her confess adulteries and prevarications they attributed to her. She denied each charge and innuendo as strongly as she could in her feeble condition.

MRS. HALL was as cool and composed as a block of ice, answering every insinuation and every open charge with denials and an attitude in which she never wavered.

Scarcely less engrossing were other witnesses: Willie, who, though puerile-minded, made a hit even with Simpson by his politeness and eagerness to relate the story he had thought of for four years; Henry Stevens, who clung firmly to his bluefish episode and alibi; Charlotte, who told about her mother's last day alive and her letters to the preacher; Gorsline, who blew hot and cold as he sullenly related the ride he took with Catherine Rastall to the popular trysting jungle of New Brunswick lovers; the aristocratic Carpenders; stately Senator Florence, who told how he had stepped out of the criminal case his wards were involved in; Phil Payne, whose journalistic frenzy and energy resurrected the atrocity and brought about the trial, and who was later to die in mid-ocean while trying to fly to Rome; Louise Geist, who now, for the first time, said she saw Mrs. Hall replace the receiver when Mrs. Mills phoned that last time and Dr. Hall answered from the upstairs extension; Felix Di Martini, who insisted that his detecting was not solely in behalf of Mrs. Hall and her brothers, but was zealously done to bring the murderers to justice; Attorney Pfeiffer, who admitted that from September, 1922, when he took charge of the Hall-Stevens interests, until April, 1923, he never made any offer to the state to help solve the crime; two finger-print experts, who said the card bore Willie's mark, and two others, for the defense, who said it didn't; and a multitude of lesser witnesses who disclosed the welter of violations of the Ten Commandments and the lying and the subterfuges and evasions practiced by members of the congregation and the choir of Dr. Hall's church.



P. & A. photo

International photo

Henry Stevens in angling togs at Lavalette, New Jersey, and (above) Art Applegate, who supported Stevens' alibi.

CAME the day of the final addresses to the jury. Senator McCarter upheld the innocence of his clients, denounced the state, and practically accused James Mills of committing the crime.

Following this orator came his colleague, Senator Case, who, fearing the jury might not care for Mills as the killer, practically accused Jane Gibson of having slain the couple.

And then Simpson closed in a desperate effort to fix a verdict of guilty on the trio who, he was convinced, had assassinated the adulterous pair.

He recited the burial without autopsy or inquest; the eagerness to arrest Clifford Hayes but to shield Mrs. Hall under identical circumstances; the failure of the original grand jury to indict after a positive identification; the presence of Mrs. Mills' last letter to the pastor, which was found between the bodies with her other letters, and the enigma as to how those letters, particularly that last one, came to be there; the fact that Mrs. Hall had amended her story in vital particulars; her refusal to offer any reward for the solution of the crime and the apprehension of the guilty, though she could and did spend $5,090 for Di Martini's services, and nobody knows how much for Pfeiffer's fee and

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE DEAD UNDER THE CRAB-APPLE TREE
Continued from page sixty-three]

expenses; the scientific infallibility of the fingerprint system of identification; the matter of motive; and finally, the antagonism felt toward him, Senator Simpson, by the jurymen of Somerset County.

The jurors withdrew at 1:52 P. M. Friday, December 3, and returned at 6:49 with a verdict of not guilty for all three defendants.

It is customary, in entering a *nolle prosequi* to other counts in an indictment, to wait a week or so after the verdict is in. But the very next day, Senator Simpson having resigned as special prosecutor, Att rney General Edward L. Katzenbach came in person from Trenton to move the quashing of the indictments against the quartet for the death of Dr. Hall. Simpson received no fee for his work, but it cost Somerset County about $50,000 for trial and witness expenses.

Dr. Edward W. Hall, murdered September 14, 1922. For his murder no one has been tried.

And that ended the legal aspect of the great Hall-Mills murder mystery, ended it definitely and forever—unless, of course, new evidence of a convincing character comes to light incriminating somebody in the murder of the rector.

I HAVE told the story without partiality or bias, confining myself to the legal record.

Today the case is merely a memory. Mrs. Hall and Willie still live in their mansion on Nicholl Avenue, a few blocks from the vine-clad church where Dr. Pettit now occupies the pulpit and study that were Edward Hall's.

Mrs. Hall and Willie and Henry Carpender each sued William Randolph Hearst and the New York Daily Mirror for a million dollars for alleged libel. These suits were recently settled out of court.

James Mills lives around the corner in the same wretched rooms. He still is janitor at the Lord Stirling school across the street. Charlotte worked for a while as a newspaper woman. Later she went on the stage. Today she is again in obscurity.

Henry Stevens still prowls the waters of Barnegat Bay for bluefish.

The Carpenders all pursue the level plane of their prominence.

Jane Gibson still yodels prandial summonses to her chickens and goats —goats having replaced her Poland China pigs.

Henry Dickman vanished, possibly to serve out his time as an army deserter.

Gorsline walks warily as he pursues his earnest path of vestryman and parishioner.

NOT long ago I went out to travel over the road taken that tragic night by Jane Gibson and Jenny the mule. Everything is about the same from where the lane leaves Hamilton Road, now paved, and goes up and down hill and through woodlands to Easton Avenue, two miles away.

But where the crab-apple tree stood, and the little cedars to which Jane tied Jenny, and the Phillips farmhouse, today is a real-estate development. At the south end of the new street lined with modern homes is one whose garage stands directly over the spot where Jane says she saw Frances Stevens Hall kneeling in the moonlight, sobbing and doing something to "two dark shadows that lay under the crab-apple tree."

And so the case closes. Oh, yes, there was one more victim. One day not long after the Pig Woman got into the picture and voiced her identifications, Jenny the mule came home limping from a neighboring field. On her shoulder was a strange lump. She brayed and Jane came running.

And even as Jane stood caressing the lump, Jenny turned her large brown eyes on her mistress, quivered, and keeled over dead.

"Somebody," said the Pig Woman sadly, "somebody that doesn't like me stuck a poisoned needle into Jenny and she died at my feet."

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

The Accolade

While visiting friends in Florida, the seven-year-old son and I became chums. One afternoon we sat on the porch playing casino and I would play low cards so he could build on the board. After I played he would scoop the cards up and exclaim: "Thank you, kid!" And I am a man past fifty.—William Bliss, 214 Seventh St. N., Minneapolis, Minn.

Therefore Valuable

A little girl was playing with a neighbor boy, who wished to take her tin truck. She refused so impolitely that her aunt took the toy and let the boy play with it. Whereupon the tot said:

"Aunty, I would have let him have anything else, but that was my antique."—Mrs. N. D. Hillis, 10 Gramatan Gardens, Bronxville, N. Y.

Cakes for Beginners

By Ethel Somers

Before combining with the milk (unless oil is used) the fat is melted and must be kept at an even, warm temperature to insure perfect emulsion through the cake batter.

THE secret of making a feathery, fluffy cake of velvety smoothness lies chiefly in the blending of the ingredients at the start and the maintenance of this creamy texture throughout the mixing and beating processes. A fine-textured cake is the result of a thorough emulsion. As I emphasized in my analysis last week, even the flour must be brought to an emulsified creaminess.

The richer the cake recipe in its proportion of fat, the more cautiously must the mixture be blended to a smooth cream as the sugar is gradually worked into the butter with a pliable spatula, a wooden cake spoon, or more swiftly by electrical beating.

Many seemingly trivial directions in cake making are extremely important. In this hurried age it is easy to miss entirely these points and then to wonder what has damaged the product. To help you to achieve better cakes with all recipes, we presented last week some delicious cake recipes with a detailed how-and-why method of mixing rich shortened cakes.

Sift all dry ingredients together into the mixing bowl, including even soda.

But beginners are advised to select cheaper cake recipes, such as the two below, until they have thoroughly learned the technique of cake making. Cakes less rich in fat do not involve the manipulation required in mixing richer cakes.

Such cakes, however, should be served warm, either fresh or reheated. Below will be found a how-and-why analysis of their preparation.

Quick Cake

2 eggs
½ cup cream or enough to fill the cup after the eggs are broken in it*
1 cup sugar
1⅞ cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon flavoring

*Measure the eggs unbeaten with the cream and beat the two together until light.

Date Cake

1 cup hot water
1 cup chopped dates (Pour hot water on the dates and let stand until cool)
1 egg
1¾ cups flour
1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon cocoa
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon cloves
1 cup nuts (the oil of the nuts takes the place of shortening)

Muffin Method of Mixing Easy Cakes

How	Why	How	Why
If the sugar is coarse or lumpy, roll it fine by crushing under a rolling-pin.	Lumps or coarse granules of sugar will make large damp holes in the finished product.	Bake in oiled loaf, layer, or cup-cake pans. Loaf cakes are baked in a moderate oven (350° F.) for twenty minutes and then at 375° F. for from twenty to thirty minutes longer, depending on the thickness of the cake. Layer cakes or cup cakes are baked in a moderate oven (350° F.) for ten minutes and then at 375° F. for from fifteen to twenty minutes longer.	The difference in time and temperature required is to accommodate the thickness of the cake being baked. The cake must become heated to the center and thoroughly risen before the outside crusts over; otherwise there will be a more or less volcanic eruption or a cracked peak on top of the cake. A perfect product is quite level on top.
Mix and sift dry ingredients.	In order to distribute the flavoring ingredients and baking powder evenly.		
Melt the butter or substitute. (If an oil, use ⅞ cup for each cup of butter listed.)	Cakes not rich in shortening are more quickly mixed by melting the fat or using oil.		
Add the melted fat to the milk. The melted fat should be hot enough so that it does not solidify in the cold milk and yet not hot enough to heat the milk.	Melted fat blended throughout the milk will quickly and easily emulsify through the cake batter and produce an even texture. If the fat is too hot and heats the milk there is a loss of leavening gases produced by the baking powder. If the fat solidifies in the milk it will not distribute itself evenly.		
Add the liquid flavoring to the melted fat-milk mixture, dry spices and flavorings having been sifted with the dry ingredients.	This insures a more thorough blending and a better flavored product.		
Lightly stir the combined liquids into the sifted dry ingredients. Too much stirring will toughen the product. It should be stirred fast from one-half to one minute according to the amount of fat and eggs used.	Too much stirring in the cheaper cakes wastes leavening gases and thereby produces a heavier product streaked with long tunnels.		

ANOTHER page of hows and whys in cake making. And you'll find more in Miss Somers' three Liberty cookbooks. The price of each book is 10 cents; but you may have all three for 25 cents. Send for them today, using the coupon.

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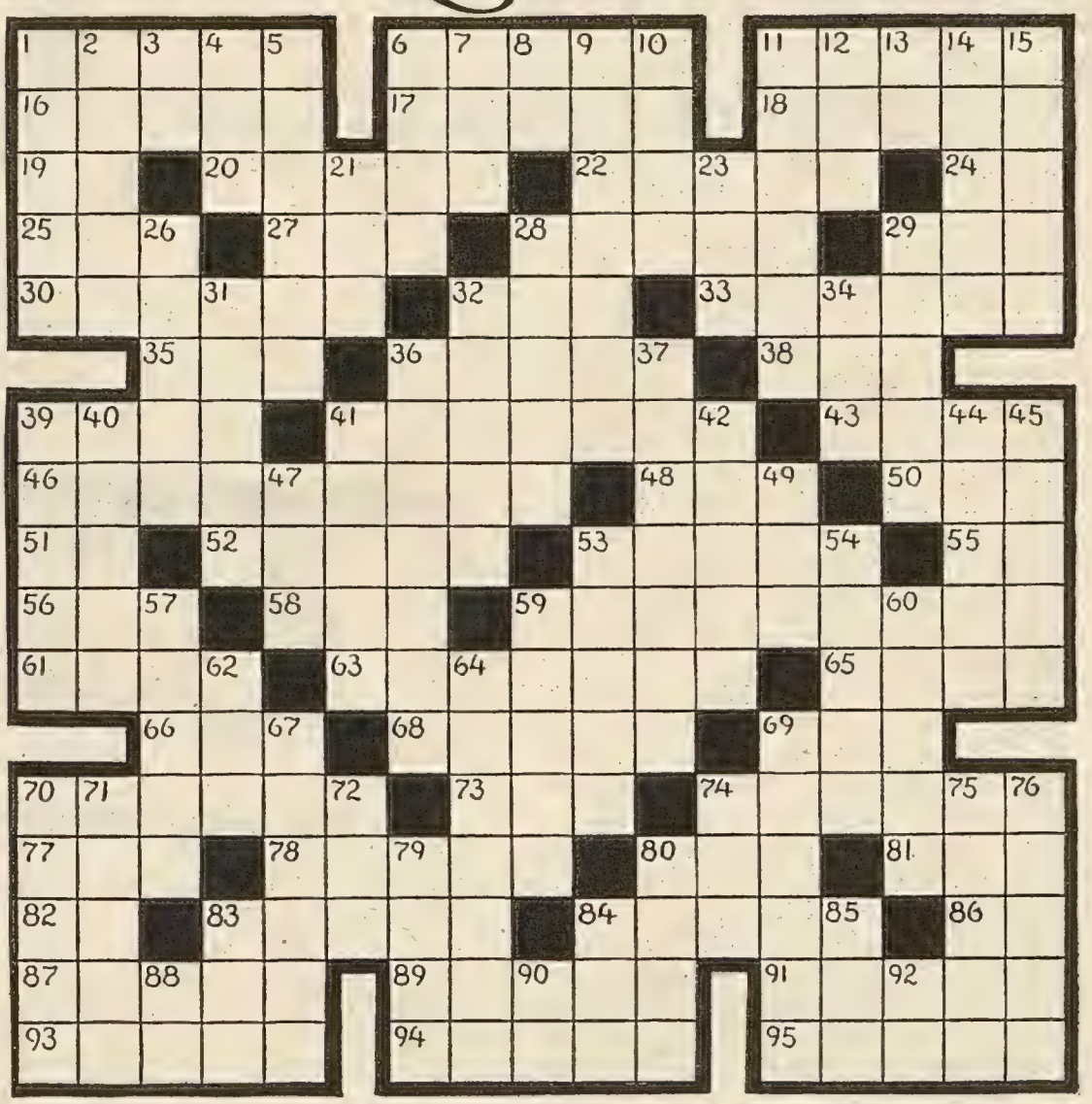
Two New Puzzles:

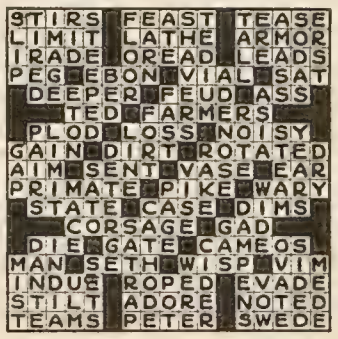


HORIZONTAL

1 Deer
6 Boxes
11 Auctions
16 Mark to indicate an insertion
17 Beast of burden
18 Heavy cord
19 Printer's measure
20 An engine
22 Woman's name
24 Prefix: down
25 Fresh
27 Authoritative rule
28 Leather thong
29 Total
30 Tracked
32 A wing
33 Shallow dishes
35 A vehicle
36 Strike
38 Compass point
39 Son of Adam
41 Expiators
43 Gehenna
46 Fondling
48 Measure of length
50 Coin of Roumania
51 Pronoun
52 Existing
53 Strips of covering
55 One indefinitely
56 To put on
58 Label
59 Making plump
61 Break suddenly
63 Goddess of retribution
65 Stake in poker
66 By way of
68 Memento
69 Appropriate
70 Cavort
73 Noise
74 Declare
77 Greasy liquid
78 Waits upon
80 It is
81 Greek letter
82 Form of to be
83 Ethical
84 Veins of ore
86 Preposition
87 Spanish title of courtesy
89 Lakes or pools
91 Gleamed
93 Silkworms
94 American Indians
95 Withers

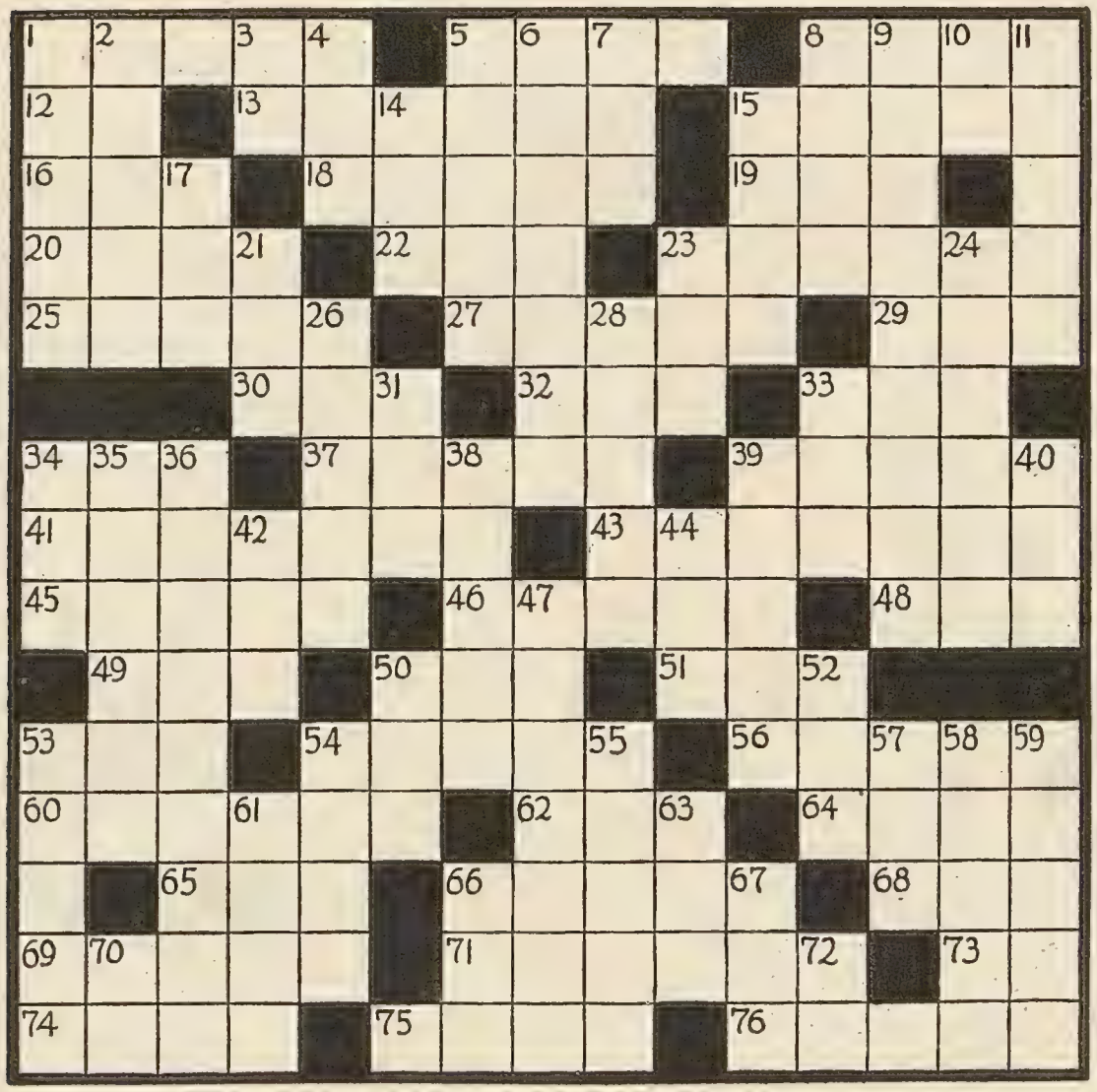
VERTICAL

1 Odor
2 More docile
3 Measure of area
4 Kind of light muffin
5 Purloined
6 Flat-bottomed boat
7 Equality
8 Exist
9 Redeclare
10 Pass over lightly
11 Fastening device
12 Beard, as of grain
13 Chinese measure
14 Invest
15 Appears to be
21 Street urchin
23 Undermine
26 Hesitate
28 Hanging bandage
29 Metal alloy
31 Biblical name (I Chron.)
32 Surrounded by
34 A tree
36 Sharp organ of some insects
37 Irregular; changeable
39 Sour substances
40 A wand
41 Asiatic
42 Classifies
44 Leaned
45 A sudden thrust
47 Put in place
49 River in Scotland
53 A little bay
54 Fasteners
57 Pertaining to ships
59 Genus which includes cats
60 Bury
62 A fastener
64 Interferers
67 Stage players
69 To rate for taxes
70 To balance
71 Part of a stair
72 Ever
74 Assistance
75 River in Germany
76 Character of sound (plural)
79 Title
80 Throw
83 Extinct bird
84 A shelter
85 Pronoun
88 Symbol for nickel
90 Japanese measure
92 Either



Answer to last week's puzzle

Take Your Choice



HORIZONTAL

1 Sever with scissors
5 Conform to metrical rules
8 Foul, filthy covering floating on a liquid
12 Exclamation
13 Wall separating two cavities (biology)
15 The shaft of a feather (zoölogy)
16 Pronoun
18 The Pope's triple crown
19 Chinese dynasty
20 Toward the sea
22 A thing of no account
23 Tract of soft, wet ground
25 Seaport of Scotland
27 Rekindled
29 Female hare
30 The absolute (theosophy)
32 Sebaceous cyst
33 A tree
34 One hundred thousand
37 Become overheated or parched
39 Spanish lariat
41 Members of a southwest African tribe
43 Village in Barnstable County, Mass.
45 Wind round a cleat
46 Luster
48 Comprehend
49 No
50 A mound
51 Free from charges or deductions
53 Ecclesiastic's title (abbr.)
54 Native of a city in Italy
56 Large wave moving up a river
60 Peaceful
62 Grassland
64 Deity of ancient Semitic races
65 Fabulous bird
66 Mortgages
68 Lip of a cup
69 Exultant
71 Set down in writing
73 Japanese measure
74 Renowned Italian actress
75 Solicits alms
76 German or Austrian rifleman (variant)

VERTICAL

1 To become shallow gradually
2 Stow away in a safe place (nautical)
3 While
4 Steep
5 One of a series of steps
6 Birds of the snipe family
7 Ecclesiastical wine vessel
8 Disfigure
9 Natives of a British domain
10 Above
11 River in France
14 Something used in the game of bowls
15 Small globular mass of lead
17 Brazilian coin
21 One sixty-fourth of a tical
23 Egyptian god of procreation
24 Sally
26 One who is rapacious
28 River of forgetfulness (class. myth.)
31 Moreover
33 Boggy land
34 A stroke at tennis
35 An officer of the king's stables (hist.)
36 County in California
38 Equines
39 Indian princess
40 Character in Peer Gynt
42 Woman's nickname
44 Japanese coin
47 Restoring to health
50 A twitching
52 Tag or appendage
53 Severed by splitting
54 Coin of East India
55 Urgencies
57 A fish
58 Incite to tumult
59 Man's name
61 Record or set down in writing
63 Species of blackbird
66 Lay, as of land
67 Hordeolum
70 Symbol for an element
72 Assyrian deity

T	O	S	S		T	R	A	P	S		S	C	A	R
A	D	I	T		R	O	M	I	C		H	O	V	E
B	E	L	A	T	E	D		L	O	B	A	T	E	D
			R	A	Y		P	A	P	E	R			
S	P	U	R	N		F	E	T	E		P	L	A	T
E	U	R	Y		M	A	C	E		B	E	I	G	E
C	E	N		W	O	R	K		B	E	S	T	E	D
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M	A	L	O	D	O	R		A	I	L	E	R	O	N
U	S	E	D		P	A	I	R	S		N	A	V	E
T	H	U	S		E	S	N	E	S		E	N	O	W

Answer to last week's puzzle

Herpicide

Healthy hair - *essential to well groomed appearance*

This simple "1-2-3 *Method*" for men removes dandruff, saves the hair and keeps it well-groomed.

1. *Shampoo the hair at suitable intervals with Herpicide Tar Soap.*
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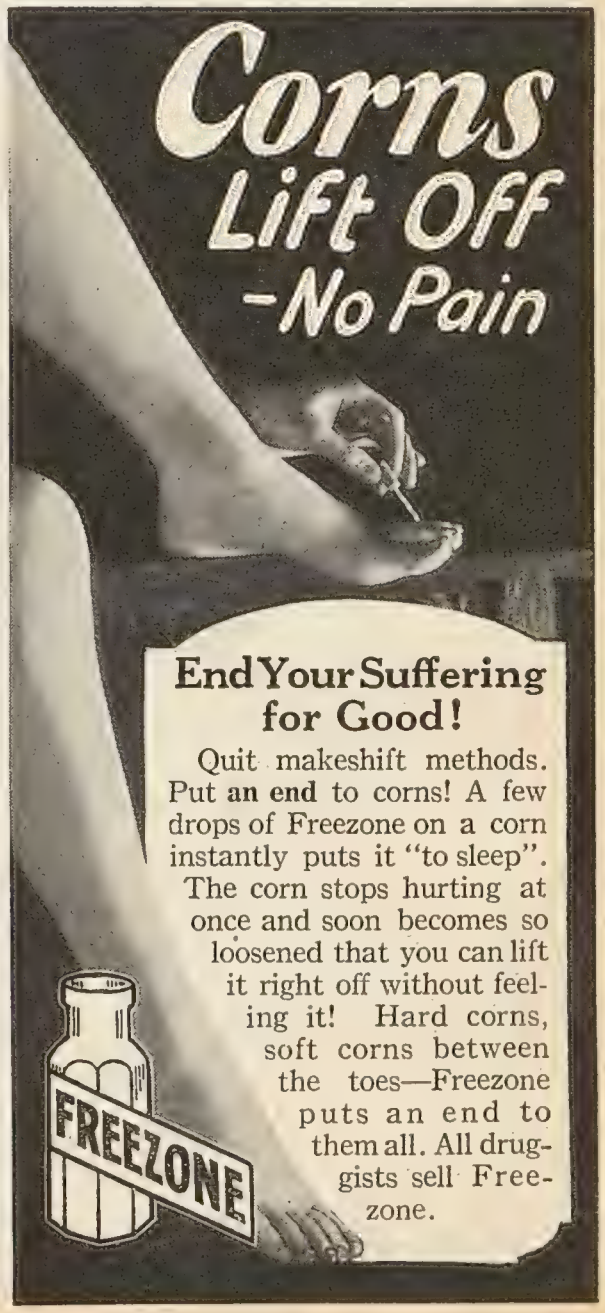

No Fat at Forty

for wise women of today

Mothers look like daughters

Excess fat comes at middle age to many. Science has learned the reason. A certain gland, which largely controls nutrition, loses its activity. Too much food goes to fat. No starvation, no hard work can rectify that condition.

Modern medical research has found the way. It feeds the lacking substance. Physicians the world over now employ this method in the treatment of obesity.

A famous medical laboratory embodied this method in Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for over 20 years—millions of boxes of them. You can see the results in every circle that you enter. Slender figures are the rule. Excess fat is nowhere near as common as it was.

These results do not depend on abnormal exercise or diet. They come from correcting a gland deficiency, which is really a disease.

Every box of Marmola contains the formula, also the scientific reasons for results. You will know exactly why the fat departs, the new health and vigor comes.

Try this method. It has brought to countless people, for more than 20 years, new youth and vigor, new beauty and new joy. Let it do as much for you. Take four tablets daily and watch the results. You will be delighted. Don't wait longer. Start at once.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets

The Pleasant Way to Reduce

Opera Night

A New For the Love o' Lil

OPERA night in Lil's home town. The Chicago Grand Opera Company only stayed for one performance, but that was the social event of the winter. The Auditorium was crowded with low-cut gowns and new evening wraps. The balcony's first six rows became the Grand Tier, and the rest of the seats upstairs turned into the Dress Circle!

"Oh!" Lil breathed. "I was never so excited. It may be only the old Auditorium, but it's as thrilling as the Paris Opera House to me!" She and Sandy were in a box, spying down upon the less élite in the orchestra.

"Hand me the glasses," Sandy said. "There's old man Moss in the front row with his folding opera hat. If I had his two million I'd buy a real lid. I dress better and I only have half a million." He was using the long-handled fifty-dollar glasses quite gingerly.

This week's cover picture

"Better stick in a *had*," she told him. "You had half a mil in January, but a lot has flowed under the bridge. There's the mayor's wife looking at me. If I were that fat I wouldn't wear red. Did you read the plot in the libretto? I spent a quarter on it. It's Tosca sung in Italian, dear."

"It'll all sound Greek to me," he said.

The pale lights dimmed, then went out. The wine-colored curtains draped upward. The orchestra set to work like busy black bugs sawing upon daisy stems. There was the Church of Sant' Andrea alla Valle in Rome—and Giuseppe Paltrianni himself!

With a clink of jewelry and buttons Lil and Sandy bent over the hollow brass rail. The great Paltrianni! There he was, swanking around in a queer costume and swelling his chest with operatic, acrobatic expansion. Oh, Lil was so thrilled.

"To think he's coming to our house for an after-the-opera supper!" she whispered twice very quickly. She might have whispered it again but for the *sh-sh-shing* of people who were trying to get into an Italian spell. "See Leonora Ranselle? She's coming, too."

The audience anguished during the torturing scene, a few shrieked when Scarpia was stabbed, many cried when Mario was shot—and there wasn't a dry eye after Tosca's suicide! It was just 11 P. M. when the sun finally rose over the dome of St. Peter's, and the best people in Lil's home town went home to bed.

"You live extravagantly," Paltrianni said as he flicked his cigarette at one of the stone lions in front of Lil's house. She knew what kind he smoked. She'd read the ad in every paper. "Your home is a palace. It could easily grace sunny San Remo."

"Where's that?" Addie Rimer asked Sandy. Addie had adenoids and hoped to get into grand opera by meeting Ranselle at Lil's. But Ranselle accepted a funnier bid: Ping pong with the president of the wire works. That's the kind of soprano she turned out to be.

"Meadows," Lil called in a stage voice when they were all in the hall. No answer. "Meadows!" No answer. "MEADOWS!" She was now so nervous she was sure she'd choke on the artichokes.

They went into the dining room. Where was the table heaped with goodies, wine, cakes, sandwiches, artichoke salad, and favors? Only Meadows knew, but he wouldn't tell. He was semireclining, with popped-open collar and empty glass, enjoying a drunkard's dream.

(Next week's cover adventure: Nobility.)

She thought how lovely it would be to have someone always at hand who would call for the check and sign it.

Pride of the FAMILY

A Story for Snobs in Love

By ELMER DAVIS

Pictures by WILL FOSTER

HE called for the check and signed it. Marcia Closson, relaxed in the benign dreaminess that follows a luncheon of quantity as well as quality, saw his eyebrows lift ever so slightly as he read the total (even yet, he hadn't quite got over being astonished at what things cost) and then relax in resigned acquiescence as he added up the items mentally and recognized that the total was right. She watched his thick, strong fingers tighten on the fountain pen (he never held anything loosely) and write with an easy fluency that betrayed nothing of the nervous tumult which, she knew, had been seething in him ever since he delivered his ultimatum. . . . And in her too.

Staring at the curl of smoke ascending from her cigarette—an innocuous nicotineless cigarette, for since that illness last winter she had to be careful—she thought how lovely it would be to have someone always at hand who would call for the check and sign it; someone who didn't have to fumble in a purse, and wonder why the seven dollars that had been there this morning had shrunk to five, but who simply reached for his fountain pen; and whose signature was accepted with grateful enthusiasm whether it adorned a check for lunch, or a check for a yacht, or a check for a three-million-dollar estate at Locust Valley.

Her resistance had been proof against the yacht, even against the country estate; but if he kept on buying her lunches like this one . . .

And then she looked at his pock-marked moon face, hot and red even here in the cool recesses of the restaurant, and knew that it was unthinkable. Edith and Horace, if they ever saw him, would agree that it was unthinkable. She'd always known that.

He put away the pen and stared at her thoughtfully.

"Well, Marcia, I've said my say. This is the last time. The Ile de France sails at one o'clock Saturday morning; till then, you've only got to say the word. Even if you don't say it till five minutes of one you're all right; besides the suite reserved for us there's one reserved for you. You can just climb aboard and sleep for a week—it would do you good—and we can be married in Paris. But if you're not there—"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[PRIDE OF THE FAMILY
Continued from preceding page]

"Other women will be?" she supplied in an effort at sarcasm that didn't quite come off. Of course other women would be there; they had been trying to attract his attention for four years past—ever since the arid Montana acres that he had been dry-farming had turned out to have twenty or fifty or a hundred million dollars' worth of oil under them.

"They will," he said. "And for the first time since I've known you, I'll be there too. I've waited for you to learn to like me—"

"You know I like you!" she said fiercely. You're—well, it's a queer thing to like anybody for, nowadays, but you're good. I've caught you helping people, when you thought nobody'd find you out—"

"I've been helped in my time," he muttered in some embarrassment. "Might as well pass it on. But look here! If you like me—well, you can't tell me you think you have to be crazy in love with a man before you marry him. Not you!"

"Why not me? Because I'm broke?"

"No! Though," he added, "that's part of it. The sort of woman I'd want to marry would marry me for my money; that's all I've got that would attract that kind of woman. Money's useful; I was poor long enough to find that out. And a woman like you would give value. But what I meant—I know you haven't been in love lately; I doubt if you ever were, very hard. You're too—"

"Cold?" she asked, with a glitter in her eye. She suspected that she was; she'd be a successful singer if only she could put fire into it. But if *he* thought she was cold—or dared to say so—

"Too single-minded. You've always been set on getting somewhere."

"So I have," she assented. "And love takes up so much of one's time. Really, I've never been able to afford it."

"And still," he said, "you've never got anywhere. But you're too stubborn to give up. That's not sense, Marcia."

"I'm still young!" she flashed. "I'll get somewhere yet!" (Though if the doctor was right about that throat trouble last winter—)

"YES, twenty-nine's still young; but you've been trying since you were eighteen. And where have you got? You make a living as a music teacher and pick up an occasional concert engagement of summers. That's not much to show for eleven years. . . . I want a home, and children; and I know the kind of wife I want. I'm a roughneck but my sons are going to be gentlemen. I'd rather they'd be your sons—but I'm not too stubborn to give up. And I'm going to give up, at one o'clock on Saturday morning. . . . Come on, Marcia! If you like me—"

She laughed wearily.

"I do. But that's not enough, my friend."

"Why do you always call me 'my friend'?" he complained. "I've got a name."

"You have," said Marcia dully. "And that's part of it."

"What's part of what?" he growled.

She rubbed out her cigarette.

"Why I can't marry you. . . . Your name's Jake. I won't call my husband Jake. I won't be called Mrs. Jacob Oddy. It's—it's too absurd."

"No worse than a lot of names. Not the one I'd have picked, maybe, but it's the one I've got. But why do you say that's part of it?"

Marcia put off the answer to that till she had looked leisurely into the mirror of her compact, and touched a dab of powder to her nose. She wished she hadn't looked into the mirror; she looked tired today. Of course she was tired, but—

A year ago, if he'd seen her looking tired, he'd have remarked on it, with the solicitude that so infuriated her. Today he hadn't said a word; he was learning—learning from her. And some other woman would get the benefit. . . . She snapped her compact shut and looked him in the eye.

"I hate to tell you this; I honestly didn't want to tell you, ever. I don't suppose I'd do it now, if you hadn't given me a couple of cocktails. But— You look like Jake Oddy. You—you're sweet; your soul ought to be named Francis of Assisi or something. But the rest of you looks like Jake Oddy. I'm as sorry about that as you are, but there it is. We can't help it."

She knew that hurt, but he never showed hurts when they were serious.

"I take a look at my face every morning," he observed, "when I shave. Can't say I like it much, but—"

"It's not just that," said Marcia desperately. "When you—when you try to make love to me, I don't like it. I wish I did, but I don't."

HE didn't look at all sweet as he demanded:

"Do you like it when other men make love to you?"

She flushed; then, with uneasy laughter:

"I'm afraid you're the only one who's tried, lately."

"You can't tell me that. I've seen men after you—"

"None of them ever got near enough to try to make love to me!"

"You wouldn't let them, eh? And you did let me."

"Yes—but I didn't like it."

"Because you were afraid—afraid it would take your mind off that career you're chasing. Or perhaps," he conjectured, "because you weren't used to it. There's a lot you don't know, Marcia. You can get away with it now while you're young and good-looking; but you've begun to think in grooves already like an old maid. And in ten or fifteen years you'll be an old maid. Marriage would loosen you up, make you human."

She was very red; being talked to like this made her feel more human than usual. She wasn't sure whether she liked feeling human or not, but she hoped he'd go on. "Try it, Marcia!" he urged her. "If it doesn't work you can divorce me. I'd settle a million on you, and never miss it—"

That brought her back to her senses, or what she had got in the habit of calling her senses.

"Why will you say things like that?" she flared. "I'd be ashamed! I've never got anywhere—yet, but I have some pride left."

"Pride's a luxury; you and I can't afford it. I'm a roughneck and you're broke. Come on, Marcia! Take a chance!"

"Oh, it wouldn't do, my friend; it wouldn't do. We like each other now, but if we tried marriage and it didn't work we'd hate each other. I don't want you to hate me; you're too nice." She gathered up her gloves and purse. "I must be going, if I'm to catch the three fifty-five up to Ridgebury."

"Why do you have to go today? Stay in town till I sail, anyway; I won't pester you, but while you're thinking it over we can see a few shows—"

"Oh, I couldn't. Edith and Horace expect me this afternoon."

"They wouldn't shut the door in your face, would they, if you didn't show up till Saturday?"

"No, but Edith's arrangements would be upset—"

"The rest of us can stand having our engagements upset once in a while. Why can't she?"

"She wouldn't like it," said Marcia. "Besides, there's probably a letter waiting there for me—a very important letter from the management at Lake Mansora, where I sang last summer. It will tell me whether I'm reëngaged for July and August. I must know that right away."

If she weren't reëngaged, she didn't know what she'd do in July and August. Last winter's medical bills had practically abolished her bank balance.

"Call them up," he suggested, "and get them to read you the letter over the phone." And as she shook her

head— "Anyway," he growled, "there's no sense in going up in a hot, dirty train on a day like this. Let me drive you up. The car's outside."

Dreamily she pictured the car at the curb—a foreign car, custom-made, to whose unostentatious perfection the pompous opulence of the Park Avenue facades was no more than a rather shoddy background. She wished Edith and Horace could see her in that car; but if they had to see Jake Oddy beside her—

"You're awfully good," she said, "but Edith will expect me at the train."

He looked at her sharply.

"Ashamed to let Edith and Horace see me?"

"No!" But she knew her vehemence gave her away. "Why," she protested, "they've heard all about you—"

"But you never let them see me. Half a dozen times I've seen you off to Ridgebury, but you never took me along. . . . Well, I don't blame you. I guess I make a better impression out of sight."

"OH, I'm rotten to you," she sighed despairingly. "I don't see why you want to marry me. I can't believe you're still in love with me."

"Maybe not," he agreed, to her astonishing annoyance. "But there's something about you—I suppose it's a hangover from that first night we met, when I was just a busted dry farmer, hunting you up after that concert at Great Falls because I'd never seen anything like you before."

"Yes," she sighed, her eyes dark with the memory. "That was the highest I ever got, that tour. And I thought I was only beginning—"

"You were just a kid then," he recalled. "And the way you looked that night, and the way you sang—you were everything I'd ever wanted, and never had, and thought I never would have. Five hundred million dollars wouldn't buy what you meant to me that night. I'll never get over that."

She was afraid she would never get over it either. After five years he still saw her as a girl radiant with hope; and she still saw him as an awkward, stammering nobody with dirty fingernails and what she supposed must have been a celluloid collar. His fantastic triumphs on the stock market hadn't made her forget the awkward farmer; the silken perfection of his forty-dollar imported shirts hadn't blotted out the memory of that celluloid collar.

"Funny," she mused. "Because, in a way, that's what Edith and Horace feel about me. They're successful and I'm not; but back home in Georgia—well, Edith was just my little cousin off at boarding school, and I was the Pride of the Family. I had a voice that was going to take me into the Metropolitan Opera Company. . . . And Horace Poulton was crazy about me."

"Oh!" he said. "And you—"

"Well, I was probably as much in

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

So many beautiful women

have found in Daggett & Ramsdell's PERFECT COLD CREAM the means of keeping their youth and beauty, that it is no wonder they have joyfully accepted the two newcomers to this famous family.

PERFECT CLEANSING CREAM is the lovely, peach-colored cream that does not have to be worked into the skin. It is so soft and light that it fairly melts into the pores of its own accord cleansing them of dust, powder and other impurities. And it is easily removed with cleansing tissues, leaving the skin delightfully clear and soft again. Perfect Cleansing Cream is unexcelled for *quick* cleansing. Use it several times a day—whenever you want to give your skin a quick, thorough cleansing. In attractive jars, 75c.

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[PRIDE OF THE FAMILY
Continued from page seventy-one]

love with him as I've ever been with anybody. But I kept wondering if I could take Horace and a career too, and I put him off; and then my little cousin Edith came back from school. And Horace—well, he didn't even give me till one o'clock Saturday morning to change my mind. . . . Oh, that's all over," she added hastily as she noticed his uneasiness. "We laugh at it now; they're like brother and sister to me. I spend every June with them after my teaching season is over. But you can see that it flatters me in my less cheerful moments to visit two people who still see me as the Pride of the Family."

"So they've never got over it," he grunted. "And you've never got over it either. No wonder you're too stubborn to give up. . . . It's hard to get through to you Southerners; you're so damned sure you are what you are, even when you're not, any more. . . . Well, I can see why you don't want them to see me. I'm nobody for the Pride of the Family to be seen with."

That was precisely the truth; but she felt a desperate need to persuade him that it wasn't.

"Oh, don't be stupid!" She rose in headlong decision. "Come—drive me up to Ridgebury, and stay for dinner."

He grinned; but behind the grin he was studying her with a disturbing intentness, not at all like his usual ready acquiescence.

"It will probably do you good," he observed, "to find out what they think of me . . . and what I think of them."

II

HE was at his best on the long drive up to Ridgebury. Warmed by that companionship, she felt a heady sense of triumph at descending from a twenty-thousand-dollar car before the Poultons' twenty-thousand-dollar house with their year-before-last Buick parked in the driveway. So the Pride of the Family should arrive to visit her little cousin and the man she hadn't been willing to marry. . . . But thereafter, Jake Oddy was at his absolute worst.

He was mopping his hot red brow as he went up with her to meet Edith and Horace in the doorway; he tried to put his handkerchief away before he shook hands, but he only succeeded in dropping it, and he was stooping over to pick it up as he stammered his "Pleased to meet you." Edith and Horace managed to carry the introduction over that abyss; but as Marcia followed Edith up to the guest room she heard Oddy, in the hall below, reopening the conversation with a hearty, generous "Nice little place you've got here."

IT wasn't like him, she thought miserably. He *never* said or did things like that when he was alone with her; if she had a year to train him—intensively—he'd never do them at all. For she knew it was only nerves; she'd kept him from meeting Edith and Horace for so long that he must have built up a picture of them as the embodiment of the world she had been born in—a world that to Jake Oddy in his three-million-dollar estate at Locust Valley still seemed as remote and glamorous as it had looked to a bankrupt dry farmer in a celluloid collar. . . . She could train him out of that habit of mind, too, if she married him—

But before the eyes of Edith and Horace, she was ashamed to think of marrying him. All through dinner, and the excruciating hour after dinner when they all smoked together on the screened porch, he kept on saying and doing the wrong thing, till a belated perception reduced him to immovable silence. Edith and Horace, of course, were at their smooth, well mannered best; and Marcia knew that no matter how perfectly he might behave thereafter, they would always remember him as they had seen him tonight. She was ashamed—for him, not of him, she perceived with surprise; as if she belonged with him in this alien household, instead of with Edith and Horace in that triple alliance that had lasted since they were all children together, back home in Georgia.

WHY FAMOUS MEN OF

"I always use Barbasol because it gives me a cleaner, closer shave and leaves the skin feeling soothed and refreshed."

William Faversham

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM

. . . America's most distinguished actor whose artistry has made him the idol of the theatre-going public.

But at last he said he must be getting back to town. Edith and Horace said good-by to him on the screened porch. Marcia walked with him to the door, and paused in the entryway while he looked at her with hopeless misery.

"I've cooked myself!" he groaned. "Oh, of course I knew I was falling over my own feet every time I said anything; but I couldn't seem to stop."

"Stage fright," said Marcia. "I've felt it, too."

"But you never showed it. That's the difference between your kind and my kind. No wonder I get on your nerves when you're used to men of Poulton's caliber."

"Horace isn't such a big gun," she said dryly.

"No, but he's the kind you're used to. All through dinner I could see that you were thinking about what he and his wife thought of me, not what you thought of me. And I guess that settles it. I could see you being sorry for me—but that's not enough."

She gasped; it was the first time he had ever said that anything would not be enough. He was different—no longer the red-faced blunderer of the dinner table, the abject devotee who had tagged at her heels for years. . . . If only he'd begun being different sooner—

"I don't know," she said, rather startled. "If I can think it over till Saturday—" (She wished she had time to get acquainted with this new Jake Oddy who looked at her as if she were any other woman.) "Because I do like you—Jake." She had trouble getting out the name.

"YOU might call me just J, you know," he reminded her. "Think it over. But whether you say yes or no, let me tell you something. You liked me coming up in the car; but before we'd been here ten minutes you were seeing me as Edith and Horace saw me. All right; that's the way I look to anybody of your kind. But, for God's sake, don't get to seeing yourself as Edith and Horace see you."

"As they see me? But I told you—"

"I know you told me. Edith had to take your leavings, and Horace had to be your leavings. And now they give you a place to stay—"

"A place to stay!" she blazed. "Why, I'm their guest! And she's my cousin! You don't understand how we feel about such things. In the South—"

"I know," he interrupted rudely. "I've heard about the South. But the fact is—" He broke off with a shrug; evidently she wasn't to be permitted to know what the fact was.

"The fact is," she told him, "that sometimes it's all that kept me going—the way they see me. I know what I am—a singer who hasn't got over. You know it, too; you may remember how I looked that night in Great Falls, but you know what I am now. But to Edith, I'm still the Pride of the Family; to Horace I'm the woman who wouldn't marry him. They put me on a—on a pedestal."

"TO hell with pedestals!" said Jake Oddy. "I wish you'd turn human and climb down. You're not home in Georgia now, but you think you are when you get with Edith and Horace. I'll bet they know better. If you go on letting them prop you up, some day you're going to be let down. Stand on your own feet, you little snob!"

"Snob!" she gasped in a gust of anger that turned suddenly to a feeble astonishment. Her slave had revolted; he was bullying her—and she liked it.

"Snob, I said! You like to think you're cold as ice. Yes, I know you do—you're proud of it. Well, you're cold—as ice cream; you're not cold by nature, but you've deliberately frozen yourself. You need to be thawed out!"

She felt herself thawing in a sudden warm disintegration; she stood helpless, defenseless. If he took hold of her now—roughly; if he kissed her— But his burst of anger had passed; she could see him remembering that she didn't like it when he tried to make love to her. He turned his back on her and strode off to the waiting car.

At the curb he faced about suddenly. She sagged against the doorpost. Was he coming back? . . . He wasn't.

"I hope," he called in a voice that could be heard half-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE DAY USE BARBASOL

"For a quick, easy shave there's nothing better"

NOW, throw away brush and mug and use the time formerly spent in lathering and rubbing to better advantage—sleep, for instance.

Treat yourself to a Barbasol shave. And you'll quickly learn why the "Who's Who" of America is also the "Who's Who" of this modern shaving cream.

Tough beards, wiry beards, heavy beards—all beards look alike to Barbasol. It gives the smoothest and most comfortable, coolest and most resultful shave . . . in a mere fraction of the usual time! Just do this:

Wash the face, leave it wet . . . Then spread on Barbasol, lightly as a barber does a massage cream. *Don't rub.* For when Barbasol touches the skin all work is done. It softens the beard. *Then shave!*

What a difference. The razor speeds over the face. So smoothly and evenly, it's difficult to believe that the whiskers are being mowed close to the skin-line. There's no pulling, no nicking, no scratching.

Then dry your face. How cool and smooth the skin feels. Your face looks cleaner and refreshed. And it will stay that way all day. It's the success shave for successful men.

Step up to the nearest counter and speak up. Buy a tube of Barbasol. Two sizes, both generous, 35¢ and 65¢. The Barbasol Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

Barbasol
For Modern Shaving
No brushing—No lathering—No rubbing

Women like their men

young looking, bright and keenly fresh looking. Men like to be this way too. New Barbasol Skin Freshener cools, revives, freshens. Douse it on the face—after shaving—whenever tired. Nothing better . . you'll agree!

[PRIDE OF THE FAMILY
Continued from page seventy-three]

way down the block, "it was all right about that concert engagement."

"Certainly!" said Marcia defiantly. "It's quite all right."

III

IF there was anything she didn't want at this moment, it was to go back and talk to Edith and Horace. But they were waiting for her; and she knew Edith never liked to have her arrangements upset.

Edith, in fact, had come in from the porch and was waiting for her in the reception hall.

"I'm so glad it's all right about the concerts!" she sighed. "You wrote me that you were afraid they might not reëngage you."

"They didn't," said Marcia brusquely. "But I didn't see any need to tell him about it. Or the neighbors."

"But, Marcia! When you were so successful there last year—"

"Evidently I was not as successful as I thought I was. . . . Never mind, Edith. I'll find something else for the summer." (Somewhere, she couldn't help thinking, where they've never heard me yet.)

"Of course!" Edith agreed. "But don't feel that you need to be in a hurry about it. You must be tired after giving lessons when you weren't well. We'd like nothing better than to have you stay here all summer."

"Thanks," said Marcia, wishing she could put into that monosyllable the gratitude she ought to feel. Edith always expected people to feel what they ought to feel. "I haven't definitely made up my mind about the summer yet," she said. "Of course, I'm invited to sail for Paris on Saturday. As Mrs. Oddy."

"Oh, but Marcia, you couldn't!"

Now, why can't I? thought Marcia perversely. Just because you don't like him?

"He's really charming, Edith, under the surface."

"But you have to live with surfaces, too. In fact, especially. Marcia, you know he's not our kind."

"Our kind's not the only kind there is."

"No," Edith persisted, "but it's the kind you're used to. Of course I know he's got money. But money isn't everything," said Edith, who had as much as she needed. "I know you haven't been as successful as we all hoped, but you needn't think you have to marry for money. Marcia, I want you to consider this house your home, whenever you like. I've no doubt that Mr. Oddy has his—his sterling qualities," Edith pursued with a little glow as the happy phrase came to her. "But if you felt that you had to throw yourself away, I'd never forgive myself."

And if I threw myself away on a three-million-dollar estate at Locust Valley, thought Marcia, you'd never forgive me. . . . But that's mean, she thought. I'm too nervous to be decent.

"I think I'll say good night to Horace and go to bed," she said.

"I'll go up now," Edith offered, "and make sure that your room is in order."

Marcia supposed that she ought to be grateful at this solicitude for the Pride of the Family. But as she talked to Edith she had caught a glimpse of herself in the wall mirror and she was still amazed. She looked thawed out; there was a fiery, desperate tension about her that she well knew she had never had since she decided that love took up too much of one's time and that she had better concentrate on her career. But she had looked like this, and felt like this, back home in Georgia when she was in love with Horace. . . . And she'd always liked it when he had made love to her.

Before the eyes of Edith and Horace she was ashamed to think of marrying him. All through dinner he kept on saying the wrong thing.

If I had a husband, she thought, I'd never leave him alone with a woman who looked like that—especially an old flame. But maybe Edith thinks that he's safe. . . . Or that I am—

I'll show her! she vowed. And I'll show Jake Oddy!

In a tingling glow of vindictive determination, she went out on the screened porch to Horace.

IV

HE looked at her amiably, and put aside his evening paper with an almost imperceptible reluctance. There are a good many things about this house, thought Marcia, that are not as imperceptible as they used to be.

"Well?" she said with an edge on her voice. "What did you think of my rough diamond?"

"Why, I rather liked him," said Horace genially. "He's no fool, you know. He and I talked a bit about business conditions while you girls were powdering your noses, and he seemed to know what's what in the market."

"I should think he does," said Marcia dryly. "He's made five or six million out of it in this last year. But money isn't everything, is it?"

"No. But it helps a lot," said Horace, who had worked hard for what he had.

"Oh!" said Marcia, staring at the man she might have married. This wasn't going at all as she had imagined it. But, with a deliberate resolution that came hard, she went up to him and laid her hand on his shoulder; she tried to remember how she used to look into his eyes.

"Horace, do you think I'd better marry him?"

"Well, you might do a lot worse," said Horace judicially. Her hand fell from his shoulder; suddenly she was desperately ashamed. "But of course," he added hastily, "don't marry him if you don't want to. You don't have to, you know."

"No," said Marcia. "Not while I have my career on the concert stage. Besides, Edith has just invited me to consider this house my home."

"Certainly!" said Horace. "Proud to have you do it." Marcia smiled listlessly; her fire had gone out.

"It's nice to have a home," she admitted, "of one's own." Her eyes roved restlessly. "I must have left my cigarettes in my hand bag," she muttered. But, as Horace hastily proffered his— "I mustn't smoke anything with a kick in it," she reminded him. "I'll have one smoke in my room and then go to bed."

"Good idea!" said Horace heartily, and returned to the evening paper.

V

"POOR Marcia!" said Mrs. Poulton when she presently rejoined her husband. "It was a blow to her, not getting that concert engagement. I wonder when she'll find out that she can't sing. We might as well make up our minds, Horace, that we'll practically have her on our hands this summer."

"We can stand doing a little bit for her. We've had luck."

"I should say, rather," Edith qualified, "that we've been wise, and she's made mistakes. She might have done well in musical comedy, but that voice was never good enough for concerts. Silly, the way we used to rave about it back home in Georgia. But we ought to do whatever we can for her; I'd hate to think of her marrying that dreadful person."

"He was pretty crude," Horace agreed. "Still, he's rich; and he's no fool—"

"But not our kind, Horace; very definitely, not our kind. I was afraid she might feel that she had to marry him; I happen to know she has practically no money left at all after paying the doctors. She never lets bills run."

"I suspected she was broke," said Horace. "Thought of offering her a loan, but didn't know how she'd take it."

"She'd never be able to pay it back; and she'd always worry about it. I took care of the matter rather tactfully, I think," said Edith. "I left a fifty-dollar bill in her

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Do you ever hesitate to drink coffee at night?

So MANY people deny themselves the pleasure of coffee in the evening—and dinner loses a lot of cheer.

How unnecessary! You can enjoy all the coffee you want, no matter how late the hour, if it's Kaffee Hag Coffee.

Kaffee Hag Coffee will not keep you awake. It is 97% free of caffeine—the drug that affects nerves and prevents sleep.

And what a delightful flavor and aroma! Several of the world's finest coffees are blended to produce one of the most satisfying coffees you ever tasted. Mellow, full-strength, heartening.

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Kaffee Hag Coffee comes in sealed cans. Steel cut or in the bean. Served by hotels, restaurants, on diners. Sold by dealers everywhere. Let us send you a generous can today. Mail the coupon.

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Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of good coffee. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin).

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KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

The coffee that lets you sleep

[PRIDE OF THE FAMILY
Continued from page seventy-five]

hand bag with a little note saying that it was a birthday present. . . . Yes, I know her birthday was back in April, but this was just a—a graceful way of doing something that had to be done. She knows it has to be done as well as we do, and—"

"Shh!" said Horace. "She's coming back."

But the soft slippered footfalls stopped at the foot of the stairs by the telephone table. In a moment they heard her voice.

"Hello! I want Western Union, please. . . . Western Union? . . . Straight telegram to Mr. Jacob Oddy—O-D-D-Y—Ritz-Carlton Hotel, New York City. Ready for the message? . . . If your offer is still open meet train arriving Grand Central 1:22 tomorrow afternoon. Cancel suite reserved for me. I'm going in the suite reserved for us. Signed Marcia. . . . The telephone is in the name of Horace Poulton. Will you give me the charges, please?"

In a moment she appeared in the doorway.

"I've just sent an eighty-five-cent telegram, Horace. Here's the money."

"But, Marcia!" Edith groaned. "We couldn't help hearing. You—you're going to—" Marcia smiled remotely.

"Sorry, if you don't like it; I owe a good deal to you and Horace. But I owe him something, too; and I never let my bills run."

VI

JAKE ODDY'S manners were immensely improved when he dined the second time with the Poultons. (This was in October, when he and Marcia returned from their honeymoon on the Continent.) His nerves were steady now; he had a quiet, rocky confidence. Marcia had changed, too; she'd lost the strain and stubbornness that an unsuccessful career had given her; she was glowing; she was eager; she was gay. She looked nineteen in that dress, thought Edith despairingly. She looks thawed out, thought Horace.

"Well!" said Edith when the women had a moment alone together. "I must say I never expected—" Marcia laughed.

"Neither did I, my dear. But of course I can see now that I was in love with him all along. I'd have known it, if I hadn't been such a snob."

"I suppose you were. Because, after all," said Edith, "you wouldn't have married him just for money."

"No," said Marcia thoughtfully. "I didn't marry him for his money. . . . That is, not for very much of it. Really, only a tiny bit."

"After all," said Edith, "you wouldn't have married him just for money."

Tiny bit! thought Edith with deep indignation. When he's put a million in her name—! But she swallowed her scorn for she had just received her first invitation to spend a week-end on a three-million-dollar estate at Locust Valley.

Still, she couldn't help wondering what Marcia meant; and she knew when Mr. and Mrs. Oddy had gone, and she looked into her purse to see if she would have to ask Horace for money for a trip to town in the morning. Neatly folded beside the dimes and quarters was a crisp new fifty-dollar bill.

THE END

Was Grant DRUNK at Shiloh?

A "Scandal" that Stirred the Nation 67 Years Ago This Week

By

FREDERICK PALMER

U. S. Official photo

"Unconditional Surrender" Grant—as the North admiringly called him after his capture of Fort Donelson. In the family Bible, his name, before the Grant, was Hiram Ulysses Simpson. But he dropped the Hiram early in life.

WAS General Ulysses S. Grant drunk at Shiloh? If so, how drunk was he? How many drinks did Grant require to be victoriously drunk?

We know the answer that President Lincoln gave to a delegation that protested against a drunkard being retained in high command.

"I should like to know what brand of whisky General Grant drinks," he said, "for I should like to send a barrel of it to every general in the Union army."

Probably Father Abraham, whose sense of humor and proportion never failed him, would even have arranged for an attendant, supplied with a quart flask and a measuring glass, to accompany each Union general.

"The battle is going against us, sir," the attendant would say. "You need just this much more, sir—just the amount that General Grant took in the crisis at Shiloh—and then we shall win."

If there ever was a battle which called for everybody on both sides to take a drink, it was Shiloh—the bloodiest battle of the West in the Civil War—the ugly, mauling, slashing, wrestling, decisive battle of the upper Mississippi Valley.

The percentage of little-trained volunteers killed and wounded in its bulrushes on the two days of April 6 and 7, 1862, was as heavy as the percentage of the casualties in the three days' struggle of veterans at Gettysburg.

This was not the first occasion that the charge of drunkenness was brought against Grant. After a gallant record in the Mexican War, Captain Grant resigned from the regulars at a California frontier post in 1854.

So the War Department records have it. But tradition has it that the resignation was the alternative of a court-martial for too hard drinking.

"In the boredom of a frontier post of that day," said a successful general in France, "when there was no pastime but to play poker and drink, a man of Grant's intellect was bound either to get drunk or go crazy."

It was up to Grant to make a living in civil life, and in this he was no shining light. He failed at farming. He hauled cordwood in St. Louis. He drifted to Illinois where he was a clerk in a leather store when the Civil War began.

With the call of vast masses of volunteers to the colors, when only regulars knew military drill, the leather-store clerk suddenly became somebody in the community.

Captain Grant, West Point graduate, veteran of Mexico, was given command of a regiment.

He had an idea that war is fighting and not marking time in camp. While other commanders held off from attacking to get their recruits drilled and perfectly ready, Grant realized that the Confederates had raw troops, too, and that they were drilling and getting ready just as fast as the Federals.

ON the principle that he was as ready as his enemy, Grant concluded to stop worrying when he had superior numbers and, by attacking, to make the enemy do the worrying. He would train his men in action instead of on the parade ground.

The principle worked—for he was the man to make it work.

He took Paducah without waiting for orders. He won Belmont and Fort Henry.

Never mind winter weather. The enemy was shivering, too. There he was, getting his second wind after

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WAS GRANT DRUNK AT SHILOH?
Continued from page seventy-seven]

hard mauling before Fort Donelson in February, '62. Few-worded Grant: "I propose to move immediately upon your works." No terms but "unconditional surrender."

Mighty news was flashed from the banks of the Cumberland in Kentucky. Like that unknown Lindbergh who flew while others marked time, this unknown Grant, who fought while others prepared, had shot his name up to the stars.

Fifteen thousand prisoners! U. S. Grant! The North made it "Unconditional Surrender Grant."

But within two weeks the North was stunned to hear he had been relieved of his command by Halleck.

"Grant has been on a spree again," was the whispered word in Washington, while the nominal charge was insubordination.

Halleck was a good man to have in the office to keep the files straight—the kind who would tell a boy whom he sent with a message to an address on East Ninety-sixth Street to report his progress by telephone every ten blocks.

Grant was not much on reports. For two weeks Halleck had had no word from him. He heard that Grant had been in Nashville without asking him.

Grant thought Nashville was within the limits of his command. He was hurrying the enemy out of town and getting ready for the next blow.

And he had sent reports. But a telegrapher on Halleck's lines of communication, who was covertly "rebel," thought the information would be more useful to the Confederates if he did not let Halleck see it at all. If that telegrapher had been able to "can" U. S. Grant for good, the war might have lasted longer.

Father Abraham agreed with the country's view that a general who had won such a smashing success as Donelson, although he was poor at reports, had better be left in command until he lost a battle—especially when many of his other generals were not teetotalers and were losing battles.

Showing how Shiloh was the key to command of the upper Mississippi Valley.

SO Grant was put back in command of the Army of the Tennessee—to the great joy of the soldiers, who also preferred generals who won—on its way up the Tennessee River on flat-bottomed, shallow-draft side-wheelers.

His eyes were on Corinth and Memphis.

The fall of Donelson had cleared his way to make the most of swift movement before superior numbers could be gathered against him. He believed the Confederate power in the West could be crushed before the end of '62.

He put his army ashore at Pittsburg Landing and moved it up over the bluffs into the neighborhood of the little log cabin, Shiloh church, which was to give the battle its name. There he would wait for Wallace's division and Buell's Army of the Ohio to come up, before advancing.

His line, less than two miles from the landing, stretched across the triangle formed by the Tennessee River and Owl Creek. His flanks were protected by water and swamps, but his back was to water in case of retreat.

But Grant did not contemplate retreat. He was there to fight. He did not even intrench. Volunteers hated intrenching. Grant thought if they had trenches they might like to stay in them. It would weaken their offensive spirit. McPherson, his engineer, said it was poor ground to intrench. Grant would not fall back to better ground.

Maybe Donelson had made Grant too cocksure. He did not think the Confederates would attack. But this time he was against a general, Albert Sidney Johnston, of his own kind, who also meant to make the enemy do the worrying.

Johnston had been considered the ablest of the generals in the regulars before the war. President Jefferson Davis said of him, "If he's not a general, no one is." His death at Shiloh has been regarded as a tragedy for the Confederacy second only to "Stonewall" Jackson's death after Chancellorsville.

Johnston was not going to accommodate Grant by waiting till Buell and Wallace arrived. He would drive Grant into the river to swim or surrender. Then he would take care of Buell's army in turn.

THERE has been an everlasting dispute about numbers, but probably Johnston had just under 40,000 men and Grant just over 30,000, without Buell and Wallace. It was a small superiority to drive home a frontal attack.

Grant's volunteers were careless about picketing and not much given to scouting. Why bother? The "rebs" hadn't much guts. They would be in for a big surprise. The Federals were under Grant, and it was all right. They ought to have the war over by fall and spend the winter in New Orleans.

And the "rebs" were thinking they would be up on the Ohio when the war was over in the fall, and the only Yanks who would see the South would be there as prisoners. Grant's "hellion" invaders would be in for a big surprise. They would taste real battle.

Both were right about the surprise; right about its being a real battle; and never were soldiers more mistaken in their other premises.

At dawn of the morning of April 6—the longest, wickedest day of the war in the West—the Confederates formed lines of battle. In superb confidence they swept forward.

The Federals of the front line, stiff from lying on wet ground, were rolling out of their blankets when they had their first warning in the blazing answer of the Confederate advance to the challenging shots of pickets. They left coffee boiling and bacon frizzling on the fire to spring to arms.

The Battle of Shiloh—or, as they call it in the South, Pittsburg Landing. On the first day, April 6, 1862, Grant was driven almost into the river. On the 7th, reënforced, he fought back to his original positions.

Many of the volunteers on either side were to have their first baptism of fire.

The Southerners had come from the lower valley—from the Mississippi lowlands, from Arkansas, from Texas, from Alabama; and the Louisianians were jaunty, proud, and different in their blue. A target that blue was to be all day, when the gray and butternut were invisible.

Facing the Southerners were the men from the upper valley—from Illinois and Iowa cornfields, from Ohio and Wisconsin.

Easy enough for Mobile to fight Milwaukee when they had never met and for years had been inflamed against each other; but Federal against Confederate Kentuckians and Missourians—neighbor grinding bayonet with neighbor and with members of the same family—realized how this war was brother against brother in deadly bitterness.

Few were from cities. There were few cities then in the valley. They were mostly from villages and farms

and plantations, having the common spirit of men who had broken virgin earth as settlers in a new land.

Not a battle of professional tactics, but a raging scrimmage of man to man.

No plain of Waterloo, no orchards and farms of Gettysburg, but a field unmapped except for the sketch that the eye made on the spot in the heat of action, studying how to turn the lie of the ground to profit.

No village walls as rallying points. There were patches of clearing, of plowed ground, of second growth, of virgin forest, and swamps, and ravines, and stump lots, water-soaked by spring rains that continued to pour on the combatants in this free-for-all and hell-for-all struggle.

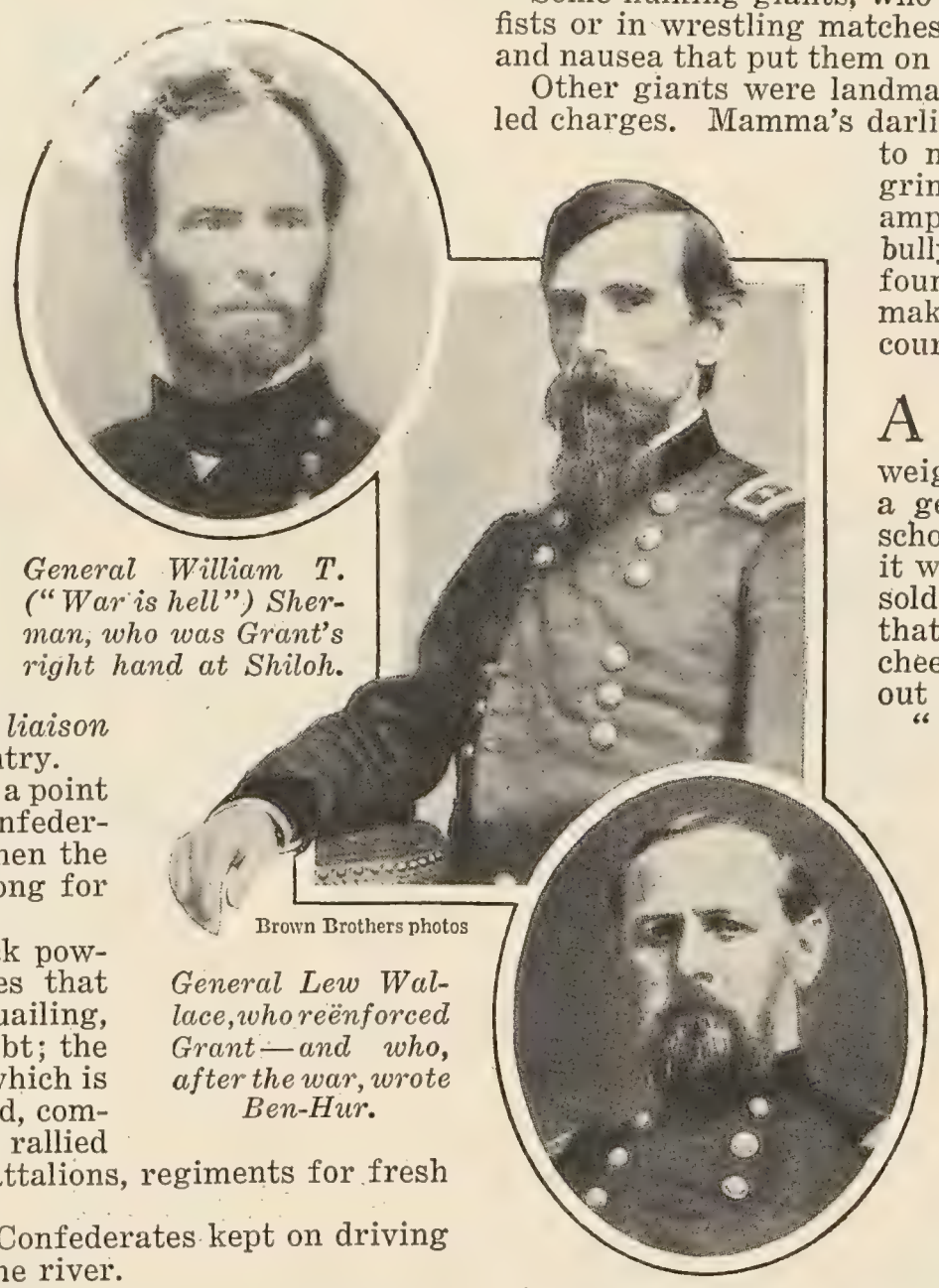
Liaison they called it in France—the keeping of advancing units elbow to elbow. The fighters at Shiloh did not know the word nor how to apply the principles except in vague theory when all their parade-ground instruction was shot to pieces.

The only *liaison* at Shiloh was getting ahead or holding ground without getting trapped. The fighting instinct ruled; its *liaison* was the team play of gallantry.

When they saw there was a point that must be taken, the Confederates kept driving for it; when the Federals found a point strong for holding, they held gamely.

Out of the clouds of black powder smoke appeared figures that put fresh heart into the quailing, and decision in place of doubt; the figures of born leadership, which is not made on the drill ground, coming into their own. They rallied fragments of companies, battalions, regiments for fresh charges and fresh defense.

Weaving in and out, the Confederates kept on driving the Federals back toward the river.



General William T. ("War is hell") Sherman, who was Grant's right hand at Shiloh.

General Lew Wallace, who reënforced Grant — and who, after the war, wrote Ben-Hur.

Brown Brothers photos

General D. C. Buell, whose arrival with his Army of the Ohio made the Federal victory certain.

THERE were scores of little battles making the whole battle. There were periods when all the thunders were concentrated in one spot. Again, lulls all along the line were followed by widespread renewal of the roaring struggle. There was a well remembered spring where the thirsty drank until they saw that the water was red with the blood of the wounded. And there was the Hornets' Nest. Here, on a ridge at the edge of a wood, the Federals had hastily put up breastworks.

Hindman's brigade failed in its charges to gain that critical point which was holding up the whole. A. P. Stewart's men exhausted themselves in fruitless assaults.

Gibson's brigade was ordered up. It was likewise beaten back under the crossfire of infantry and artillery.

General Bragg sent a staff officer to take the colors and not let go of them until he had planted them on the ridge. The staff officer seized them from a color sergeant as he fell, and sprang forward to find that there were only wounded and dead to lead up that slope thick with fallen men.

A regimental officer, bleeding from a bullet wound in his cheek, came up to him, crying, "What do you mean by taking my colors? Give them back to me! I'll carry them up!" And he, too, fell.

Not all were fighting, however. The shock of such quick introduction to the full fury of action numbed some with the thought, "God! I didn't know it was like this! Not for me!" as legs, shaken suddenly free of paralysis, beat it for the rear. Some Confederates stopped in captured camps, thinking the war was already won. Some Federals developed sprinting proclivities to a safe place behind the river bluff.

Five minutes of such battle "found out" men who might have gone through life never disabused of the idea they were natural-born devils in war or of the idea they were naturally timid. Officers who were good at speech-making and raising recruits, who kept their heads at bargains or in the courtroom, lost them entirely when bullets whistled past.

Some hulking giants, who were boss hands with their fists or in wrestling matches at home, suffered hysteria and nausea that put them on the sick list.

Other giants were landmarks of sturdy resistance or led charges. Mamma's darling might want to get home to mother, quick; or he might grind his teeth and set an example to the boasting village bully who was quailing when he found that bullying would not make bullets swerve from their courses.

A PALE, slight village schoolteacher, a clerk used to weighing out sugar and prunes, a gentle leader of the Sunday school—folks at home thought it was a joke, his enlisting as a soldier—might have red blood that now surged into pasty cheeks. He might be ripping out oaths strange to his lips.

"Not another — — inch! Here we stick," he might be yelling, or "Come on, you —s, use your bayonets!"

For you never know from previous associations who's who in a mix-up, when free will rules the contest.

Oh, yes, the Yanks were finding that the Johnnies had guts of their own kind, and the Johnnies were finding that the Yanks had guts; and each side was trying to prove that it had more than the other.

All day Grant was hoping that Lew Wallace would arrive with his division. But Wallace had taken the wrong road—which was pardonable in one of his military inexperience. Many who know him as the author of Ben-Hur never heard that he was at Shiloh.

Grant certainly needed the right kind of whisky as the day wore on. It was affecting him in the right way, if he had been drinking. He was not back with a bottle, or studying maps, or praying for luck to come his way; he was forth on the move along the front. Sherman on the right, Prentiss in the center, McClernand—who had Donelson veterans—on the left.

Grant must be on the move to make sure that vital parts of his line held to prevent disaster in withdrawal. He must make sure that some parts did not stay dangerously long when others gave way. Some of his commanders, when most of them were inexperienced, might be foolhardy or careless where others were too cautious.

So it was with Prentiss, who lost 2,000 prisoners in one bag. That raised the welkin with a rebel yell. W. H. L. Wallace's brigade riddled another rebel yell. Wallace paid the price in death, face to the foe. Rebel yells over guns taken at the point of the bayonet. Yankee curses rising in triumph as the guns were taken back, and turning strident with rage as they were lost again.

And General Sherman—he who said "War is hell";

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WAS GRANT DRUNK AT SHILOH?]
Continued from page seventy-nine

Sherman, William Tecumseh Sherman—middle name after a great Indian chief—remember, was on the right and bearing the brunt of it. He was also "found out" that day; the commander who was to become Grant's right-hand man.

Grant saw that he need not worry about Sherman fumbling; need not show him how to fight a battle. Sherman was showing them all how. A flaming broadsword of a man, he was riding in the thick of it, putting steel resistance and precision into his volunteers.

It looked as if all his staff would have to yield their horses to him. He had four shot under him during the day.

A bullet tore his coat. Another hit his hand. Another grazed his neck, just missing the jugular.

Father Abraham need not send William Tecumseh a barrel of whisky, Grant brand. The Sherman brand was good enough. And Sherman was one Yank who was not surprised at the way the Johnnies were fighting.

He knew them of old. He had lived in the South. He had been called crazy because he had said it would be a long war and take a vast Northern army to win it.

And Johnston, a magnificent, chivalrous figure in bearing and energy, an embodiment of the Southern spirit, was also riding the field, his quick military eye and swift judgment and action pitted against Grant's and Sherman's.

He saw that the Hornets' Nest position was the key to his goal. Once he had that, he would put the Federals down into the ravine. Then, when he had the bluff on the other side, he would look down on the promised land.

He rode along a line forming to press, in flank, an advantage against the ridge. In his hand was a soldier's little tin cup which he had picked up in a captured Federal camp.

"My share of the spoils," he said merrily; and then, "I will lead you."

He waved not his sword but that little tin cup, his eyes sparkling as if he were going on a lark. With Johnston leading, no man could falter. They took the position.

TRIUMPHANT now, as "Stonewall" Jackson was to be at Chancellorsville, he was directing the further advance while bullets from the Federals in rear-guard action were whistling about him.

His prize seemed in his grasp. Just keep on going in the way he told them, just one more push, and his troops would have their reward. Suddenly he wavered in his saddle. He was helped off his horse. There was no sight of a wound until they looked at his foot. His boot was full of blood.

"You're hit, General."

"I fear so, and seriously," he replied.

These were his last words. A bullet had cut an artery in his leg. In his preoccupation he had not realized his wound. A tourniquet in time would have saved his life.

He was out of the battle with three hours left of daylight and the Federals breaking before him.

The chill of his loss stayed the eagerness of his men just as, a year later, Jackson's were chilled, when his plan, like Johnston's, was on the point of fruition. But they kept on.

What if it had been Sherman, instead of Johnston, who had been killed? What if Grant had taken too many drinks, or not enough? The Confederates had driven the Federals a mile and a half in their day's line-smashing. They were on the ten-yard line.

They were up to the famous ravine. Had Johnston survived to put the wine of his will and leading into their veins, would they have gained and held the other side of the ravine? Such was and is the big question of bloody Shiloh.

P. & A. photo

Grant with his staff in Virginia in 1864. By that time, he was commander in chief of the armies of the United States in the field, and no one was worrying about his drinking habits.

If ever Grant needed just the right number of drinks it was now, or Unconditional Surrender Grant might become Disaster Grant. He set his river gunboats to firing. He rushed twenty guns to the crest to pour down a torrent of shells.

SHOULD the Confederate attack sweep over the guns, they would have the bluff over the river bank. The goal for which Johnston had died would be won; his death avenged in immortal victory. Below them, under their plunging fire, would be all the stragglers in a mob rush to get aboard the steamers first.

The steamers could not hold all. Federals, retiring down the slope, would be drawn into a milling mass. Grant's army would be bagged or annihilated.

Buell's army, which would soon arrive, would have no chance to get into action. It would have to stick to its transports.

In the chill of the early evening, the worn Confederate survivors pressed down into the ravine—stark, full-bodied marks for the Federals on the opposite crest. They plunged through the water-logged bottom, many dropping, more pressing up from behind.

They pushed on up the slippery side, but there were not enough of them against the descending deluge from the Federals, who preferred to die as soldiers rather than to yield and be caught in the slaughter pit of the bank.

Some of Buell's men got into position before night fell on the Confederate repulse. Buell said that he saved the day for Grant. But Grant said the ravine affair was over before Buell arrived.

The Federals had lost many more prisoners than the Confederates on that terrible Sunday. In killed and wounded, both sides had lost over 10,000. The wounded were lying in the rain and mud on the field, their plight to become a great scandal.

Ruthlessly hard-hitting Grant was now to be called Butcher Grant, as well as Drunken Grant. Shiloh had been by far the bloodiest action of the war. Hospital corps had not dreamed that so heavy a percentage could be lost in a single day; or military experts that little-trained volunteers would still be fighting when night fell, in the face of such a loss.

It was the first example of the lengths to which the courage of brother would go against brother. The litter bearers were as helpless to cope with the emergency as the local hospital in a town which has been razed by a hurricane.

And Grant gave an order to worry the enemy in the dark. How do you like this for an alarm clock, calling you early for the battle tomorrow, you "rebs," with your

heavy eyelids, your bodies aching from fatigue under the rain and on the wet ground, with the groans of the wounded around you?

All night Grant had one of his gunboats fire eight-inch shells at ten-minute intervals into the camp of the Confederates to keep them from getting any rest.

Grant practiced "War is hell" before Sherman said it.

Veterans of the A. E. F., who organized freshly won positions in autumn rains and mud under shell-fire, will understand.

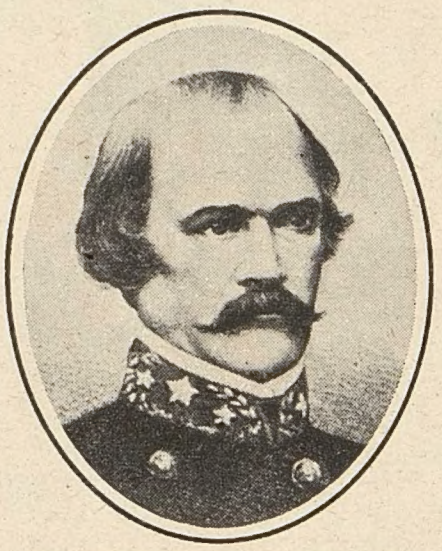
And Grant himself at first took refuge in a little log cabin on the bank; but the sight of the wounded who had been crowded under its roof was too harrowing, and he stood under a dripping tree for the rest of that grisly night of blackness. He had a lame ankle which was paining him.

Did he take a drink then? How many of the wounded and the unwounded in the rain would have refused one? Not all the members of the delegation who had protested to Father Abraham, if they had been in the downpour on that muddy field.

Teetotalers were rare in those days. Drink was one way of keeping warm before steam heat came in. Many a good church member had two fingers of rum before he built a fire on a cold winter morning.

Under that tree, in this crisis of his fortunes, Grant must have done some hard thinking; but, drink or lame ankle, his resolution was unshaken. His orders were for attack the next day.

Now he had Buell's army and Lew Wallace's division—25,000 fresh troops in addition to what remained of his original army—inspirited by the thought, "Plenty of help. Now we get back our own."



Albert Sidney Johnston, the brilliant Confederate commander who fell at Shiloh.

NO reënforcements for the Confederates after their night on the wet ground under the rain. Something over half of the force that had come to the attack on Sunday morning were fit for action against twice their numbers. I am not sure they were not more magnificent on Monday than on Sunday.

Were they going to give up that hard-won ground to the enemy they had driven back? Doggedly they yielded the fields where their dead and wounded still lay; grimly they made stands on ridges, providing hornets' nests for the Yanks.

Grant himself organized baffled troops and led them forward to the charge against a stubborn position where the "rebel yell" had again risen from the raw, tight throats of weary men, veterans now—all veterans on both sides. Grant had found his leaders, trained his officers in battle.

"Aren't we like a lump of sugar well saturated and about to melt?" said one of his staff to Beauregard, who had succeeded Johnston in command.

"I'm about to give the order to retreat," said Beauregard.

RETREAT it was, no panic. The Confederates spent the second night on their old line, the Federals in their old camps. Buell, who had a separate command, was disinclined to use his army for pursuit. Beauregard drew back to Corinth where the Confederates intrenched for the next stand in the fight for the valley.

And Grant, thinking it over under the dripping tree in the black darkness, after that first day, had realized his error in thinking it would be a short war. He knew the rebs better than yesterday. They were going to take a lot of beating before he was to reach Vicksburg.

Again he was to be relieved of command by the precise Halleck. The charges of drunkenness kept persisting.

"Grant stood by me when I was crazy," said Sherman. "I stand by him when he is drunk."

Colonel Rawlins, who worshiped Grant—Rawlins, always at his elbow from Donelson to Appomattox—carried the measuring glass and also a "No." And Grant seemed to have minded Rawlins' "No" as his career advanced.

General P. G. T. Beauregard, Louisiana's Civil War hero, who succeeded General Johnston in command.

Sometimes his critics who had a glimpse of Grant in wartime—silent, slouching, puffing at his everlasting cigar, appearing almost stupid—thought he looked as if he had been drinking. If so, he carried his liquor well in battle, and I have never heard of anyone who saw him at Shiloh saying that he did not have a drink or that he was drunk during the battle.

After Shiloh he took to intrenching his positions. The men had learned the value of it.

THE END

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Coming— A Sleeveless Summer

By Bettina Bedwell

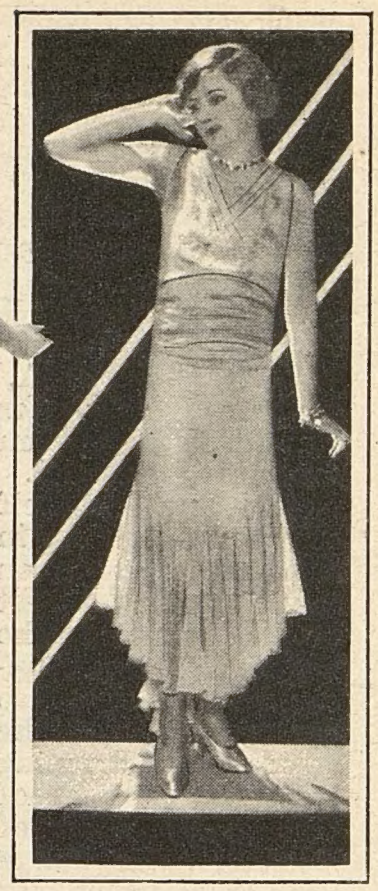
Paris.

PARIS is always pouncing on some detail or other of our attire and changing it so even a mother wouldn't know it. This year it's sleeves.

Having said this, I have to, in a way, take it all back. It isn't the sleeves themselves that are so altered, as it is the way of the sleeve in the smart frock. Ever put a dress on backward? What a difference in effect! Paris is doing something like this with our sleeves to give us novelty. She is changing their place in the style life of the spring day and evening. She sends us out to luncheon, to sports, and to tea without any sleeves. Then she gets us all dolled up for the evening, and here are our sleeves back again where, according to all previous rules, they hadn't ought to be.

An afternoon frock from Lanvin made of blue crêpe de chine.

To emphasize its lack of sleeves, Lanvin puts revers on this frock of green faille.



Patou's new super-long summer silhouette, achieved in mousseline, with a modest V neck and no sleeves. Above, at left, arms and right shoulder emerge from a lace and satin dinner frock from Paul Poiret.

And that isn't all of it, either. Some of the bolder spirits among that little group of so-exclusive style makers over here are doing things to the sleeves themselves. Like putting contrasting puffs at the elbows, as Mme. Jeanne Lanvin does. Or like putting flaring mousquetaire cuffs on bare arms and calling 'em sleeves. Or like setting in sleeves in complete contrast to the rest of the dress, as Louiseboulanger has done.

The most important, even ominous, admonition of Paris, however, is "Please omit sleeves." Whether you like this or not, it is, *au fond,* all your own fault. There has been so much careful bronzing of arms in southern suns of late, that the ladies weren't satisfied to cover up the results of this hard but beautifying work by even the most beautiful sleeve. So Paris just naturally had to begin omitting this form of covering on as many occasions as possible.

Now the lily-white, the scrawny, the bulbous-armed have got to get busy and augment the charm of their embracing members so they can wear these sleeveless fashions, because they're on their way. Paris and her supremely smart women who are her heart's children want to see more and more beautiful bare arms. They don't care about bare legs, but each lady of chic has at least one sleeveless frock, to wear as often as possible.

LOOK at our center photograph. It's a spring and summer frock from Jeanne Lanvin that is going to come out in broad daylight without even a hint of sleeves. This dress is made of the loveliest Lanvin green faille silk, and with great formality it goes in for crossed revers that eloquently suggest accompanying long sleeves. A thing to notice in this frock is the high waistline. You couldn't miss it with that great circle of piped organdie at the left calling attention to it.

Another Lanvin sleeveless dress is the blue crêpe frock shown in our first photo. The bolero waist dips in back, so does the four-bias-band girdle, but the circular skirt stanchly follows a straight line around the hem. A soft sash at the left side front anchors the bolero to the girdle.

Our third photograph shows you a Paul Poiret informal home dinner gown, from which not only the arms but the right shoulder emerge unhampered by any clothing whatsoever. The long tunic of black lace partly covers a slip of chartreuse-yellow satin, with a trailing panel at the left side. Pearl embroidery holds the tunic.

And now cast your eyes upon the Patou frock of nasturtium-yellow mousseline in our last photograph. The neckline is a very modest V, flanked by crossed bands of self-material, while the state of sleevelessness is such as to show the entire top of the shoulder. This dress shows the new Jean Patou length of silhouette line, going down to the ankles in front and to the heels in back. The molded upper silhouette is shirred at the waistline, another important Patou detail.

Four girls speak out in meeting about complexions

And these famous skin specialists agree with them

FOUR of us were attending what business men call a "conference"—four girls and six men.

One of us is tall and slim and cool. She is an authority on fashions. Another is small and soft, but such a tiny dynamo of energy that her husband calls her "Little Tugboat." Another is an artist, who always looks dressed for tea at the Ritz. And the fourth—well, she has a warm voice and a quick smile and an ear for everybody's problems.

What were we doing in the meeting? We were there to represent *you*, because the largest soapmakers in the world, The Procter & Gamble Company, realize that men often don't understand what women feel about things.

What the men thought

Camay, their wonderful new soap, was at last in nearly all the stores and they were ready to tell you about it.

There were lots of opinions. But, as sometimes happens, the men and women didn't agree.

One man wanted to tell you about the 10 long years of experimenting it took them to make this really new *kind* of soap. Another was sure you should know about the new process they had discovered to make the world's finest soap oils even finer. Still another thought you'd surely want to hear about Camay's delicate perfume that is pressed from living flowers when they blossom on their sunny French hillsides.

But long ago I'd fallen

in love with this lovely new Camay for a very different reason. Also I'd been talking to a lot of girls about it—friends, casual acquaintances, even complete strangers. And I knew that what I had found so marvelous about Camay was the one thing these girls especially wanted to know:

Will Camay help me keep my skin fresh and lovely?

My Idea

So I spoke out in meeting for you. And the other three girls backed me up. Finally, after a lot of discussion, these men said, "Well, Miss Chase, we believe you girls are right."

Then I *did* have an idea!

A few days later I went to the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States, himself one of the best-known skin specialists in the country.

He was most sympathetic with Procter & Gamble's desire to give you a complexion soap of the proper quality—that would give your skin the *right* kind of care to keep it fresh and clear and lovely. He agreed to have Camay analyzed and to test it in use.

But he really did much more! He sent copies of Camay's analysis to all the most important dermatologists and asked them to examine it and test Camay, too.

Most of these doctors are the heads of the department of dermatology in the leading universities and hospitals of the country.

Why dermatologists approve Camay

And now I am very happy to tell you that because these skin specialists approved Camay's formula and the gentle way Camay cleanses even the most delicate feminine skins, they have given Camay their unanimous approval.

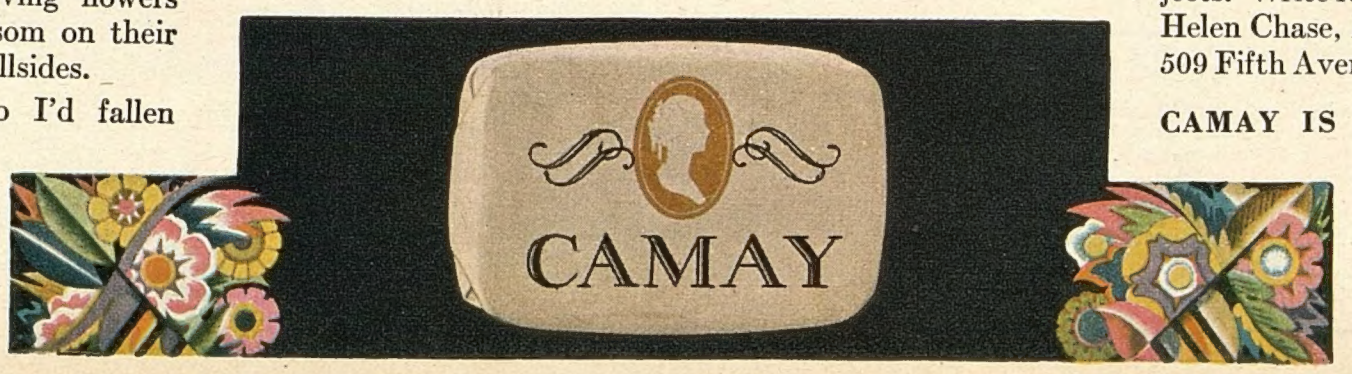
So every time you cleanse your face with Camay's velvety lather, you can have the very pleasant reassurance that you're using just the kind of soap these leading skin specialists would recommend to you if *you* paid them a personal call and asked their best advice about a soap for *your* complexion.

If you think any other soap can give you an assurance more important than *that*, I wish you'd write me about it!

Helen Chase

Free! For you—Complexion help from famous skin specialists. All the things I learned about complexions from the famous dermatologists I consulted about Camay. Dry skins; Oily skins; Sensitive skins are all discussed. Care in Winter and in Summer; with Hard Water and Soft. And many other important subjects. Write for Booklet A to Helen Chase, Dept. YLL-49 509 Fifth Avenue, New York.

CAMAY IS 10¢ A CAKE



IPANA is the Tooth Paste for you!

your teeth will shine - your gums will be firm

FOR the health of your gums—and the beauty of your teeth—will you make this simple experiment?

Stop at the next drug store you pass and get a full-size tube of Ipana Tooth Paste.

Tonight brush your teeth and gums with it. Then spread some Ipana on your fingertips and rub your gums a moment or two.

Tomorrow, start the day with another brushing and massage with Ipana. Note how clean, how fresh and invigorated your whole mouth feels.

Now keep it up, twice a day, for at least 30 days. Result: cleaner, whiter, brighter teeth . . . firmer, harder, healthier gums . . . and before a month is out!

The greatest enemy of our gums, any dentist will tell you, is our modern diet of soft and savory foods. For this fare gives gums no work, no stimulation. The blood does not circulate freely within their walls. The tissues become soft, tender, anemic. "Pink tooth brush" often warns of worse troubles on the way.

Naturally, you can't change your diet. But with Ipana and massage you *can* counteract the damage soft foods do your gums.

For Ipana is specifically compounded to tone and invigorate the gums while it cleans the teeth. Its special virtue in massage is its content of ziratol—a stimulating hemostatic widely used by dental specialists. And it is this ziratol content, plus Ipana's splendid cleaning power, that has won for Ipana the hearty support of dentists the country over.

The coupon offers you a 10-day tube of Ipana, gladly sent. But the full-tube trial makes a fairer test. So get a regular tube—enough for 100 brushings—from the nearest druggist. A full month's use of Ipana will prove not only its cleaning power and delicious taste, but its benefit to your gums as well.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. AB-49
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name .....

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